THE

SONG OURNAMENT;

A CANTATA.

BY

GEO. F. ROOT.

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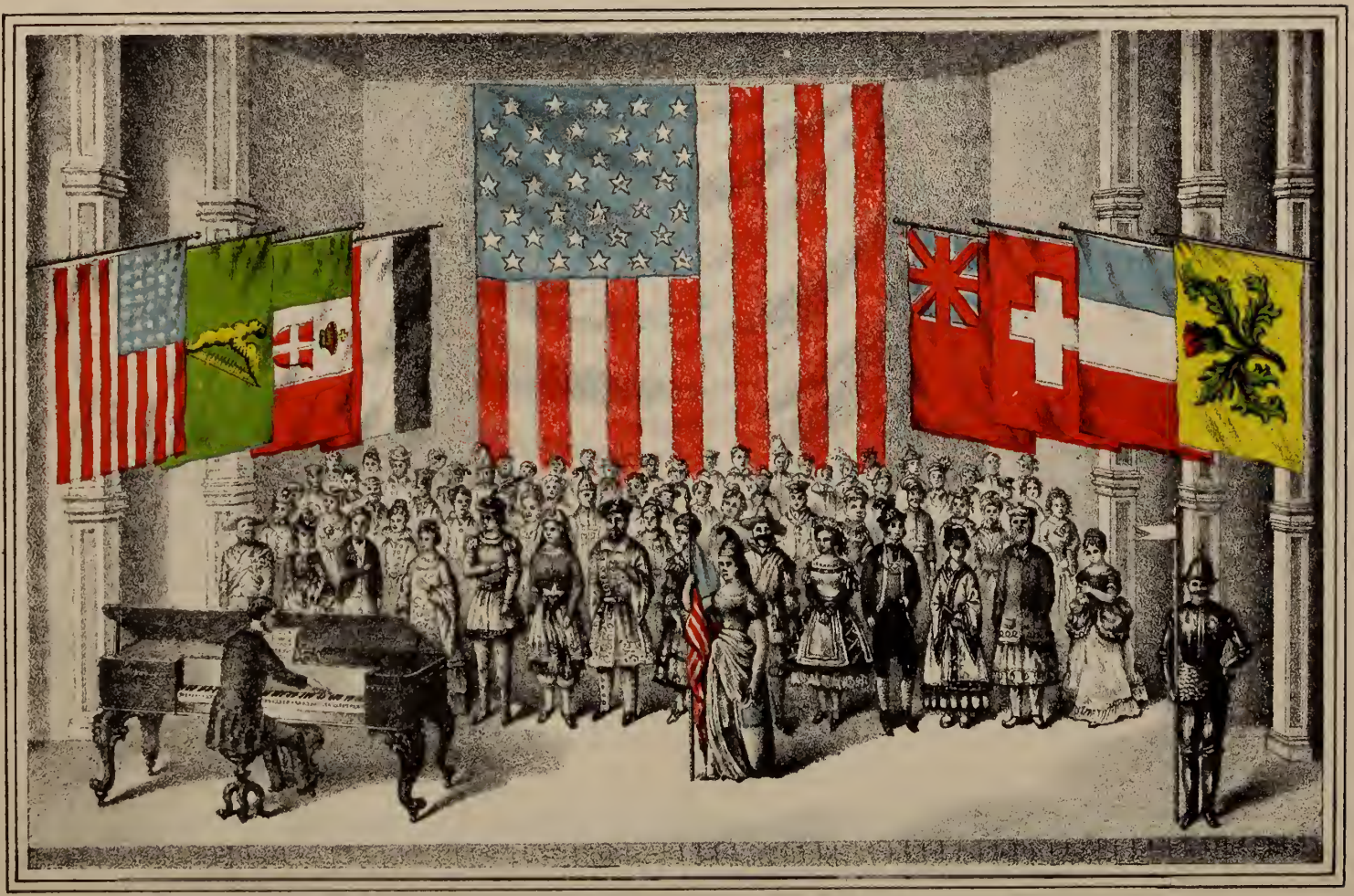

THE

SONG TOURNAMENT:

A CANTATA,

Introducing the characteristic Music of different Nations.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

GEO. F. ROOT,

ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE WORDS BY

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

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PREFACE.

THE music of every nation has distinctive characteristics more or less pronounced. It is on this idea that the Song Tournament is founded.

It should be said, however, that the characteristic music of nations is not so much shown in their national airs as in their choruses, part songs, and ballads; so these are chosen for the purposes of this work.

It is also true that the characteristic music of a nation is not always the best of which its musicians are capable. Many French and English composers have written magnificently in German and Italian modes, and certainly the best American composers are not they who write the music that is, if any, distinctively American.

In fact, America is admitted to this Tournament mainly on the ground that here is where "all are welcome and where all unite,"—"where all tongues are spoken and where all songs are sung," and if the interest in this work increases toward the end it will be because of the popular and patriotic character of the airs there used, and because of the idea that all nationalities join in singing them, and not because they can be compared for a moment in intrinsic merit with the standard music which has preceded them.

No special directions are needed for this Cantata when it is sung "book in hand," excepting, perhaps, that the numbers should follow each other promptly and the connections be made without hesitation or delay.

For suggestions when the piece is committed to memory, and for further explanations, see the following explanations and directions.

G. F. R.

EXPLANATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

WHETHER this Cantata is sung "book in hand" or committed to memory, there are two ways in which it may be given, viz.: All may sing in all the full choruses or they (the full choruses) may be distributed among the singers, if the number is large enough to give to each chorus the requisite power.

If the latter plan is carried out it will generally be by different clubs, or choirs, or societies, (perhaps in different towns) taking the different parts. The English representatives will take numbers 3, 4, and 6, the Germans, numbers 7, and 8, the Swiss, number 10, the Italians, number 12, and the French, numbers 14, and 15. Ireland will be represented by number 18, Scotland by number 19, and America by numbers 21, 23, and the Three Choirs. Since the remainder of the music is not distinctively American, (the leading melody being as much an English National air as an American, and being we believe of German origin), all unite in numbers 28, 29, and 30.

In carrying out this plan, all should meet for one or two rehearsals of these last three numbers, but the interest will be greater if the Characteristic pieces are not presented until the evening of the competition or Tournament.

In either case, all unite in the Finale (No. 30) or even before, that all may be distributed into the Three Choirs that begin with No. 25. This may be done, because the theory of the piece is that all these nationalities are at home in this the land of their adoption.

If the union of all commences with the Three Choirs, then all unite in Chorus No. 28 excepting the Quartette, who sing No. 29, and the men who take the Canto fermo (My Country, 'tis of thee) in No. 30. But all join fully in the Finale.

FLAGS.

When committed to memory it is suggested that the different nationalities be manifested by flags. In every place a handsome American flag can be obtained, and the others can be easily and inexpensively made, if not otherwise obtainable. Muslin or cambric will look perfectly well by gas-light.

For patterns of the flags to be used, see frontispiece.

The large American flag at the back of the stage, is the only one in sight at first. The other flags appear one by one in the order of their music. They may be brought in and their staffs placed in sockets so as to have the flags droop as in the picture, or they may be so arranged as to have the flags drawn to the ends of the staffs when the singers appear, the staffs being stationary, or the flags may be made to slide in on wires.

The object is to have them gradually form a background, and finally appear something as in the picture.

The English flag appears at the instant "Awake, Æolian Lyre," No. 4, commences;

The German, at "Joyful we Greet," No. 8;

The Swiss, at "A Song for Tyrol Land," No. 10;

The Italian, at "Oh, Italia, Beloved," No. 12;

The French, at "With Colors gayly Flying," No. 15;

The Irish, at "Killarney," No. 18;

The Scotch, at "Bonnie Dundee," No. 19;

And the American at the entrance of Columbia.

"Columbia" should have another American flag to stand by while she sings No. 16. She may bring it in and sustain it in position herself, if not too heavy. This flag should remain through the Finale as a central object. (It may be sustained by a standard-bearer after Columbia has retired.) Each of the Three American Choirs may have a smaller flag, and any number of hand-flags may be introduced at the Finale. These all should wave with the climax of the Finale, beginning about at "All Hail!" near the last page.

The Spirit of Song has a wand.

The Herald has a small flag such as are used by "markers" in the army, which rests on the ground during his announcements. (See picture.)

The names of the flags need not be introduced, as in the picture.

COSTUMES.

Characteristic costumes may or may not be used in the performance of this Cantata. If used, the Spirit of Song would wear white, as near in robe form as the fashion would permit. If spangled, the better.

For the Herald, any picturesque costume suited to his office that may be convenient. A helmet, short sack or jacket, and belt, etc.

A Swiss costume for the semi-chorus singing No. 10, will be easily arranged. Pointed hats, etc., for the men, and short dresses of bright colors for the ladies.

The French Chorus representing the masqueraders at the "Mardi Gras," may have the usual masquerading costumes, but without masks. If the same voices sing in the other choruses, their masquerading dresses can be so arranged as to be quickly thrown on, while the Herald and Quartette of French singers are singing numbers 13 and 14. The Quartette of French singers should not be in masquerading costume.

Columbia is in red, white and blue, and wears a Liberty Cap.

The Irish girl, a short dress of some simple material; the Scotch girl, one of plaid.

The true singer of Old Folks at Home is a negro or mulatto. A female voice is preferred for this song, but a male voice, if sweet and sympathetic, will answer well. The style of this song is pathetic. Its rendering should be artistic and refined.

"Our Native Song" (No. 23) may be sung by Brother Jonathan—striped pants with straps for boots, blue coat with bright buttons, etc., but the dress should look well, for there is no burlesque about the song. If the high bell-crowned hat is worn, it should be taken off during the singing.

For the numbers not mentioned in connection with costuming, the usual dresses of ladies and gentlemen, but as uniform as possible.

Position and Action.

In regard to position and action for this Cantata very little direction is required. It being a representation of *music* (not haymaking or any outside subject), it will be proper to have the piano, or whatever instruments accompany, in sight. The arrangement in the picture is a good one, although any other position may be chosen for the instrument. If there is a conductor separate from the pianist or Herald, his stand should be near the piano; or if in front, so placed as not to obstruct the view of the stage. When the Introduction commences no one is on the stage.

The Spirit of Song comes in in time to commence her solo promptly at the close of the introduction. During her singing she waves her wand at appropriate points, particularly at the words, "And I breathe o'er them heaven's sweetest lay," and at the end. She retires at the end of her song, and joins in what follows as she pleases. Perhaps by some change in her appearance she takes some of the other parts.

The Herald comes in promptly at No. 2, and, having taken his stand, remains at his post during the performance.

The English Trio come in when the Herald says: "Singers, come forth." Let all the singers come well to the front.

The English Chorus gather in time to join right on to the Trio, even before they close their last chord. The Trio fall back into their places in the chorus as quietly as possible. The Chorus retire after their number, and the Herald goes on with No. 5 without delay.

The semi-chorus for "Oh! hush thee" (eight or twelve voices) come in while he is singing, to be ready to commence promptly. If this number can be sung *without accompaniment* so much the better, but there should be here and in many of the other pieces a good degree of delicate *piano* singing. If the German singers (No. 7) commence while coming forward (when they get pretty near to their positions) it will have a good effect.

Quartette, do not hold your long tones with the "organ tone" but swell and diminish them, while the Herald is joining you.

Let the German chorus (No. 8) march in while the prelude is playing. If thought best this marching may be prolonged, by the pianist playing on (without singing) through page 31. The chorus of men could begin their "Joyful we Greet" just as well from that point, as after the prelude.

When the chorus retire, the Herald goes on with No. 9, during which the Swiss singers appear,—eight or twelve voices.

Such men's voices should be chosen for this piece as can break easily into the falsetto to make the "yodel;" this number will require a good deal of careful practice.

The Italian chorus should not begin to come in until the Herald has said "With enchantment and delight," (in No. 11). If this does not give the chorus time to get their positions the pianist can go on playing the theme of the chorus (No. 12) until all are ready. Observe the tenor is uppermost in the score of this chorus, not next to the base as in the other choruses.

The French Quartette take their places while the last four measures on page 68 are being played. The French Chorus (No. 15) come in while their prelude is being played. They may begin singing before all get in.

The singers may move about during this chorus, and may act in accordance with the characters they are assuming.

A little rush forward with a sort of dive of head and hands at the forzando marks, will be in accordance with usage in this sort of singing (at "Oh, *yes* with colors," and "Oh, *yes* by proclamation," and "Yes, *yes*, this demonstration," etc.)

Some lively action from the end of page 82 to the end will heighten the humorousness of the effect; at No. 16, Columbia comes on alone, (unless a standard bearer is necessary) and from this point all who come on remain, retiring from the immediate front to their chorus or choir positions at the close of their respective performances.

The chorus that sing "A Song, yes a Song of Ireland" (page 87) may be simply the First Choir who are then on the stage.

At the word Ireland here, the singer of Killarney takes

ner place; after her song the Herald announces the Scotch song. The singer of that song comes on while the prelude to it is being played.

The singer of "Old Folks at Home" comes on as the Herald closes No. 20, at "Hear the old Melodies of Yankee Land;" in No. 22 Brother Jonathan comes strolling on for "Our Native Song."

The First Choir is already there for No. 25, standing on one side of the front. The Second Choir comes on in time to commence, according to directions, just before First Choir closes, and stands in the center. The Third Choir comes in while the Second Choir are singing their last lines and stands alongside, then all are in position for No. 27. At No. 28 all sing excepting the Quartette that are to sing No. 29, and the men who sing the Canto Fermo, (My Country, 'tis of Thee) in No. 30.

The Quartette for No. 20 take their places in front of the chorus; they retire to their places in the chorus at the close of their number.

During the last two measures of page 110 the men who are to sing the Canto Fermo come forward, to some prominent position in front that will least obstruct the view of the chorus.

The waving of the flags in the final chorus has been spoken of.

The foregoing are not rules, but suggestions—any variation from them may be made to accommodate peculiar circumstances, or to bring in new ideas.

The theory of the piece is, that the audience are the judges, but a judge's stand could easily be arranged and real judges could award real prizes for the piece or performance that was thought to be the best.

SINGLE VOICES.

Spirit of Song..... Soprano.
Herald..... Baritone.
English Singers..... Alto, First and Second Tenor.
German Singers..... Sop., Alto, Ten., Base.
French Singers..... Sop., Alto, Ten., Base.
Columbia..... Soprano.
Irish Song..... Soprano.
Scotch Song..... Mezzo Sop. or Alto.
American Southern Song..... Mezzo Soprano.
American Northern Song..... Base.
American Quartette..... Sop., Alto, Ten., Base.

SEMI-CHORUSES (*Eight or Twelve Voices*).

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Tyrolean.	A song for Tyrol-land	43

FULL CHORUSES.

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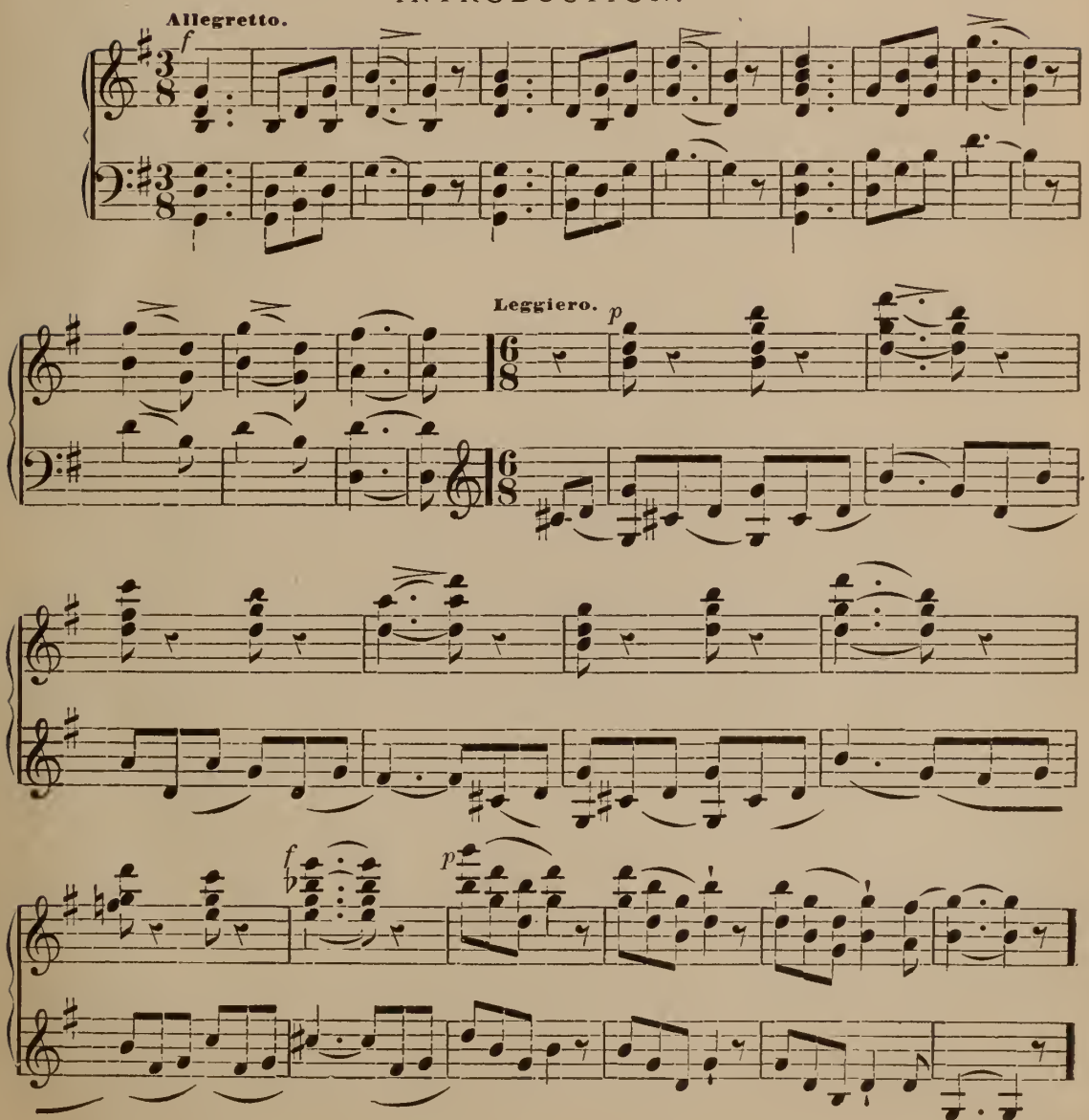
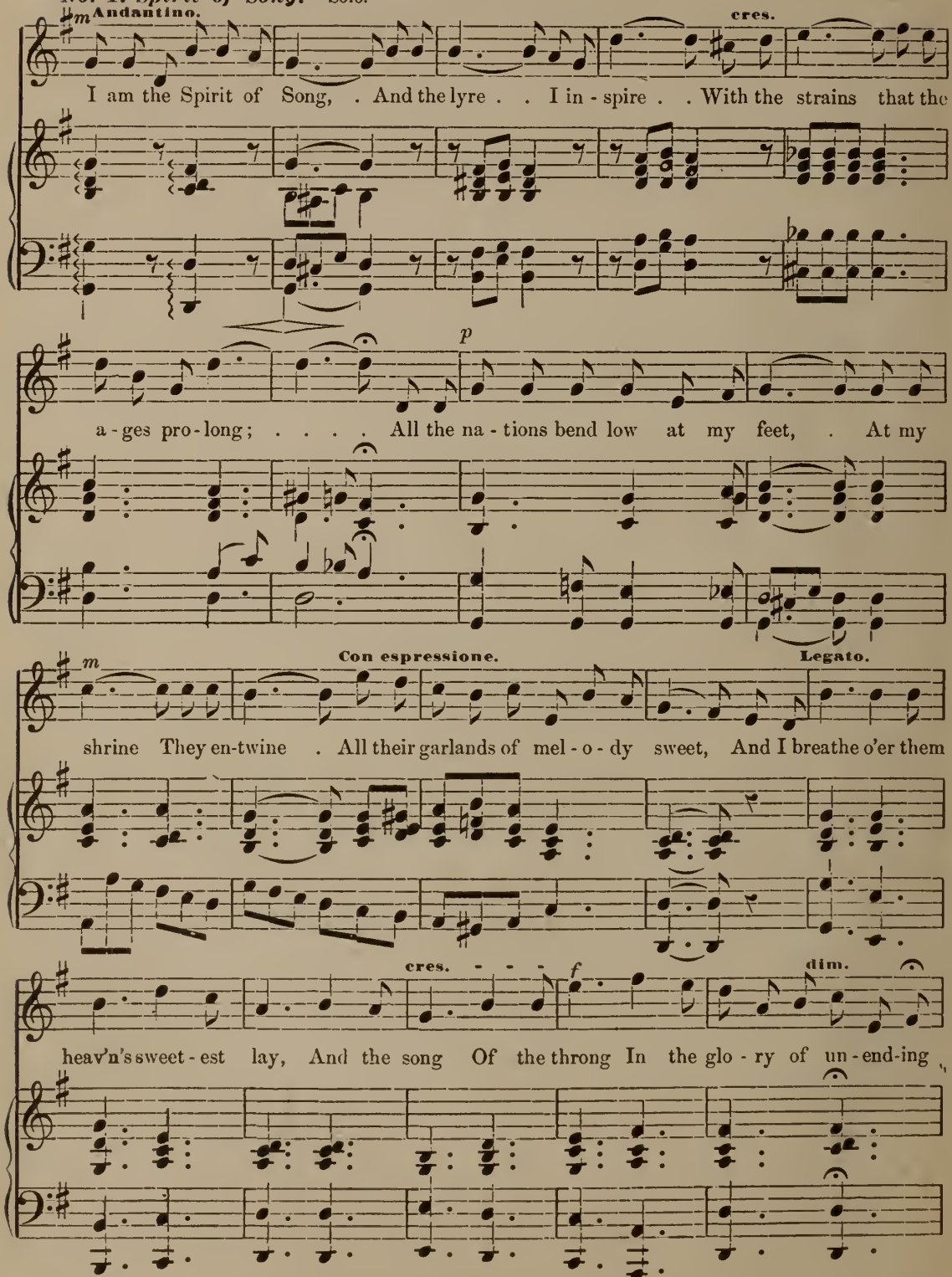
THE SONG TOURNAMENT.

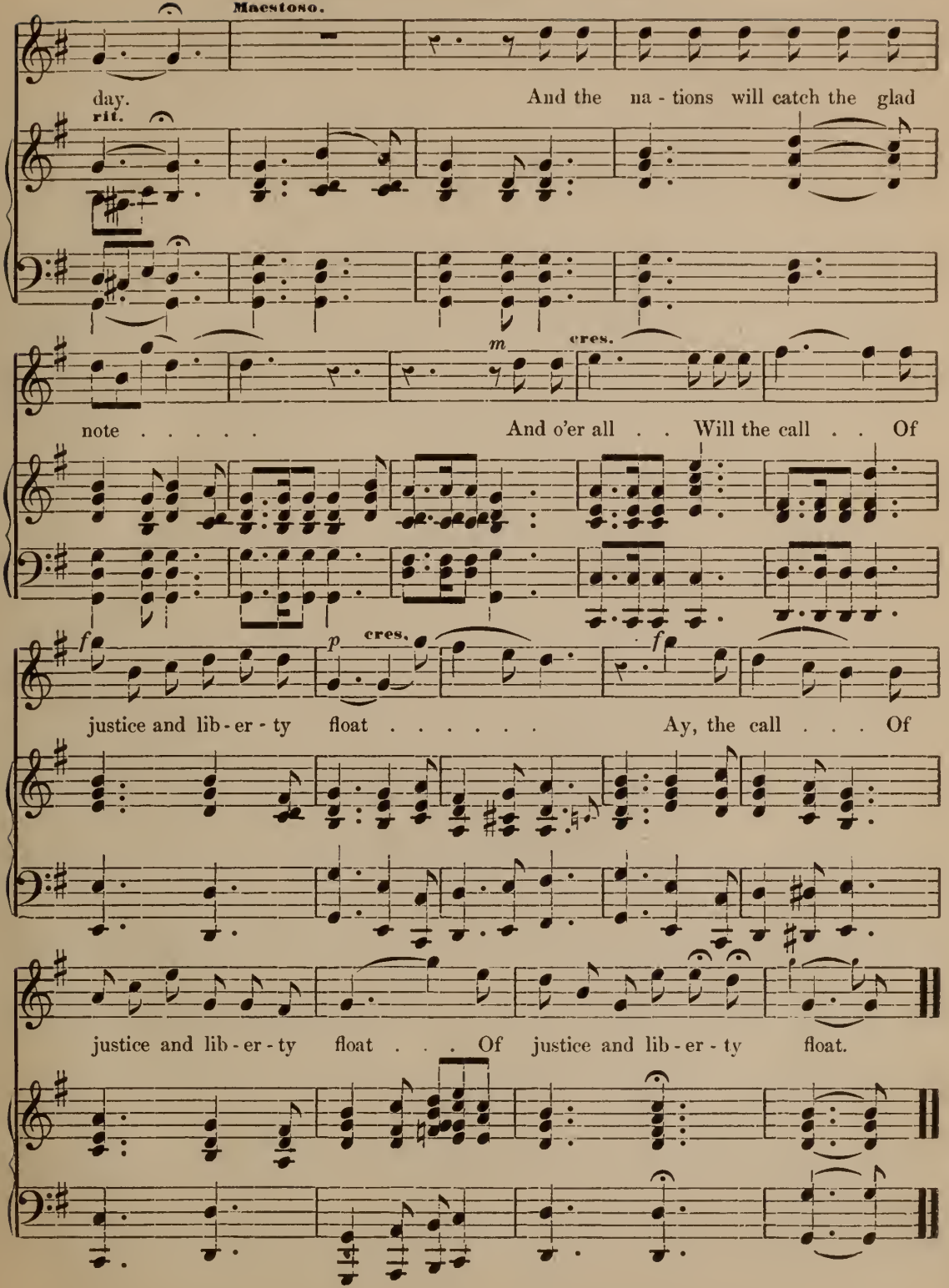
INTRODUCTION.



I AM THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

No. 1. Spirit of Song. Solo.

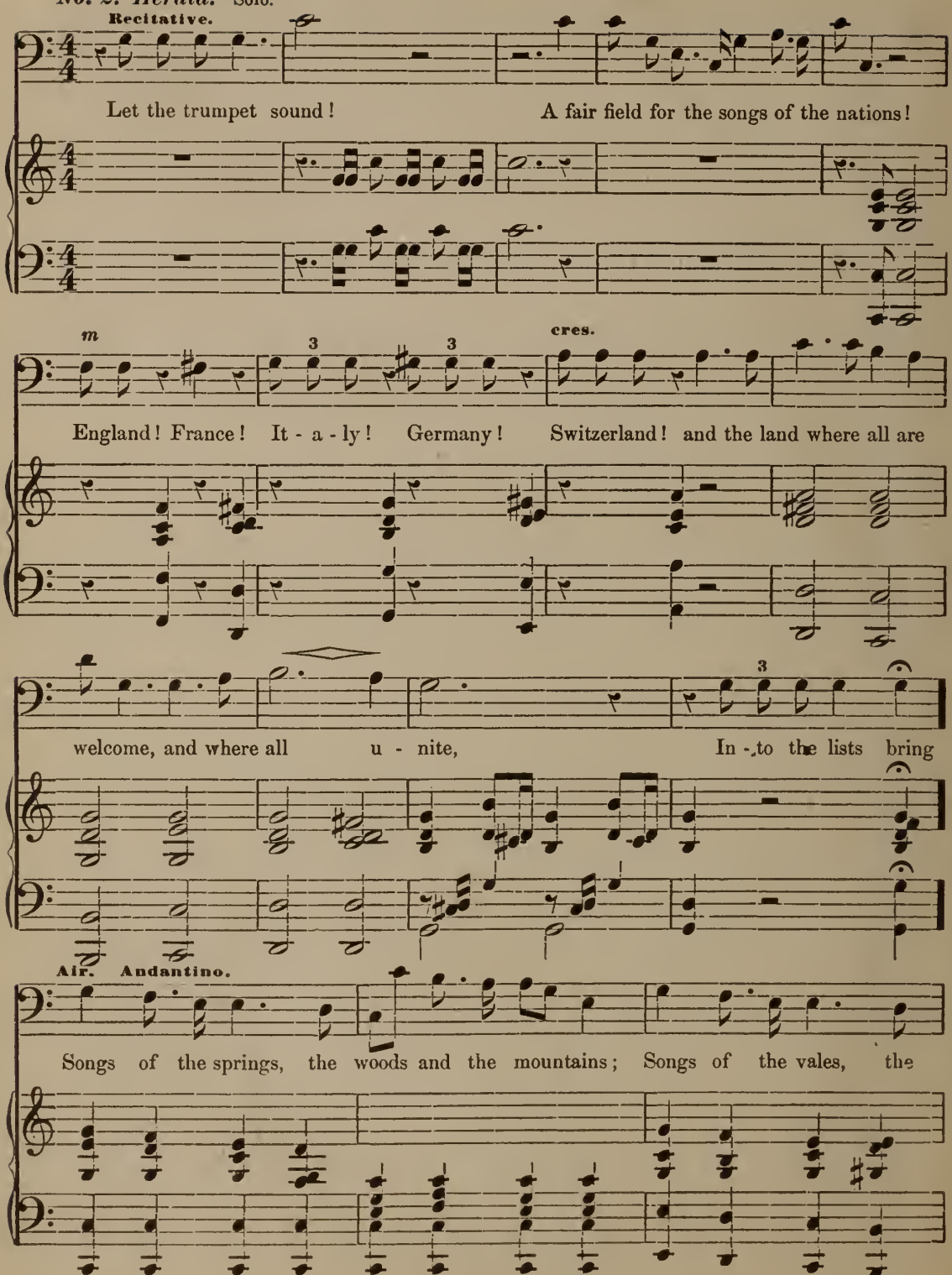


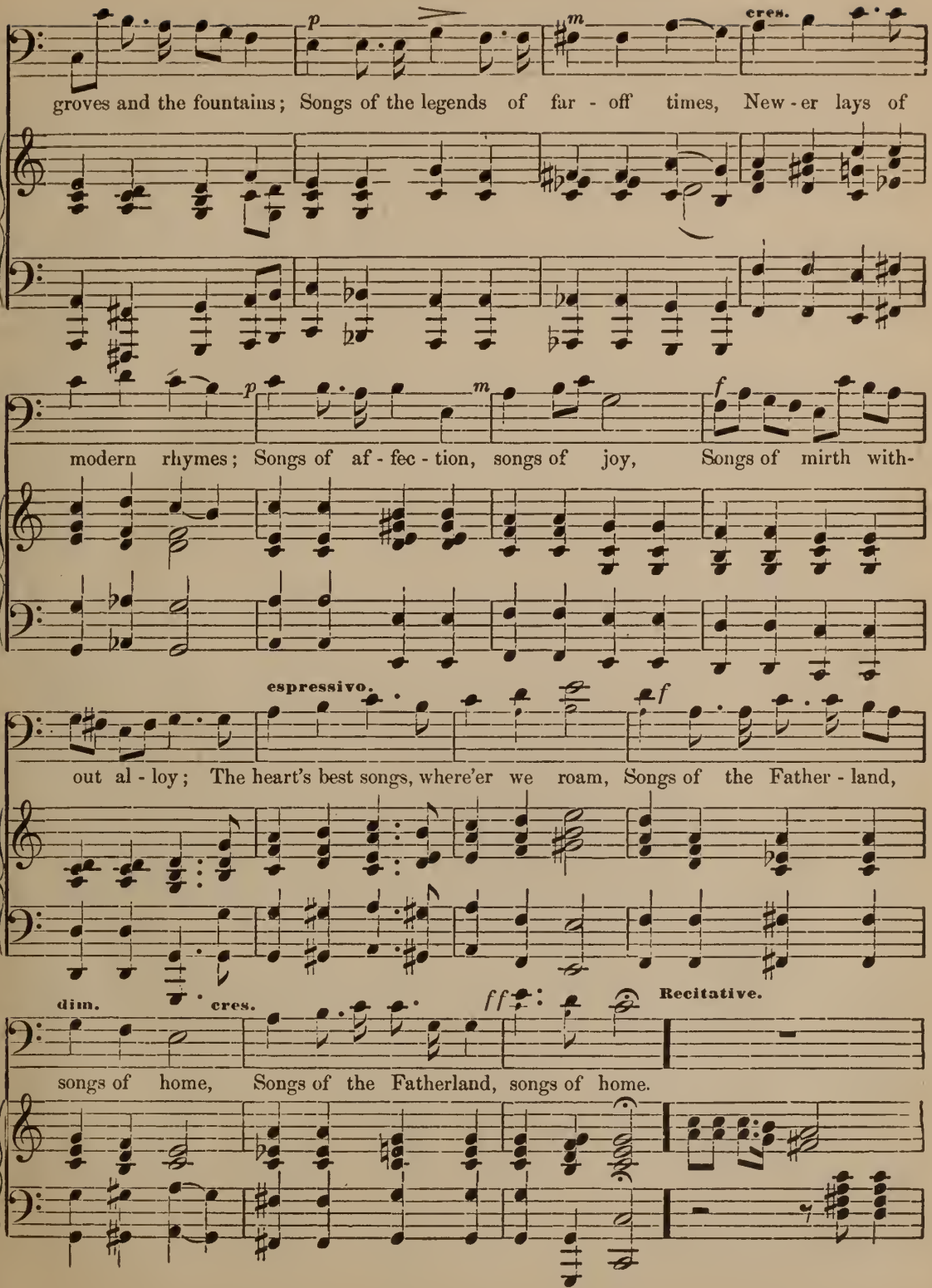

Maestoso.
day.
And the na - tions will catch the glad
rit.
m
cres.
note . . . . .
And o'er all . . Will the call . . Of
f
p
cres.
f
justice and lib - er - ty float . . . . . Ay, the call . . . Of
justice and lib - er - ty float . . . Of justice and lib - er - ty float.

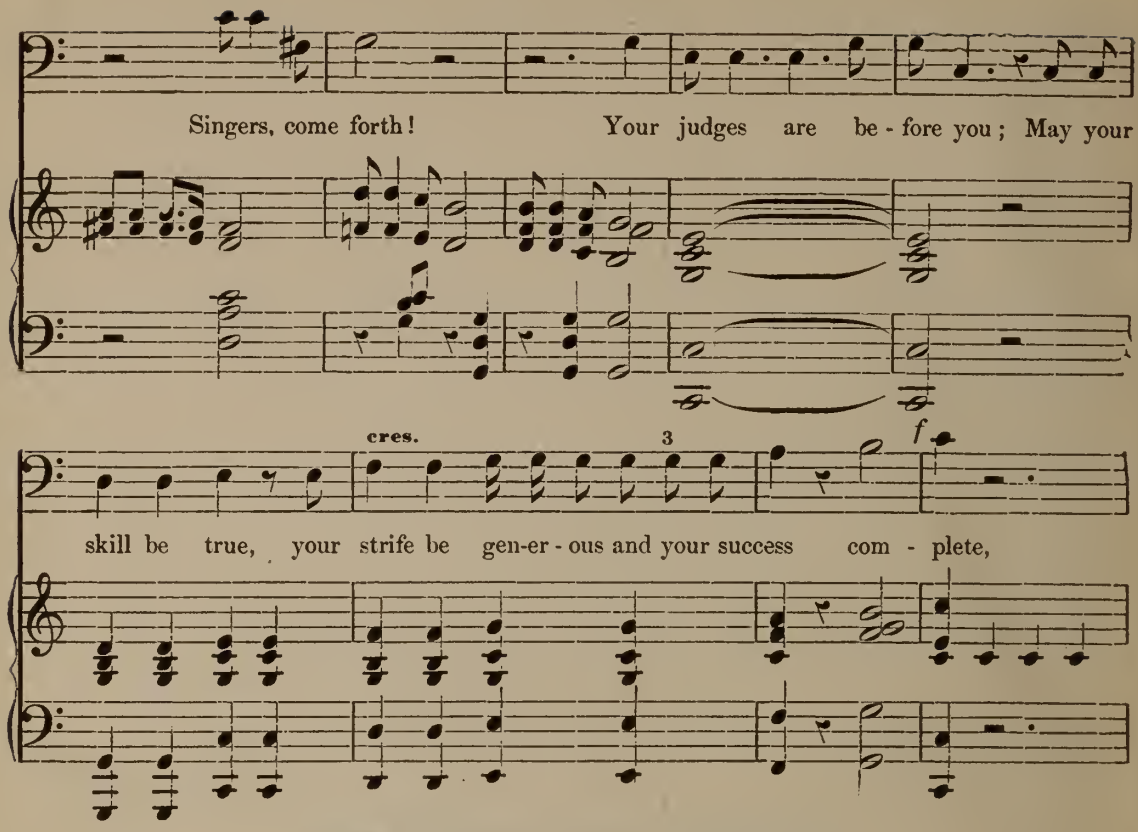
LET THE TRUMPET SOUND!

No. 2. Herald. Solo.

Recitative.

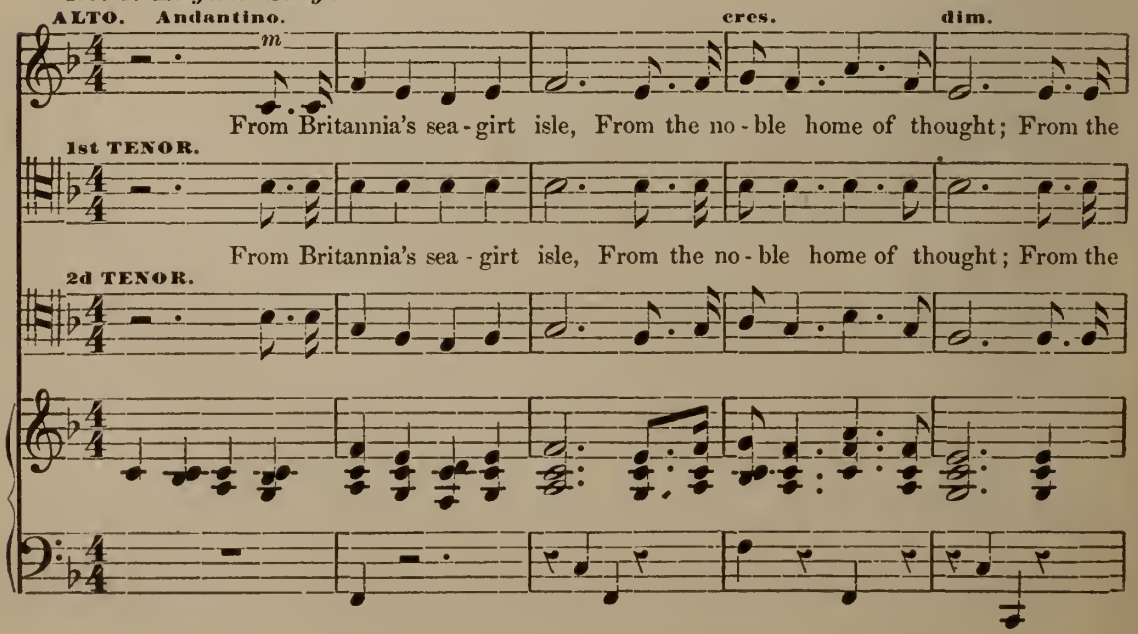


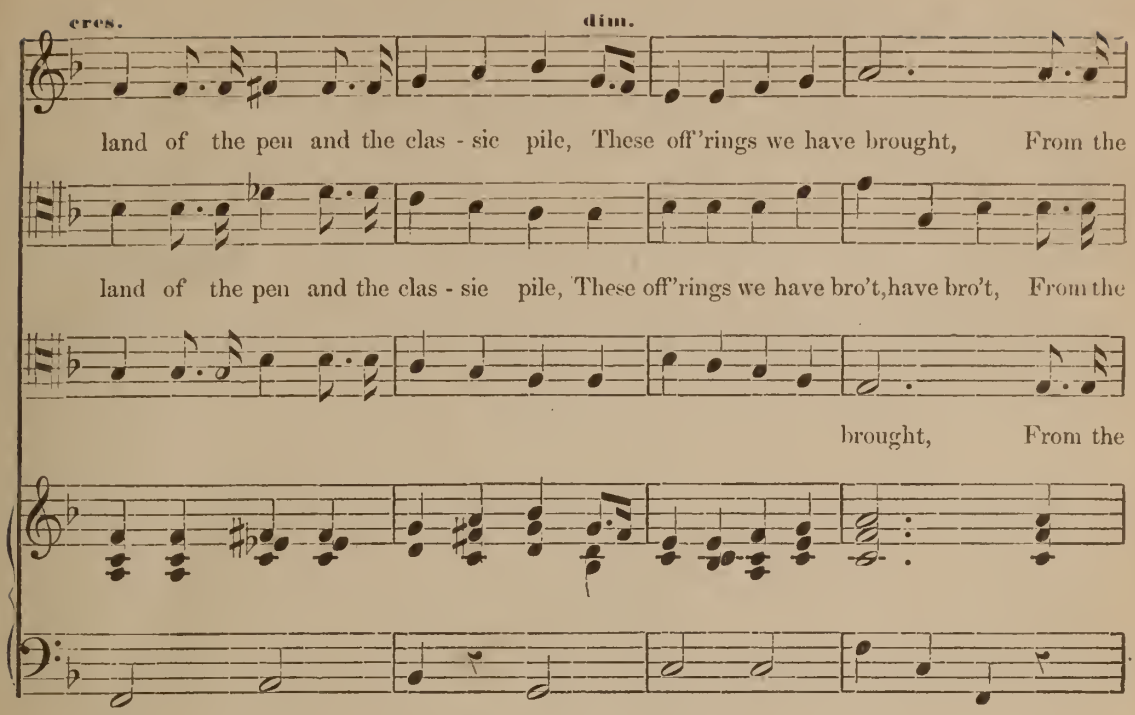

p
m
cres.
groves and the fountains; Songs of the legends of far - off times, New - er lays of
p
m
f
modern rhymes; Songs of af - fec - tion, songs of joy, Songs of mirth with-
espressivo.
f
out al - loy; The heart's best songs, where'er we roam, Songs of the Father - land,
dim.
cres.
ff
Recitative.
songs of home, Songs of the Fatherland, songs of home.

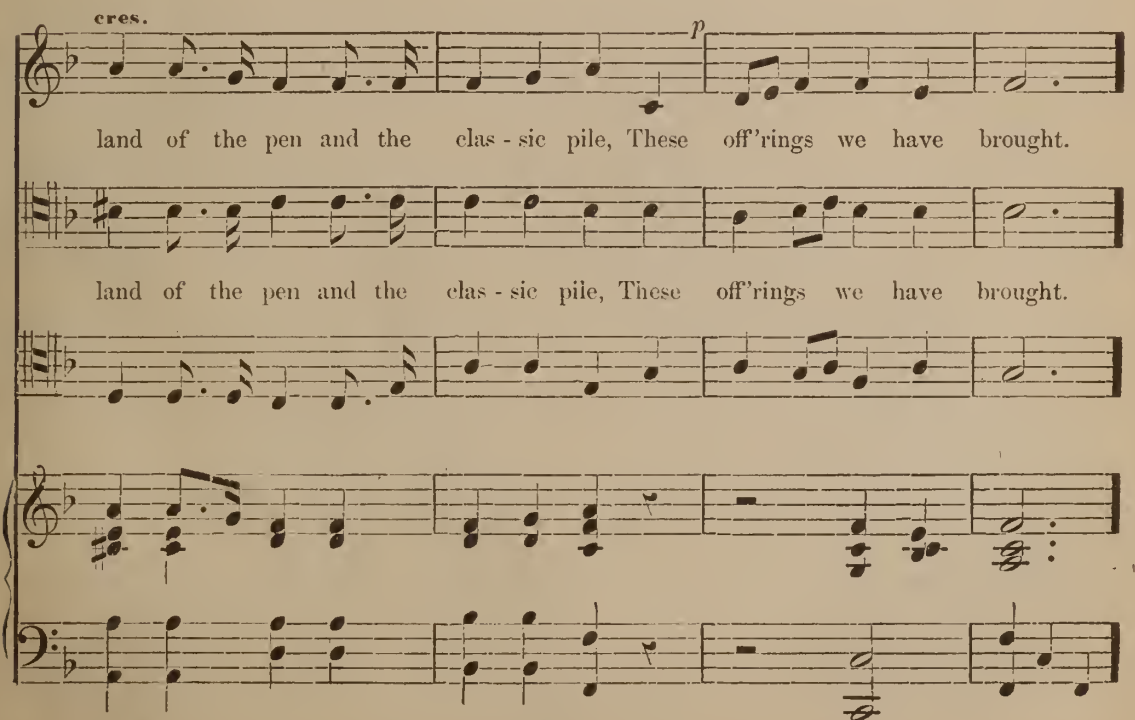


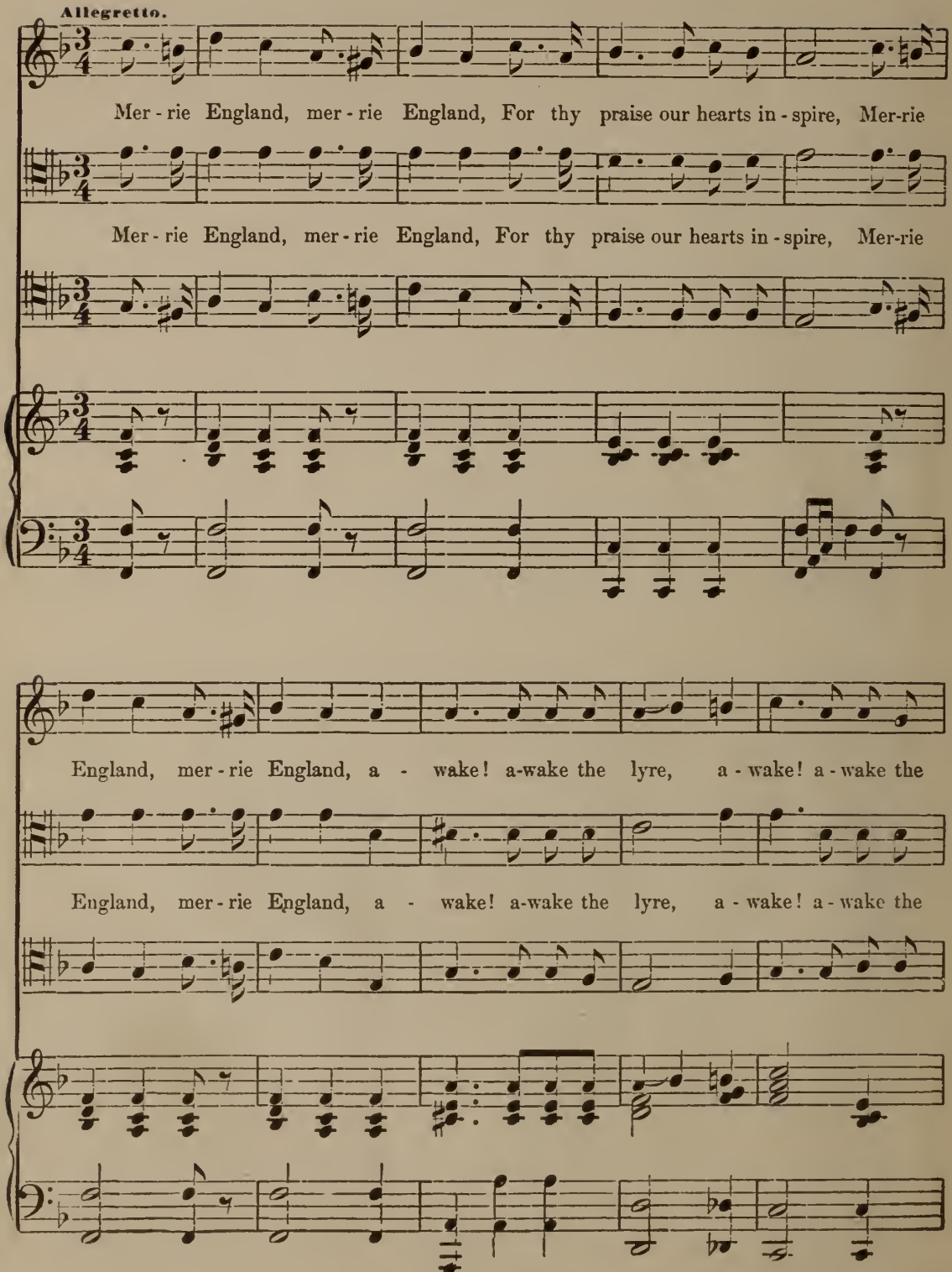
FROM BRITANNIA'S SEA-GIRT ISLE.

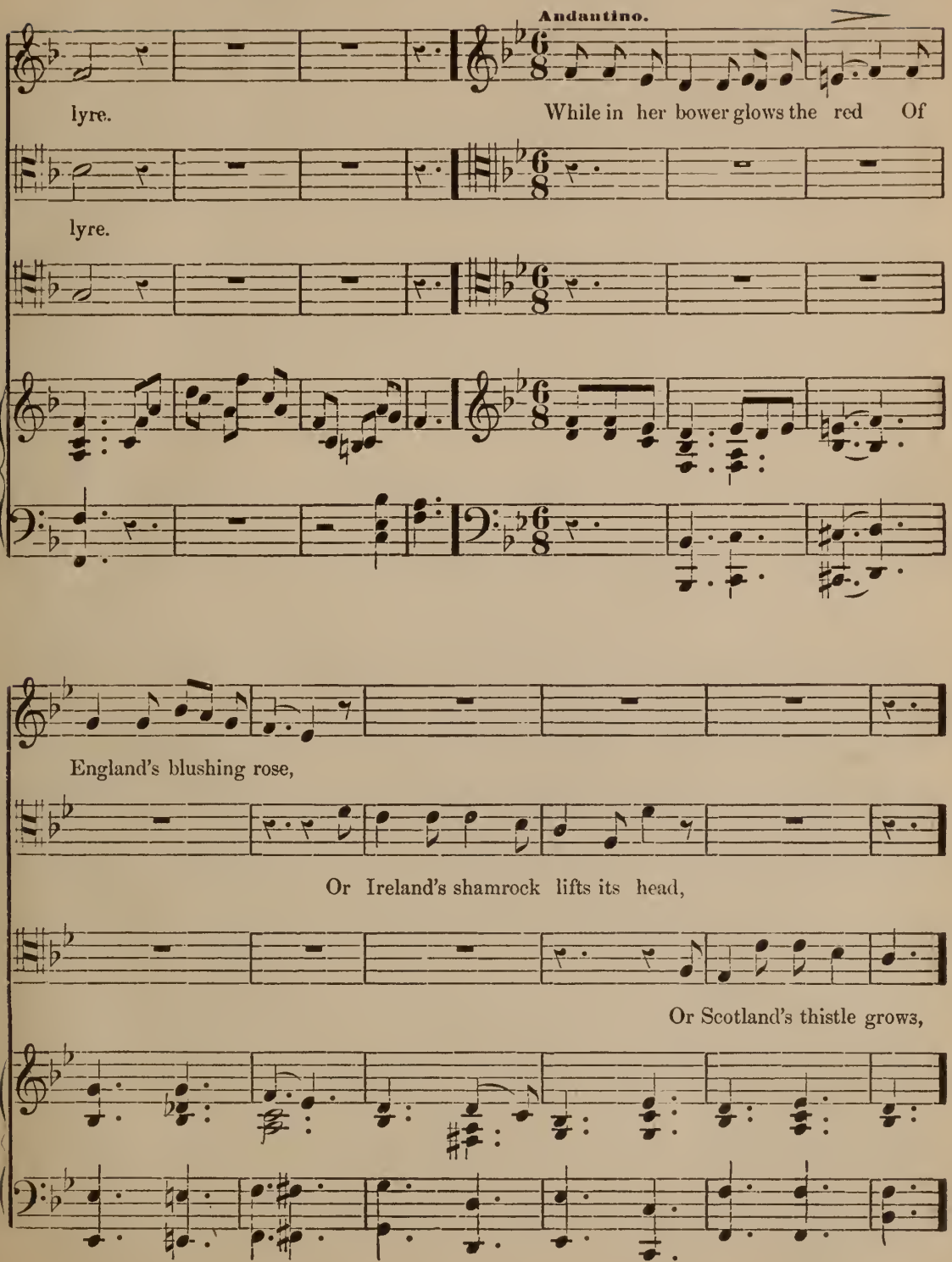
No. 3. English Singers. Trio.

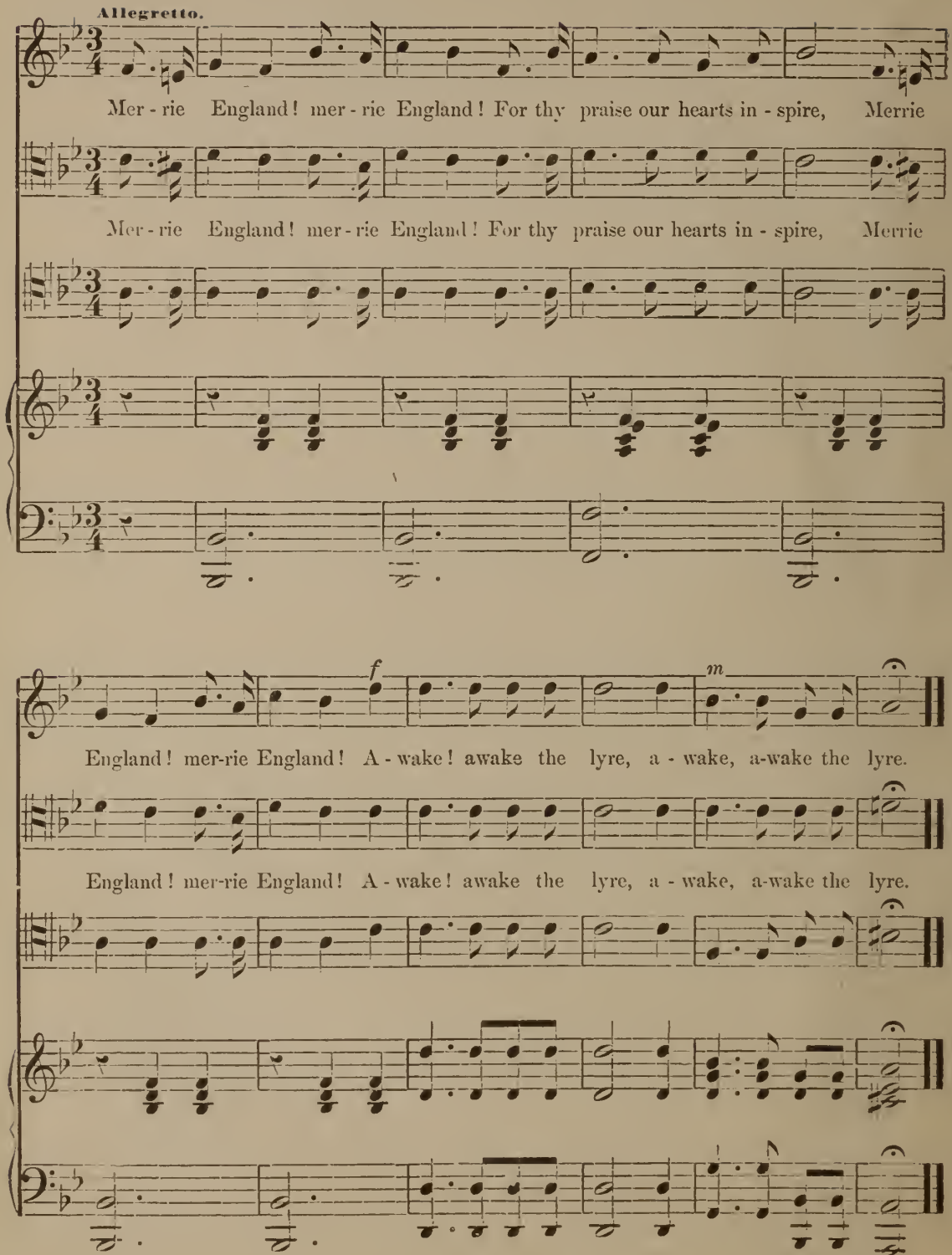



cres.
dim.
land of the pen and the clas - sic pile, These off'rings we have brought, From the
land of the pen and the clas - sie pile, These off'rings we have bro't,have bro't, From the
brought, From the


cres.
p
land of the pen and the clas - sic pile, These off'rings we have brought.
land of the pen and the clas - sic pile, These off'rings we have brought.

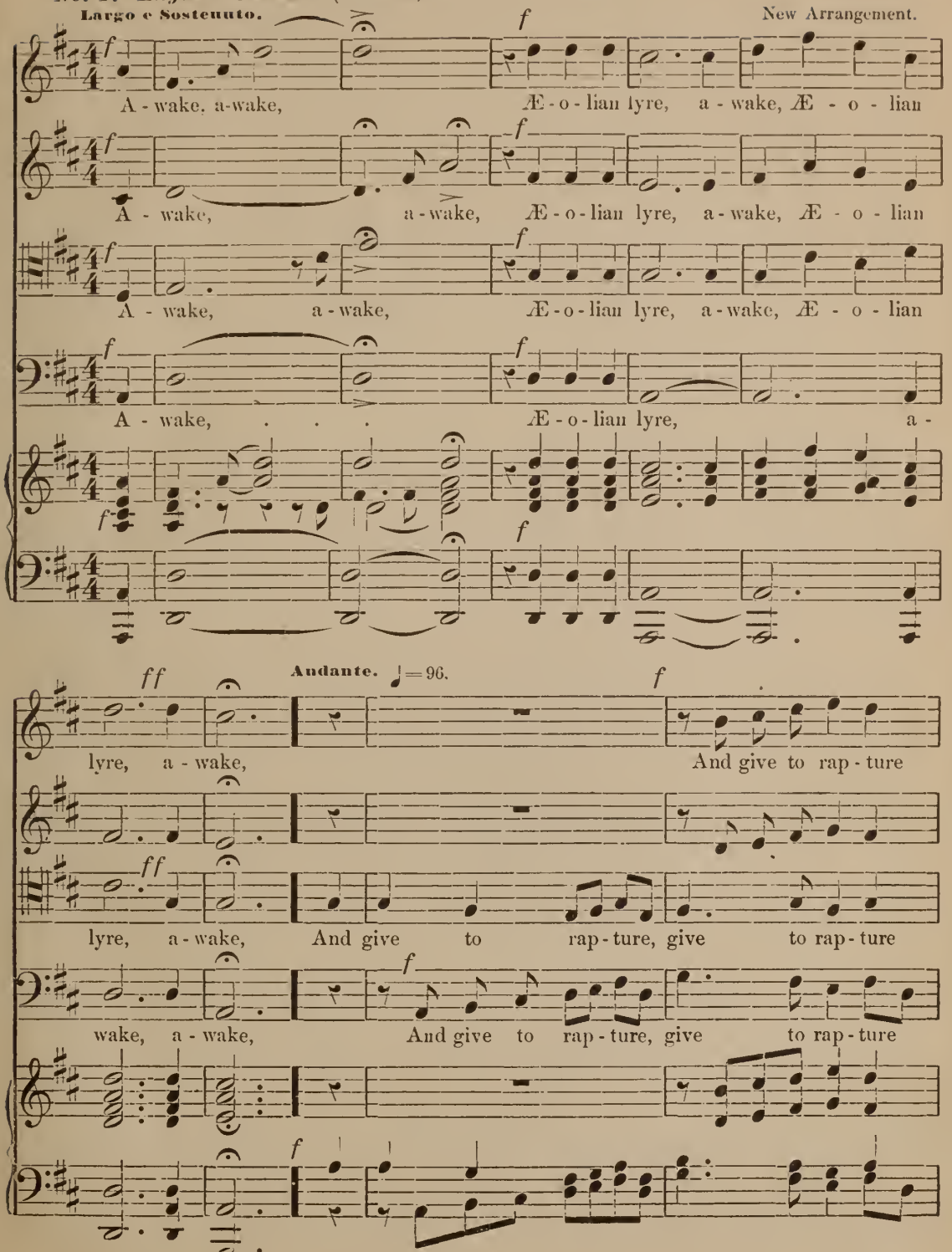

Allegretto.
Mer-rie England, mer-rie England, For thy praise our hearts in-spire, Mer-rie
Mer-rie England, mer-rie England, For thy praise our hearts in-spire, Mer-rie
England, mer-rie England, a - wake! a-wake the lyre, a-wake! a-wake the
England, mer-rie England, a - wake! a-wake the lyre, a-wake! a-wake the

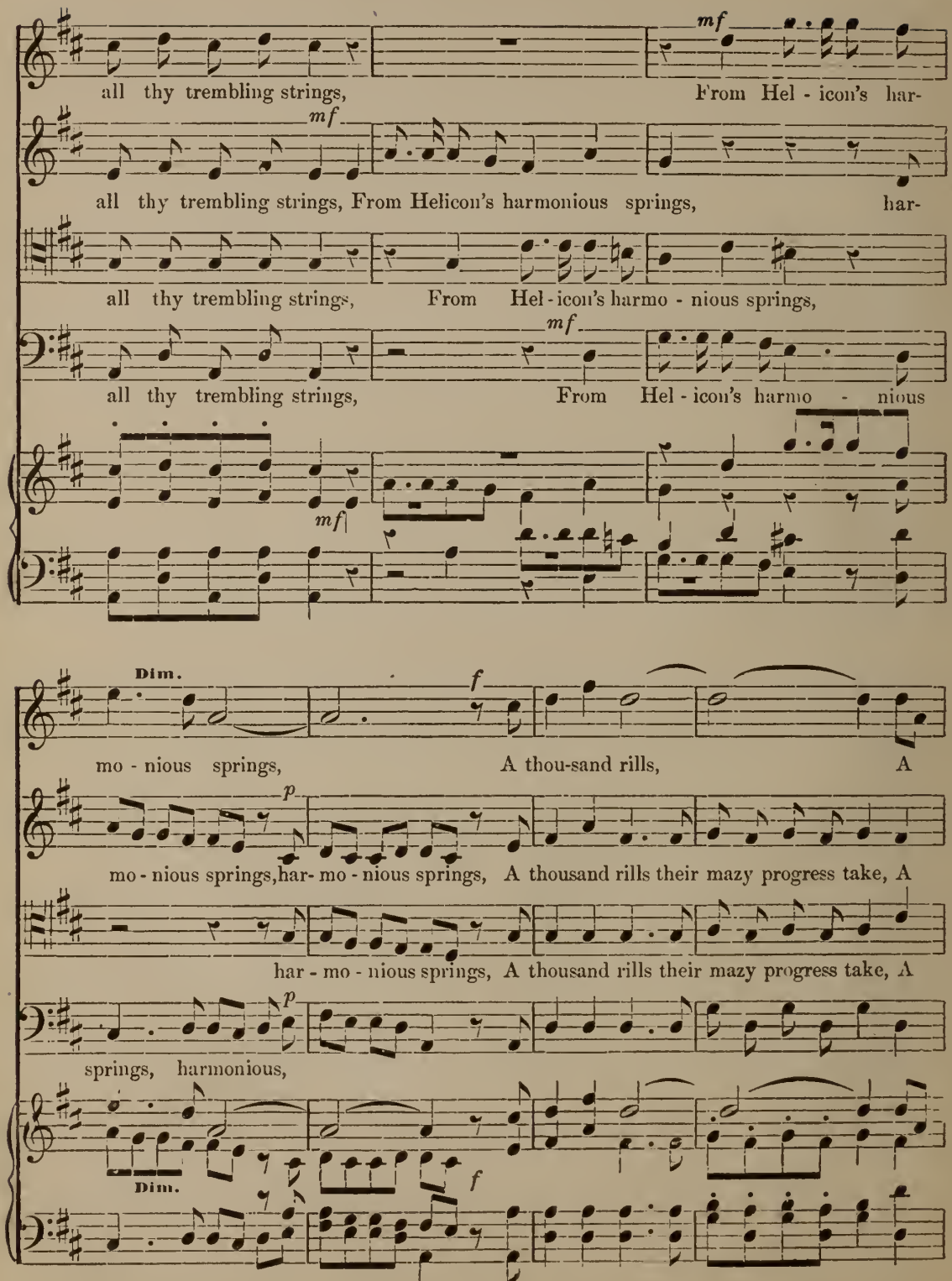

Andantino.
lyre.
While in her bower glows the red Of
lyre.
England's blushing rose,
Or Ireland's shamrock lifts its head,
Or Scotland's thistle grows,

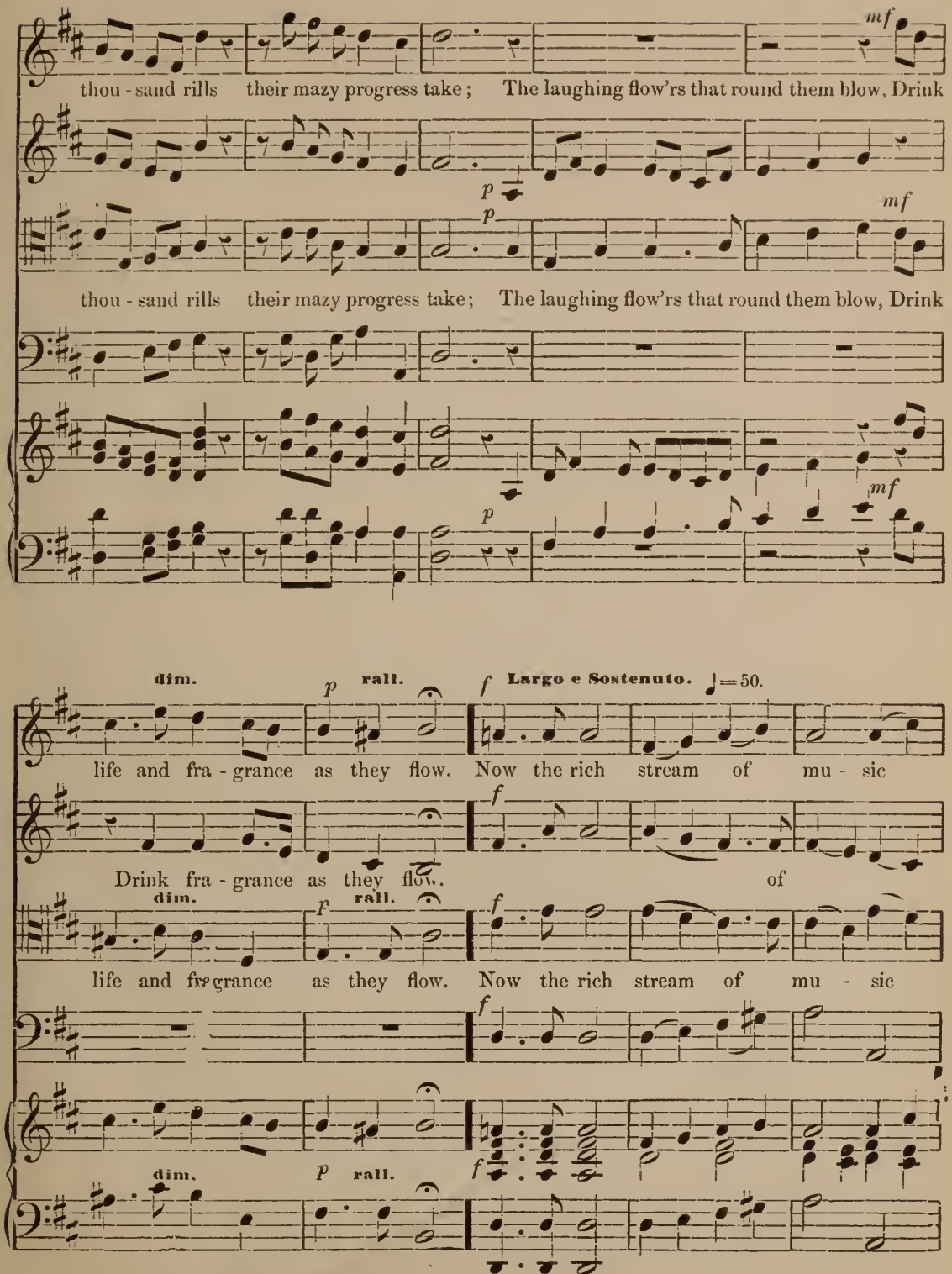

Allegretto.
Mer-rie England! mer-rie England! For thy praise our hearts in-spire, Merrie
Mer-rie England! mer-rie England! For thy praise our hearts in-spire, Merrie
f
m
England! mer-rie England! A-wake! awake the lyre, a-wake, a-wake the lyre.
England! mer-rie England! A-wake! awake the lyre, a-wake, a-wake the lyre.

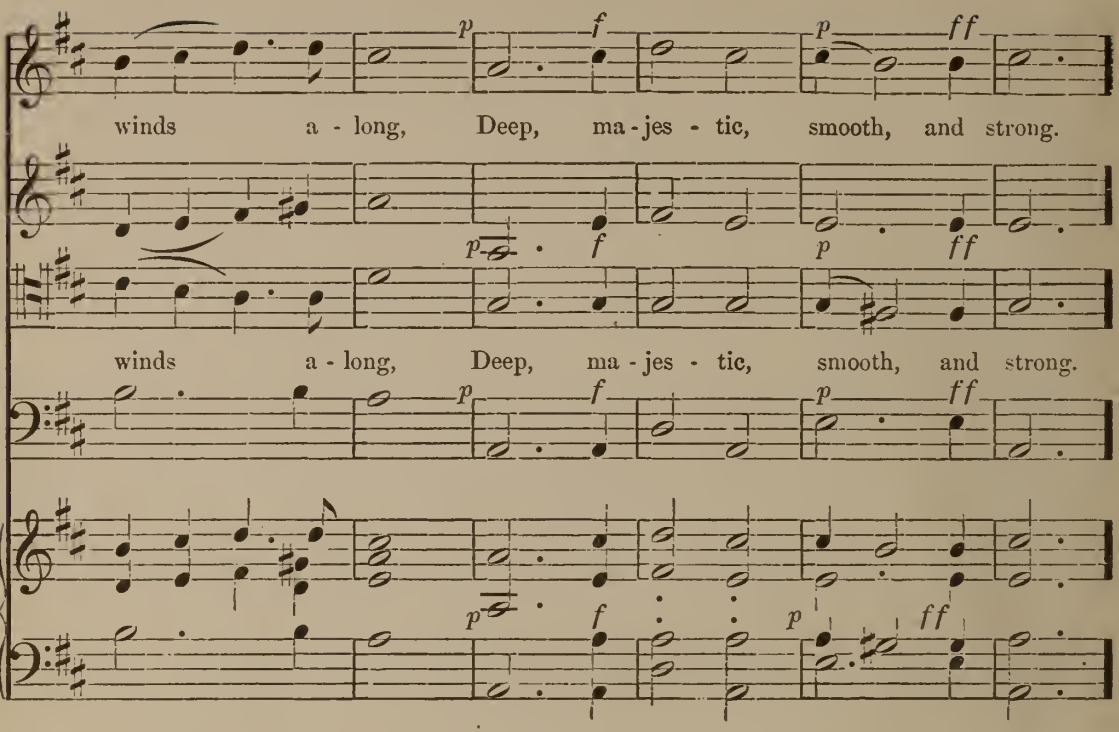
No. 4. English Chorus. (Old Glee.)

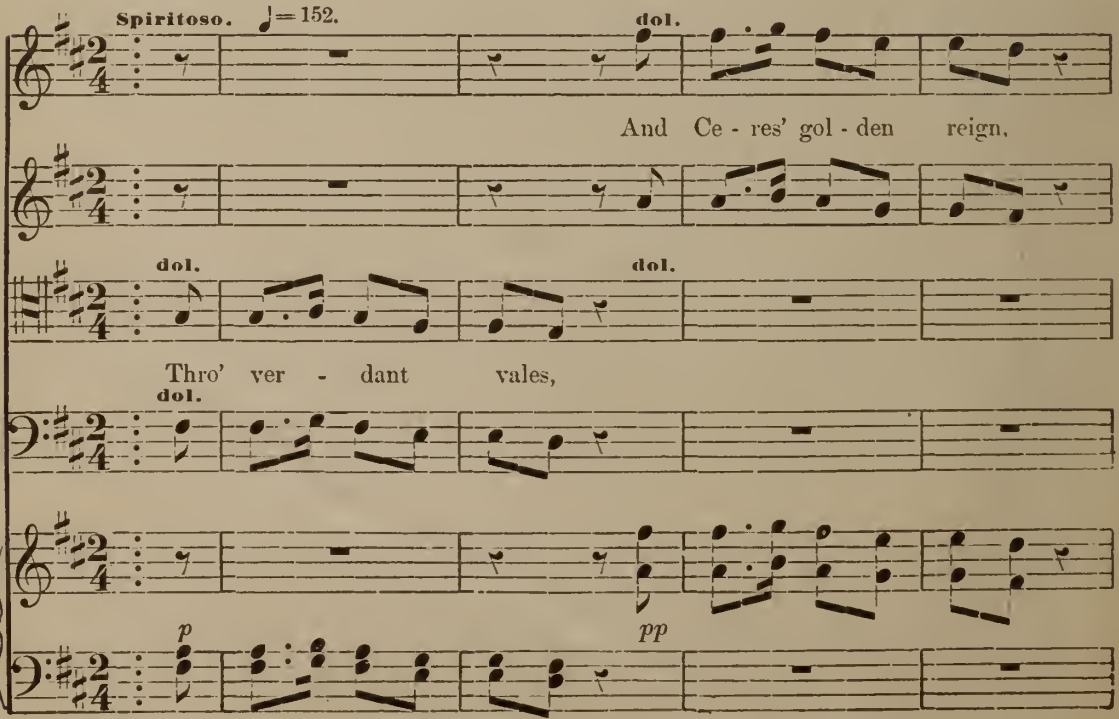
J. Danby.
New Arrangement.

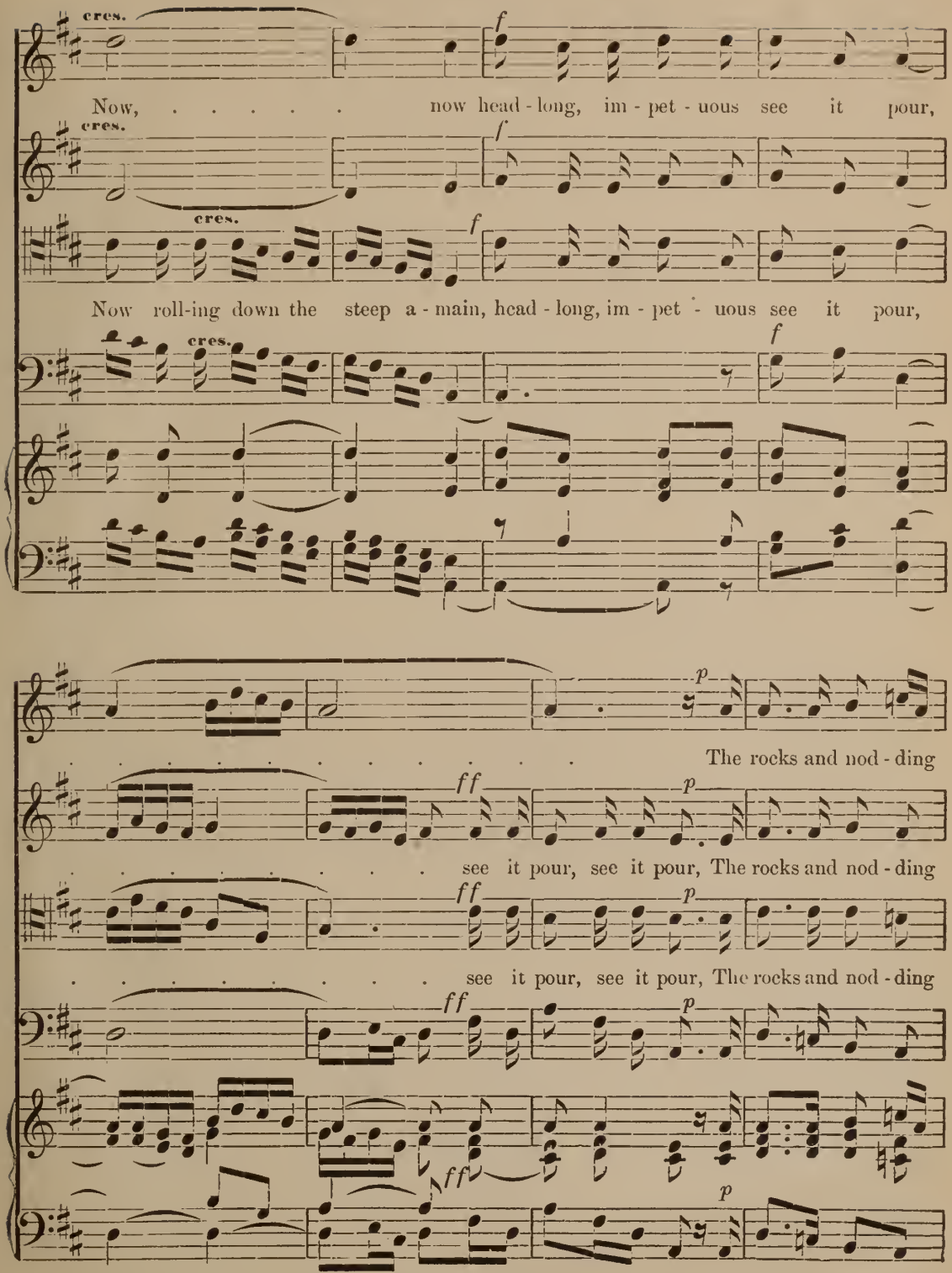


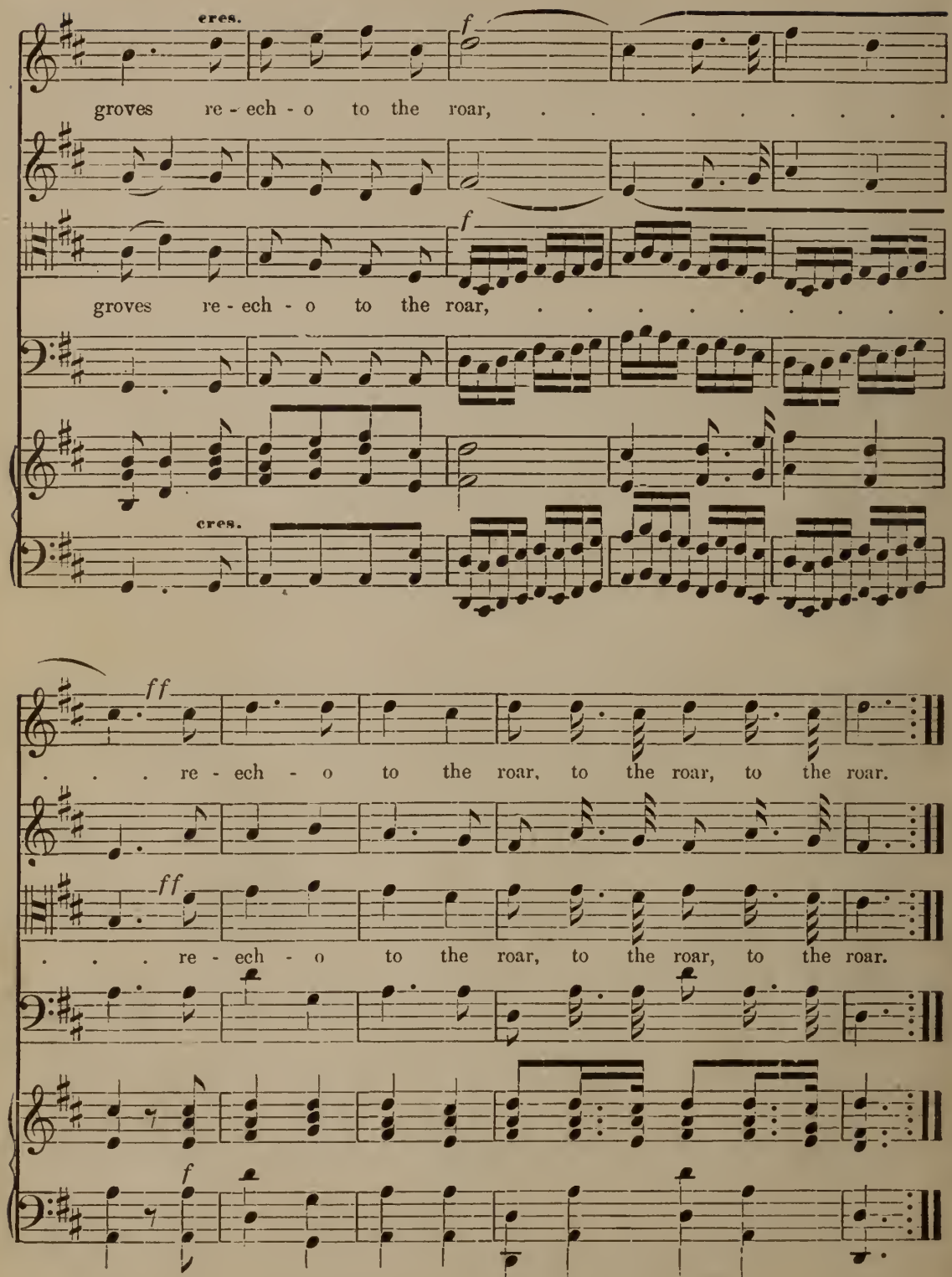

mf
all thy trembling strings, From Hel - icon's har-
mf
all thy trembling strings, From Helicon's harmonious springs, har-
all thy trembling strings, From Hel - icon's harmo - nious springs,
mf
all thy trembling strings, From Hel - icon's harmo - nious
mf
Dim.
f
mo - nious springs, A thou-sand rills, A
p
mo - nious springs, har- mo - nious springs, A thousand rills their mazy progress take, A
har - mo - nious springs, A thousand rills their mazy progress take, A
p
springs, harmonious,
Dim.
f


mf
thou - sand rills their mazy progress take; The laughing flow'rs that round them blow, Drink
p
p
mf
thou - sand rills their mazy progress take; The laughing flow'rs that round them blow, Drink
mf
p
dim.
p
rall.
f
Largo e Sostenuto. ♩=50.
life and fra - grance as they flow. Now the rich stream of mu - sic
f
Drink fra - grance as they flow. of
dim.
p
rall.
f
life and fragrance as they flow. Now the rich stream of mu - sic
f
dim.
p
rall.
f


winds a - long, Deep, ma - jes - tic, smooth, and strong.
winds a - long, Deep, ma - jes - tic, smooth, and strong.

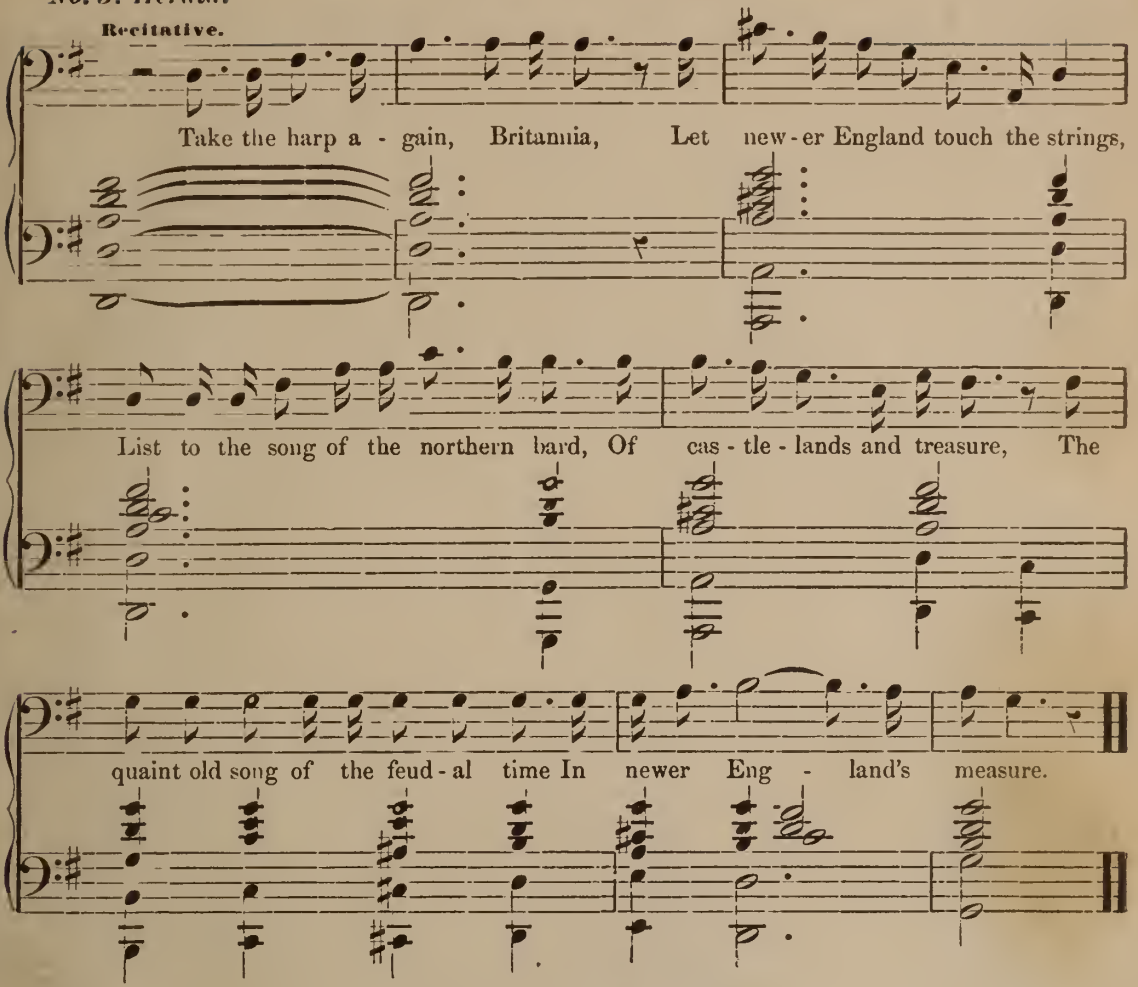

Spiritoso. ♩= 152.
dol.
And Ce - res' gol - den reign,
dol.
dol.
Thro' ver - dant vales,
dol.


cres.
f
Now, now head-long, im-pet-uous see it pour,
cres.
f
cres.
f
Now roll-ing down the steep a-main, head-long, im-pet-uous see it pour,
cres.
f
p
The rocks and nod-ding
ff
p
see it pour, see it pour, The rocks and nod-ding
ff
p
see it pour, see it pour, The rocks and nod-ding
ff
p
ff
p


cres.
f
groves re - ech - o to the roar,
f
groves re - ech - o to the roar,
cres.
ff
. . . re - ech - o to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.
ff
. . . re - ech - o to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.
f

No. 5. Herald.

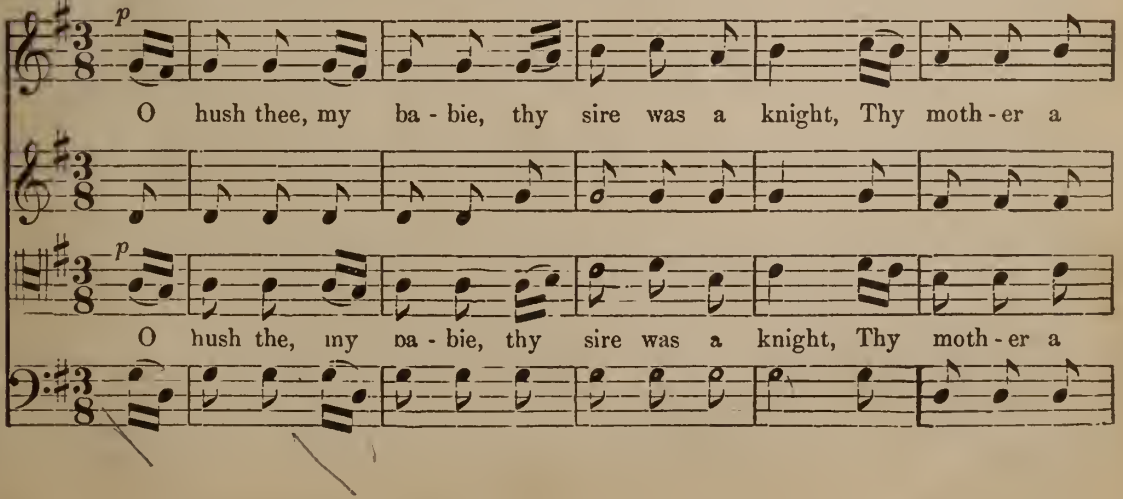
Recitative.

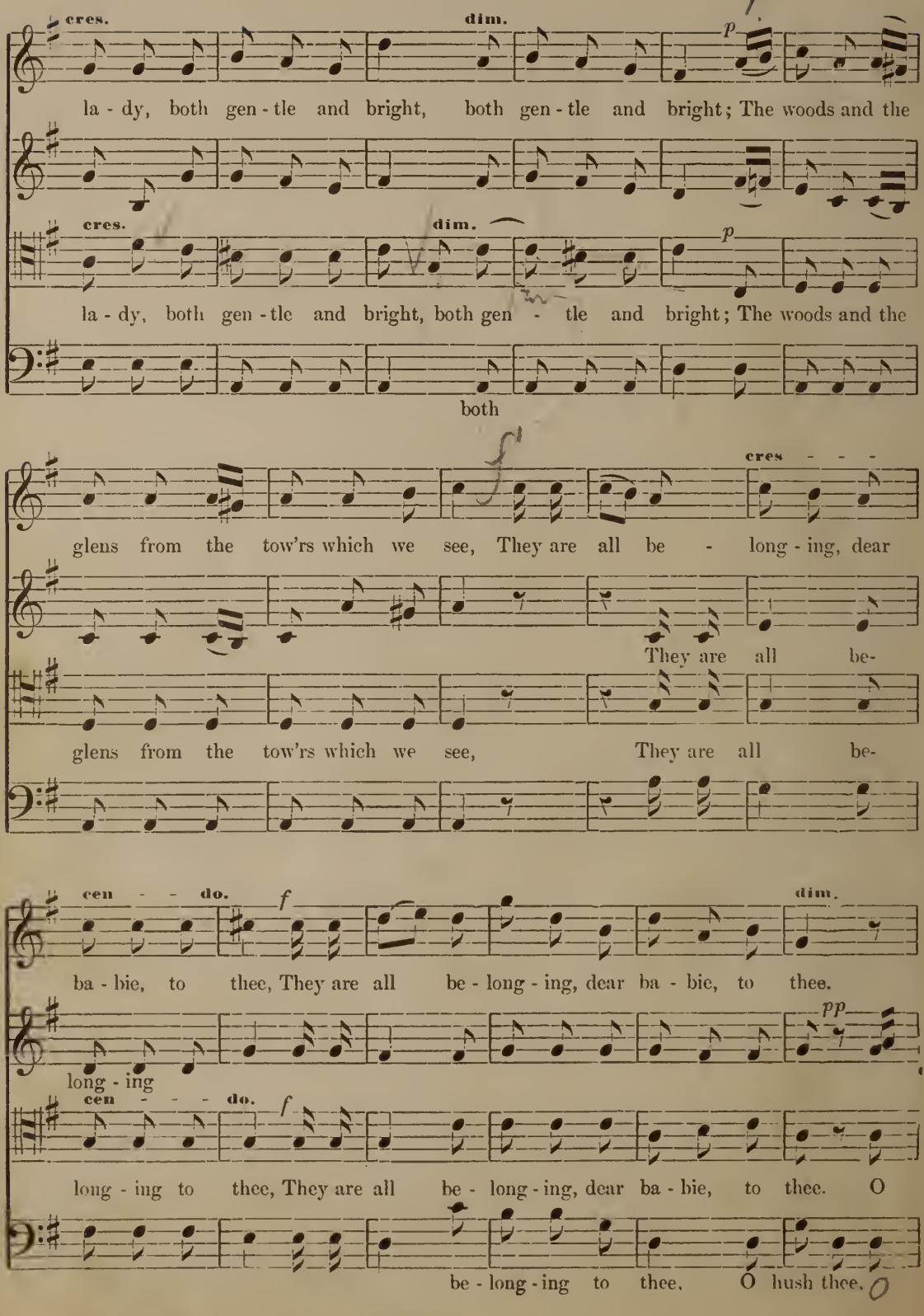


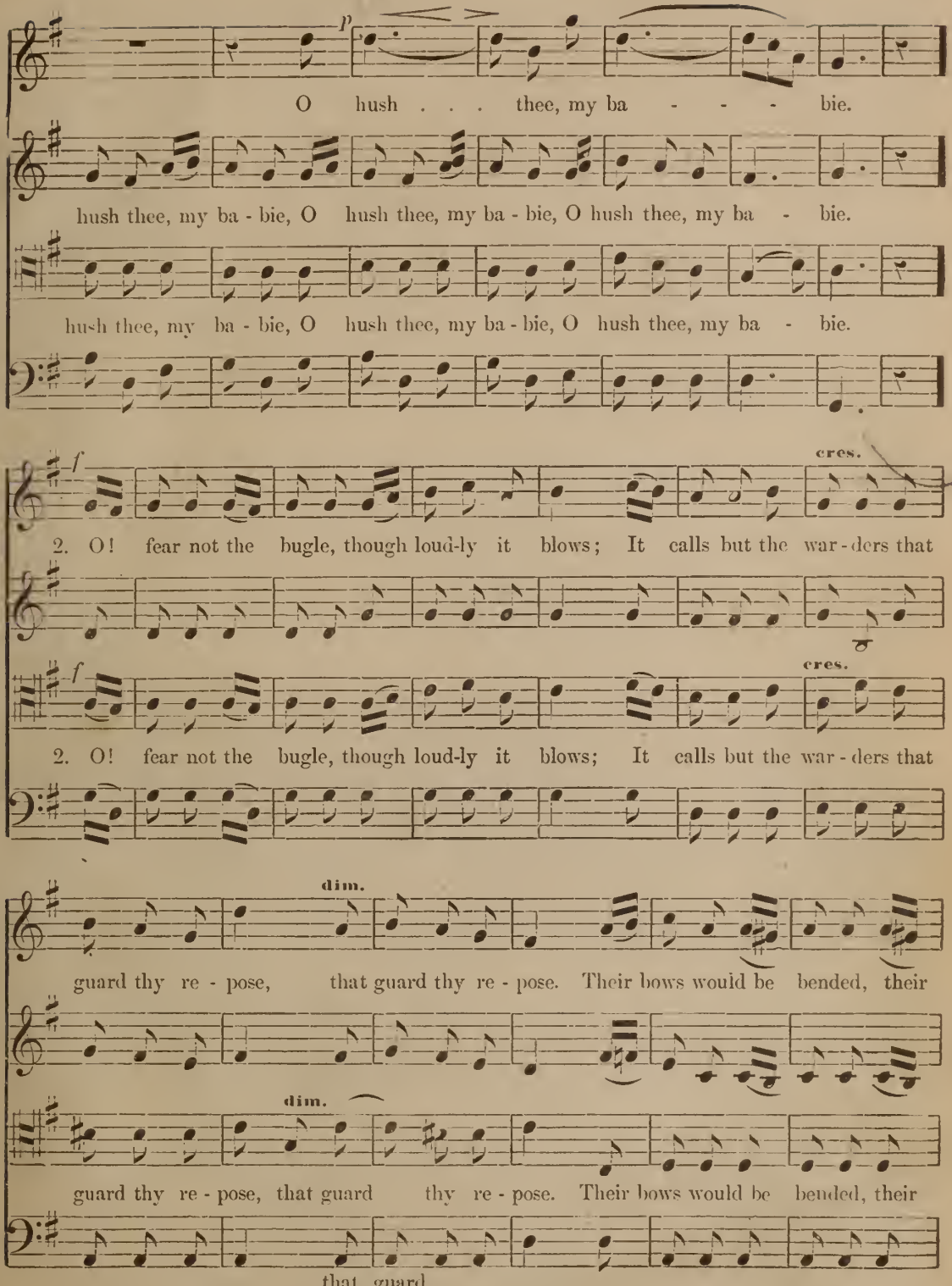
OH! HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

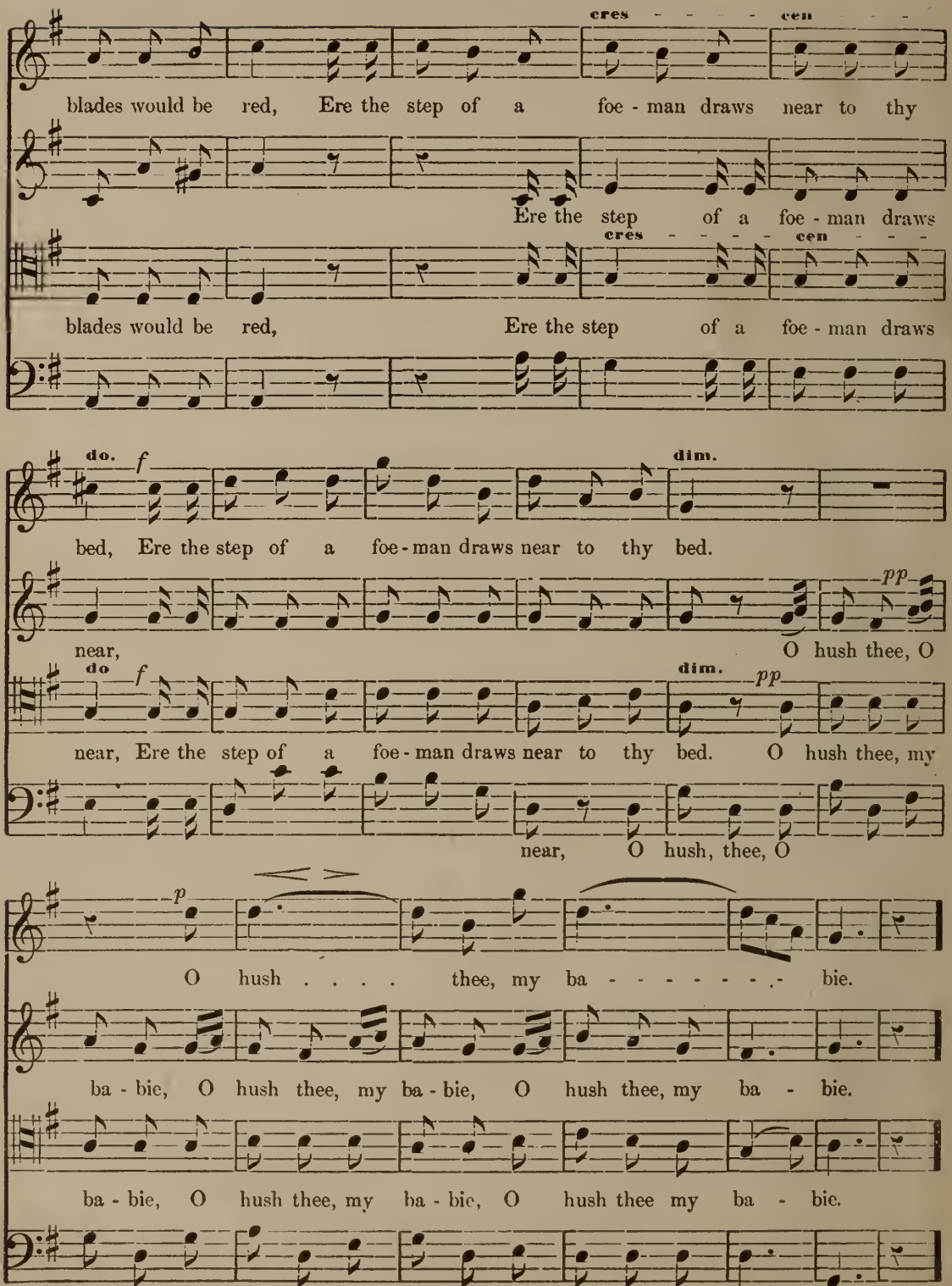
No. 6. English Part-Song. (Modern.) Semi-Chorus.

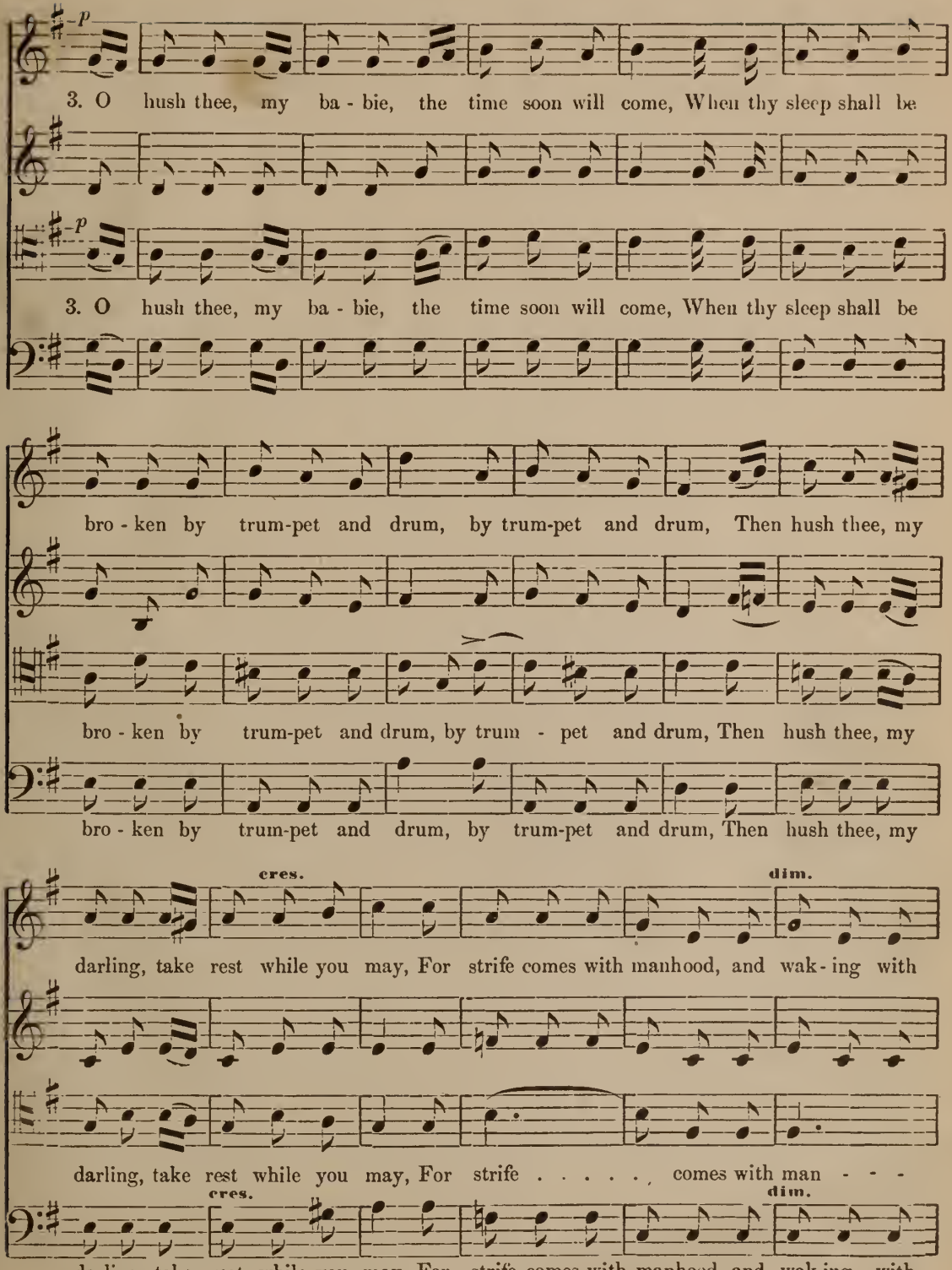
SIR WALTER SCOTT. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

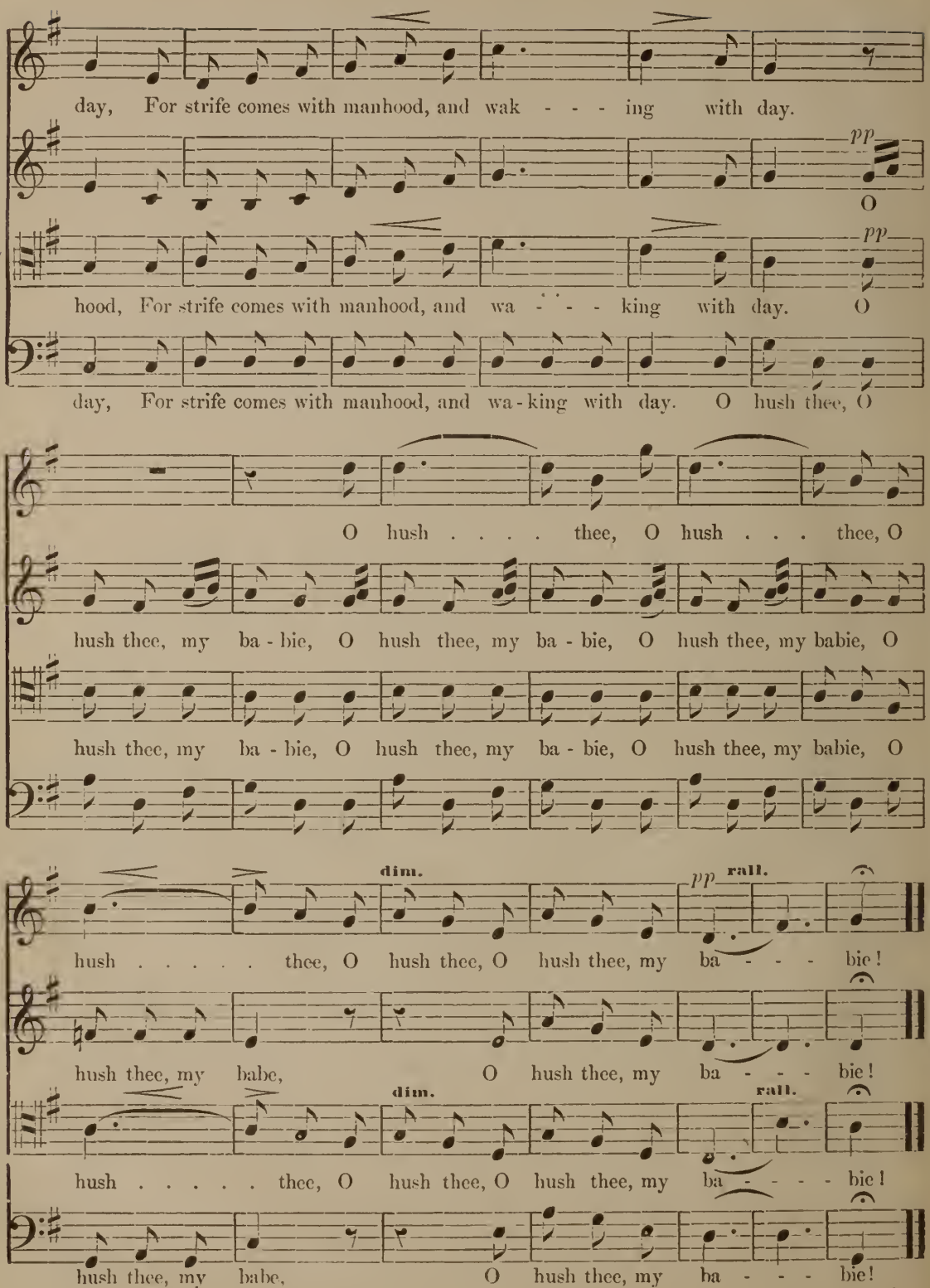



cres.
dim.
p
la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the
cres.
dim.
p
la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the
both
f
cres - - -
glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long - ing, dear
They are all be-
glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be-
cen - - do.
f
dim.
ba - bie, to thee, They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee.
pp
long - ing
cen - - - do.
f
long - ing to thee, They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O
be - long - ing to thee. O hush thee, O

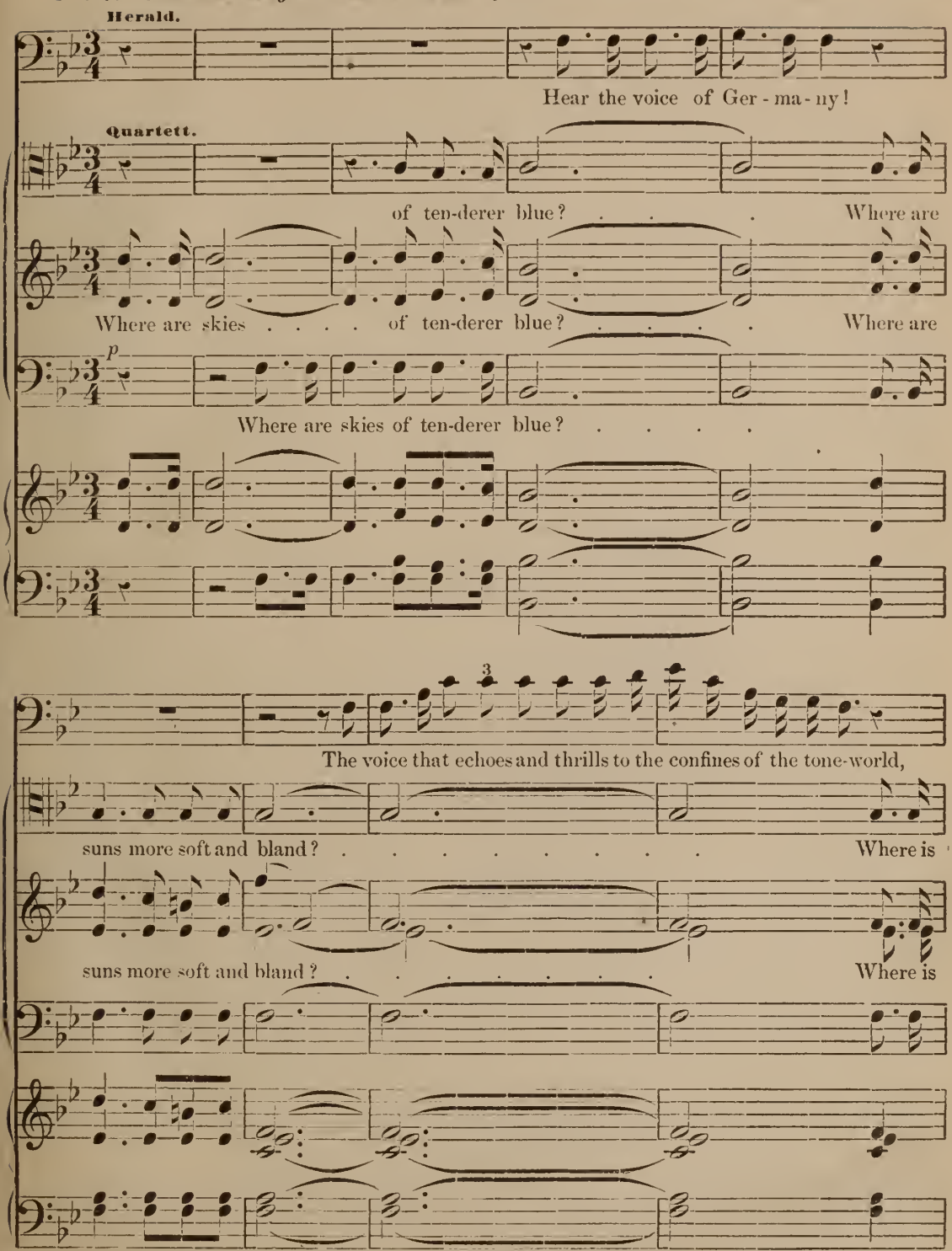

p
O hush . . . thee, my ba - - - - bie.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
f
cres.
2. O! fear not the bugle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the war - ders that
f
cres.
2. O! fear not the bugle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the war - ders that
dim.
guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be bended, their
dim.
guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be bended, their
that guard

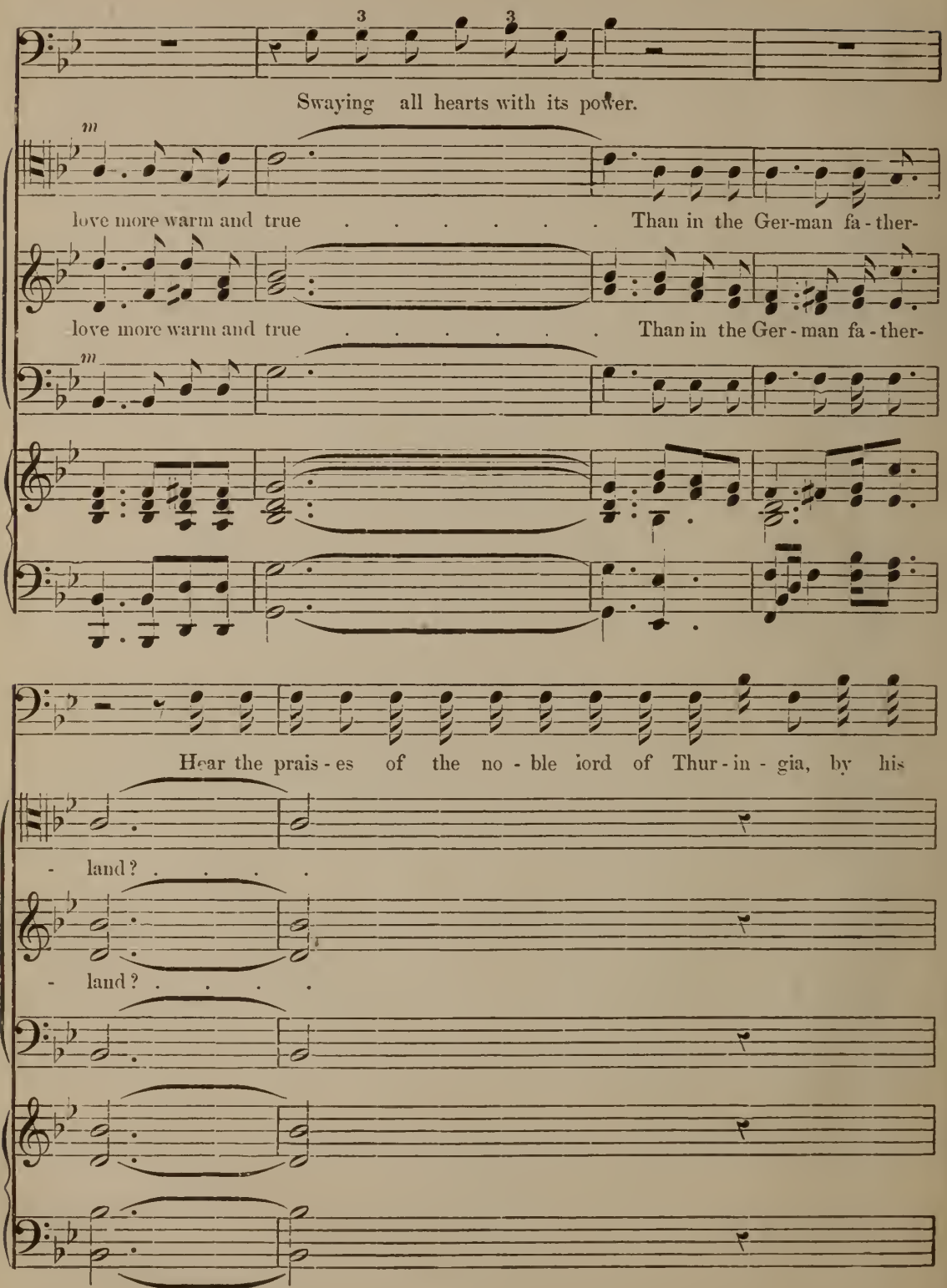

cres - - - - - cen - - -
blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy
Ere the step of a foe - man draws
cres - - - - - cen - - -
blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man draws
do. f
dim.
bed, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.
pp
near, O hush thee, O
do f
dim. pp
near, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my
near, O hush, thee, O
p
O hush . . . . thee, my ba - - - - - - - bie.
ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee my ba - bie.

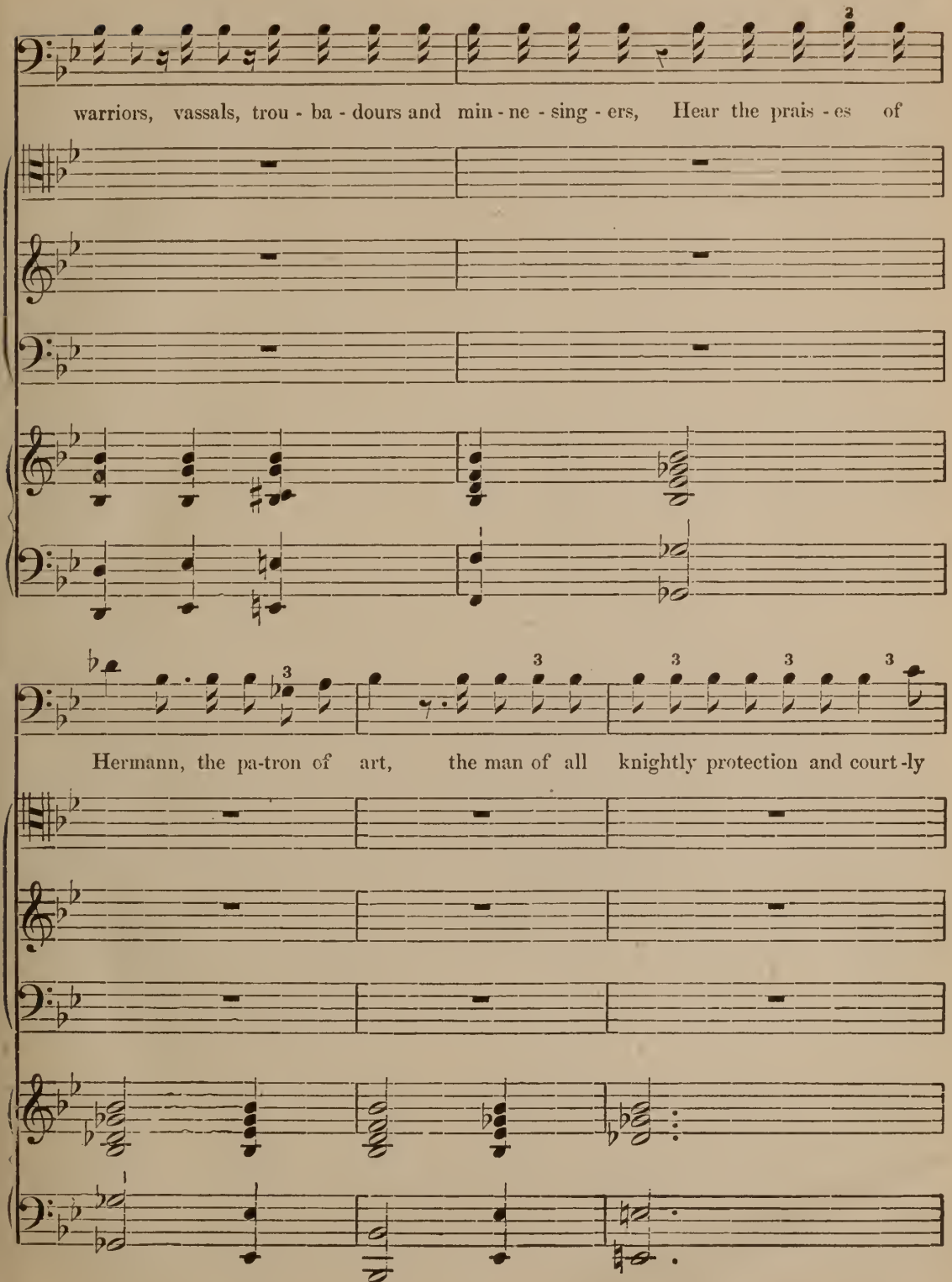

p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be
p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be
bro - ken by trum-pet and drum, by trum-pet and drum, Then hush thee, my
bro - ken by trum-pet and drum, by trum - pet and drum, Then hush thee, my
bro - ken by trum-pet and drum, by trum-pet and drum, Then hush thee, my
cres.
dim.
darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood, and wak - ing with
darling, take rest while you may, For strife . . . . . comes with man - - -
cres.
dim.
darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood, and wak-ing with

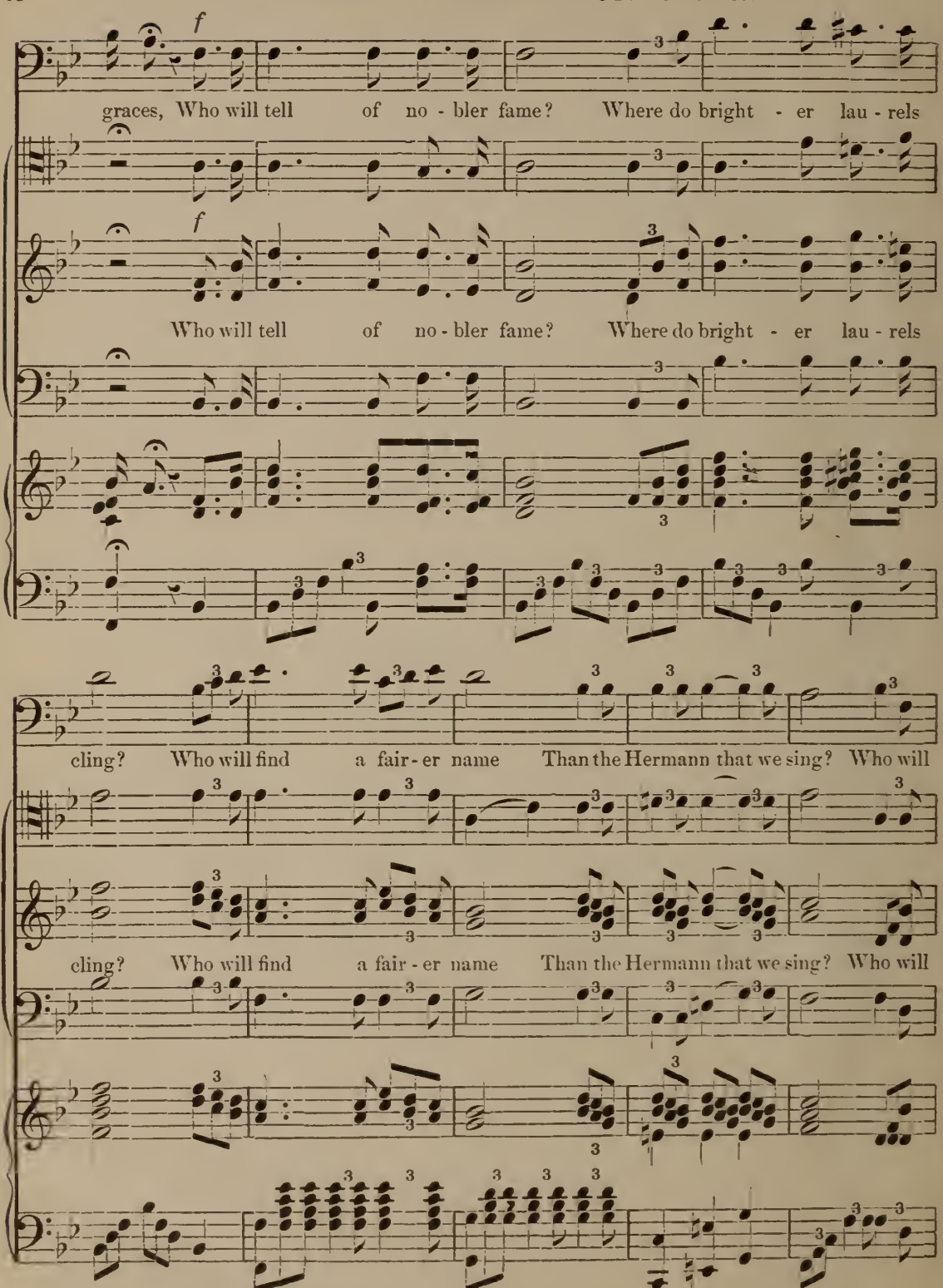

day, For strife comes with manhood, and wak - - - ing with day.
pp
O
hood, For strife comes with manhood, and wa - - - king with day. O
day, For strife comes with manhood, and wa-king with day. O hush thee, O
O hush . . . . thee, O hush . . . thee, O
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my babie, O
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my babie, O
dim.
pp
rall.
hush . . . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - - - bie!
hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my ba - - - - bie!
dim.
rall.
hush . . . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - - - bie!
hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my ba - - - - bie!

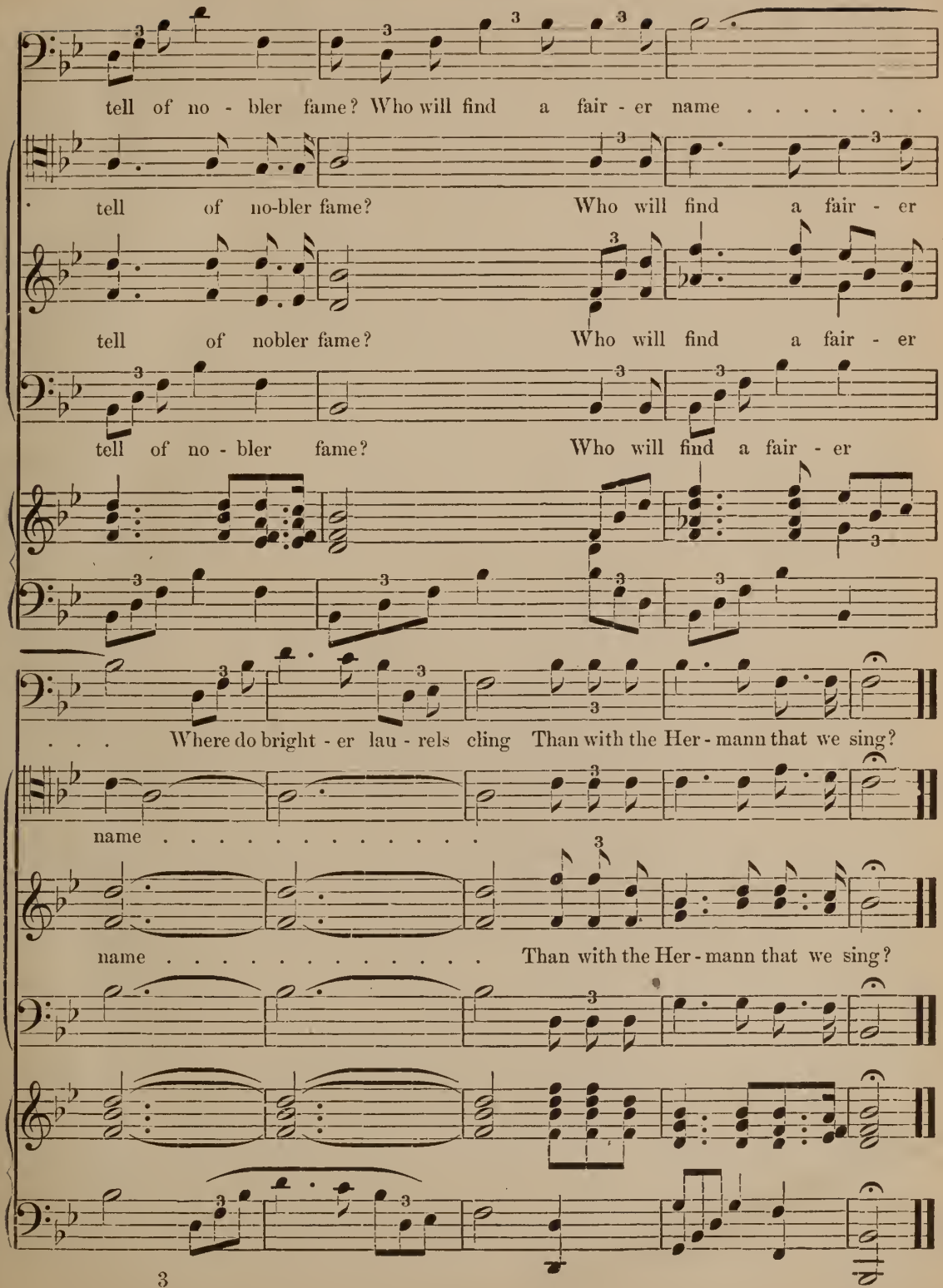
No. 7. German Singers and Herald. Quintett.




Swaying all hearts with its power.
love more warm and true . . . . . Than in the Ger-man fa-ther-
love more warm and true . . . . . Than in the Ger-man fa-ther-
Hear the prais-es of the no-ble lord of Thur-in-gia, by his
-land? . . . .
-land? . . . .


warriors, vassals, trou - ba - dours and min - ne - sing - ers, Hear the prais - es of
Hermann, the pa-tron of art, the man of all knightly protection and court-ly

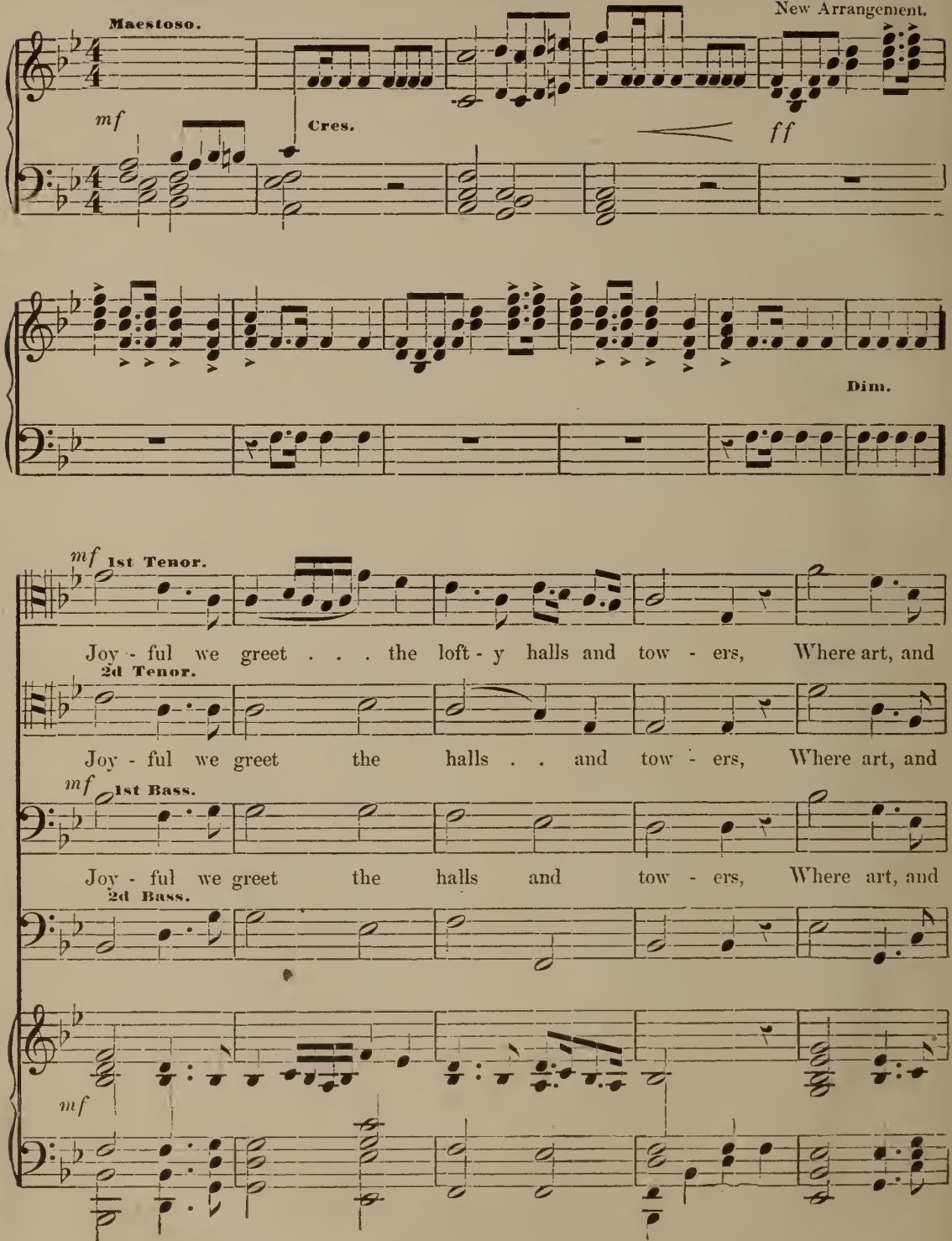

f
graces, Who will tell of no - bler fame? Where do bright - er lau - rels
f
Who will tell of no - bler fame? Where do bright - er lau - rels
cling? Who will find a fair - er name Than the Hermann that we sing? Who will
cling? Who will find a fair - er name Than the Hermann that we sing? Who will

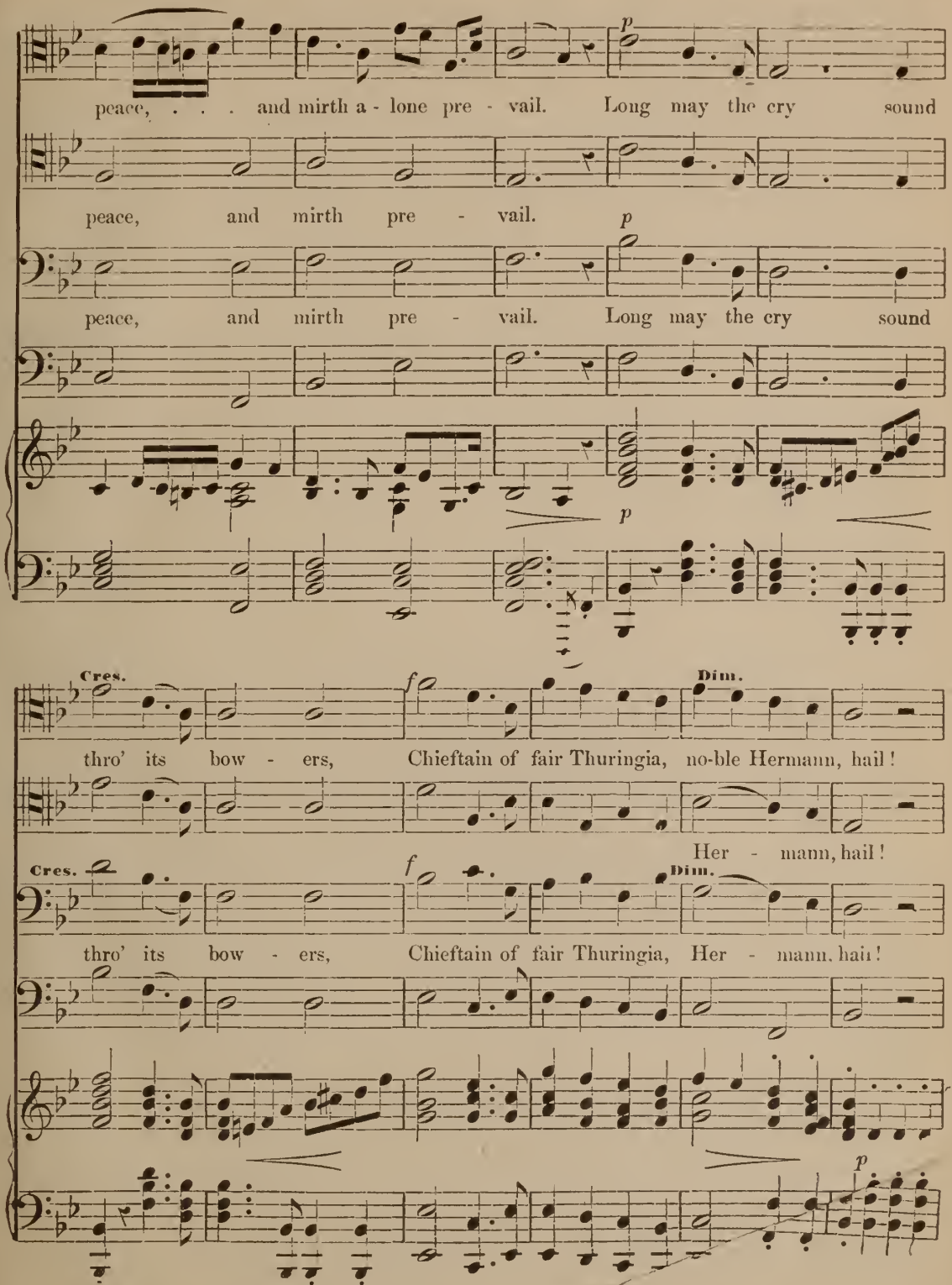

tell of no - bler fame? Who will find a fair - er name . . . . . .
tell of no-bler fame? Who will find a fair - er
tell of nobler fame? Who will find a fair - er
tell of no - bler fame? Who will find a fair - er
. . . Where do bright - er lau - rels cling Than with the Her - mann that we sing?
name . . . . . .
name . . . . . Than with the Her - mann that we sing?

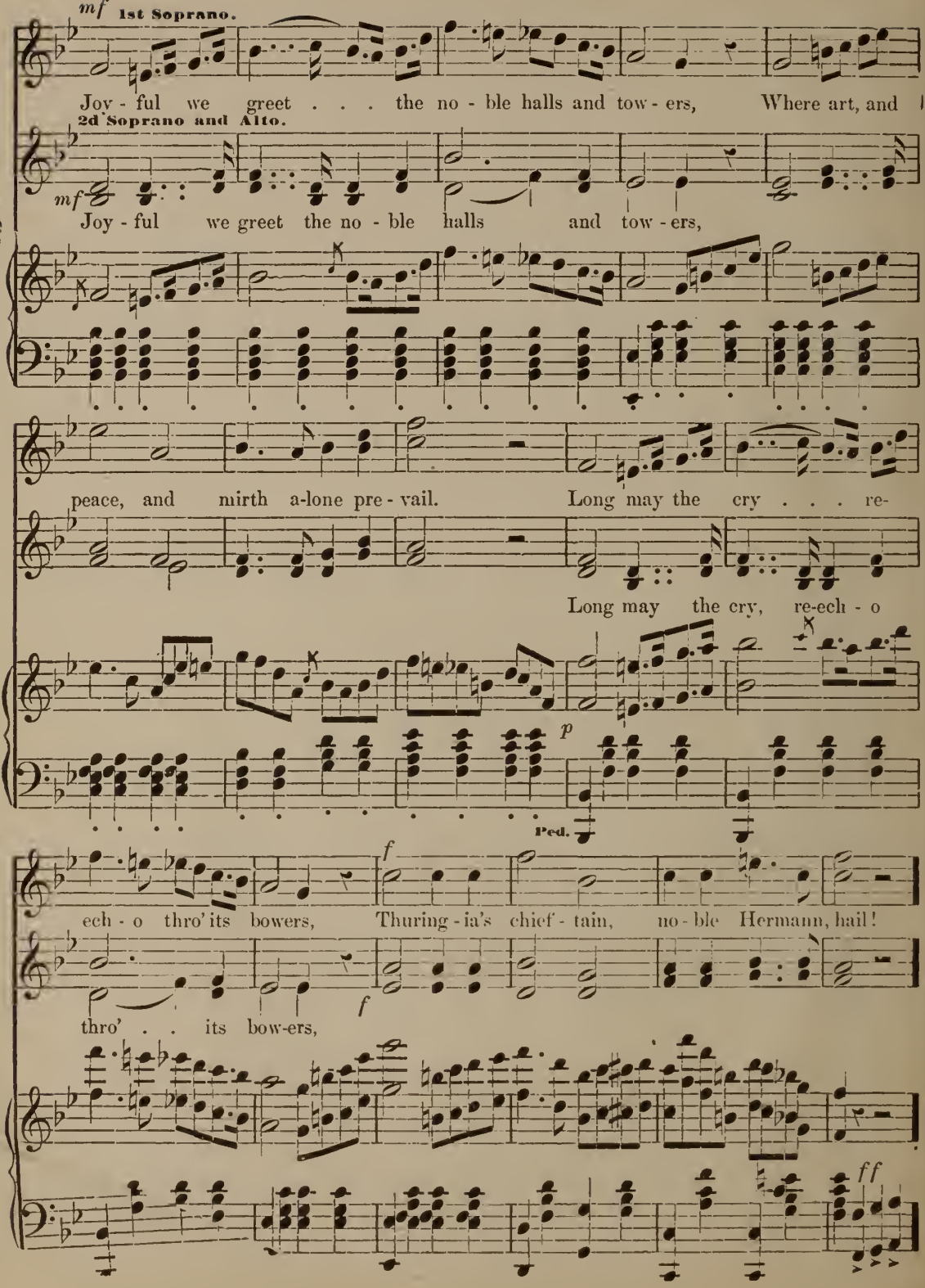
JOYFUL WE GREET.

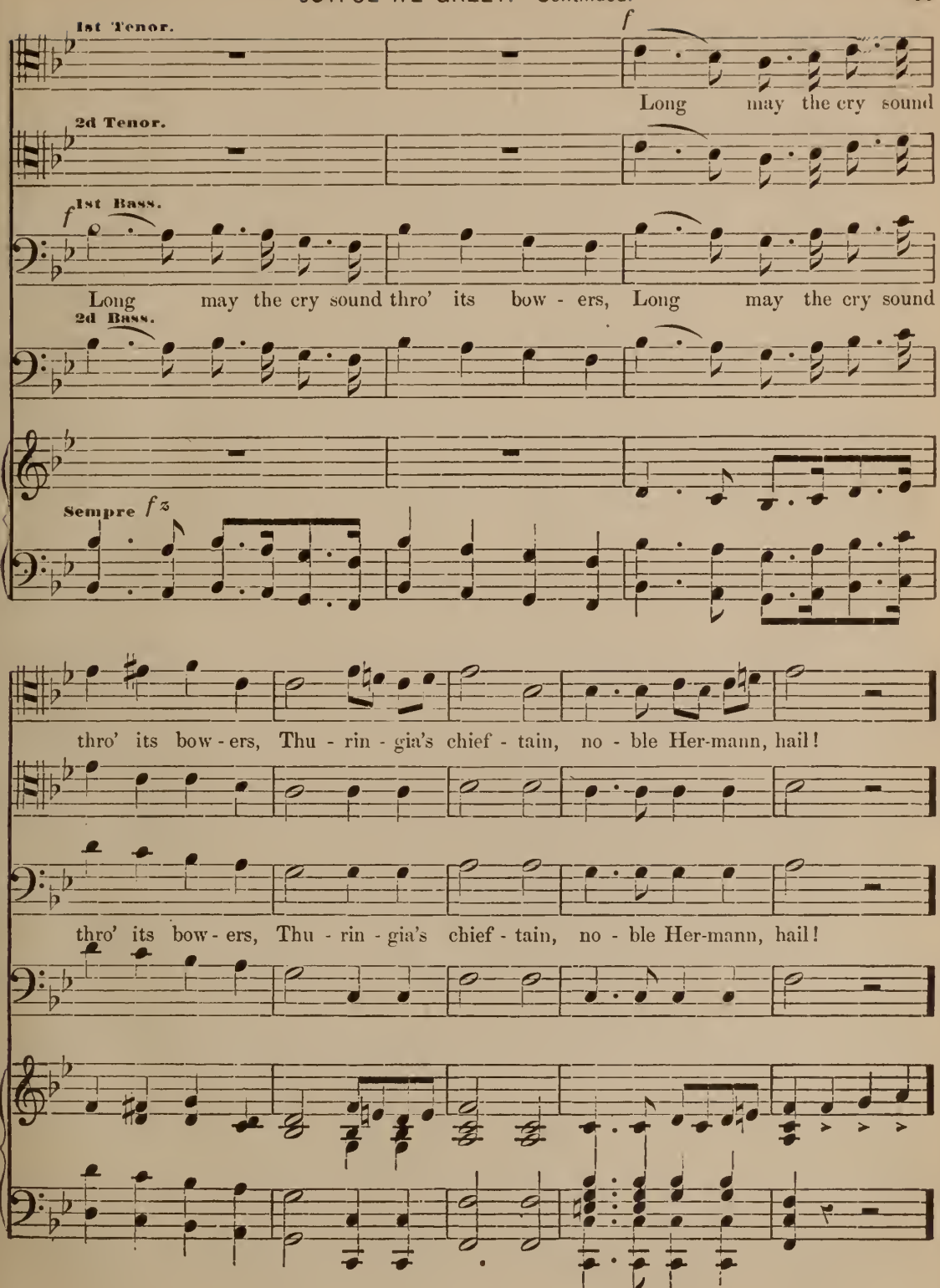
No. 8. German Chorus. Grand March from Tannhauser.

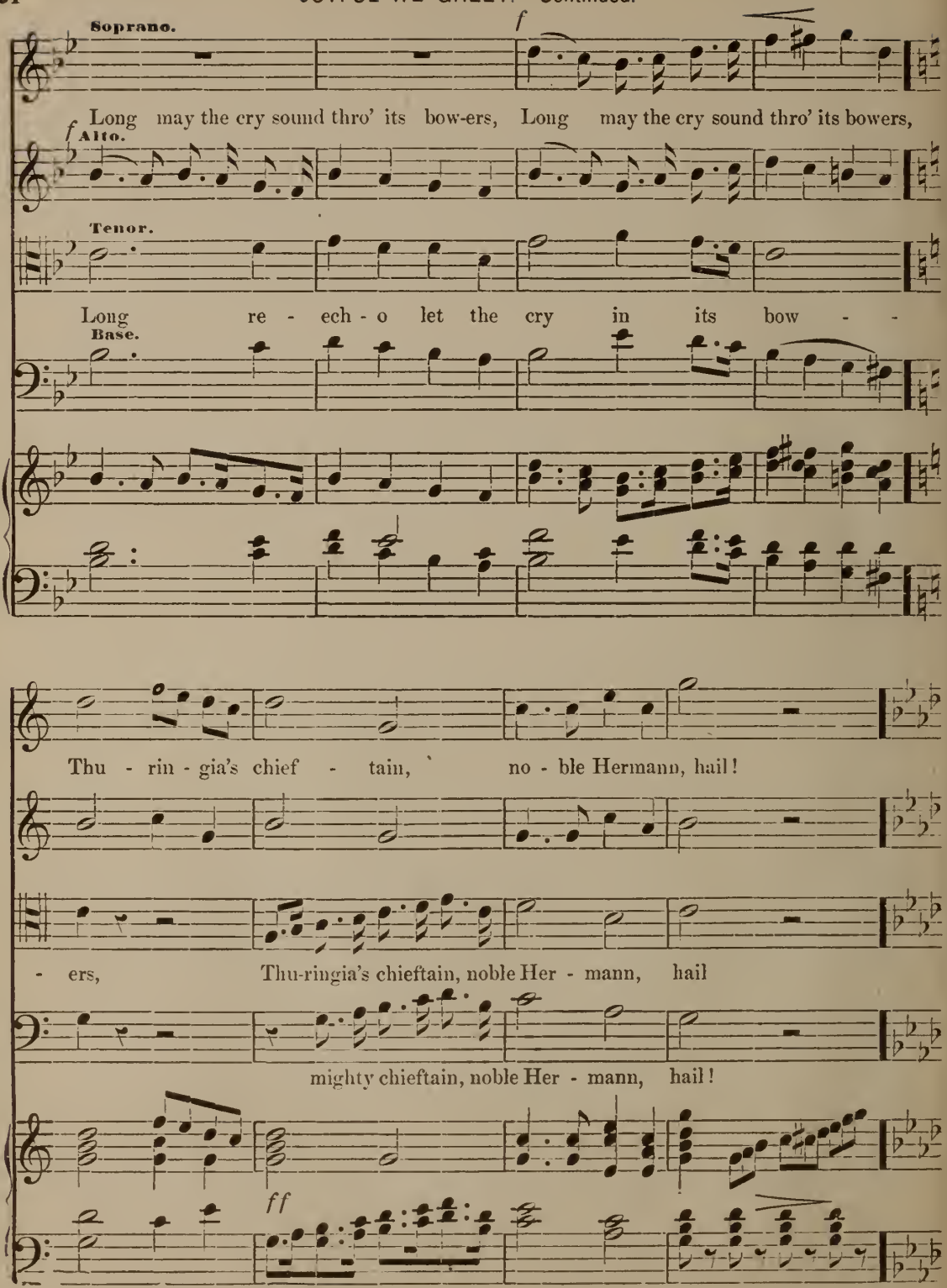
WAGNER.
New Arrangement.

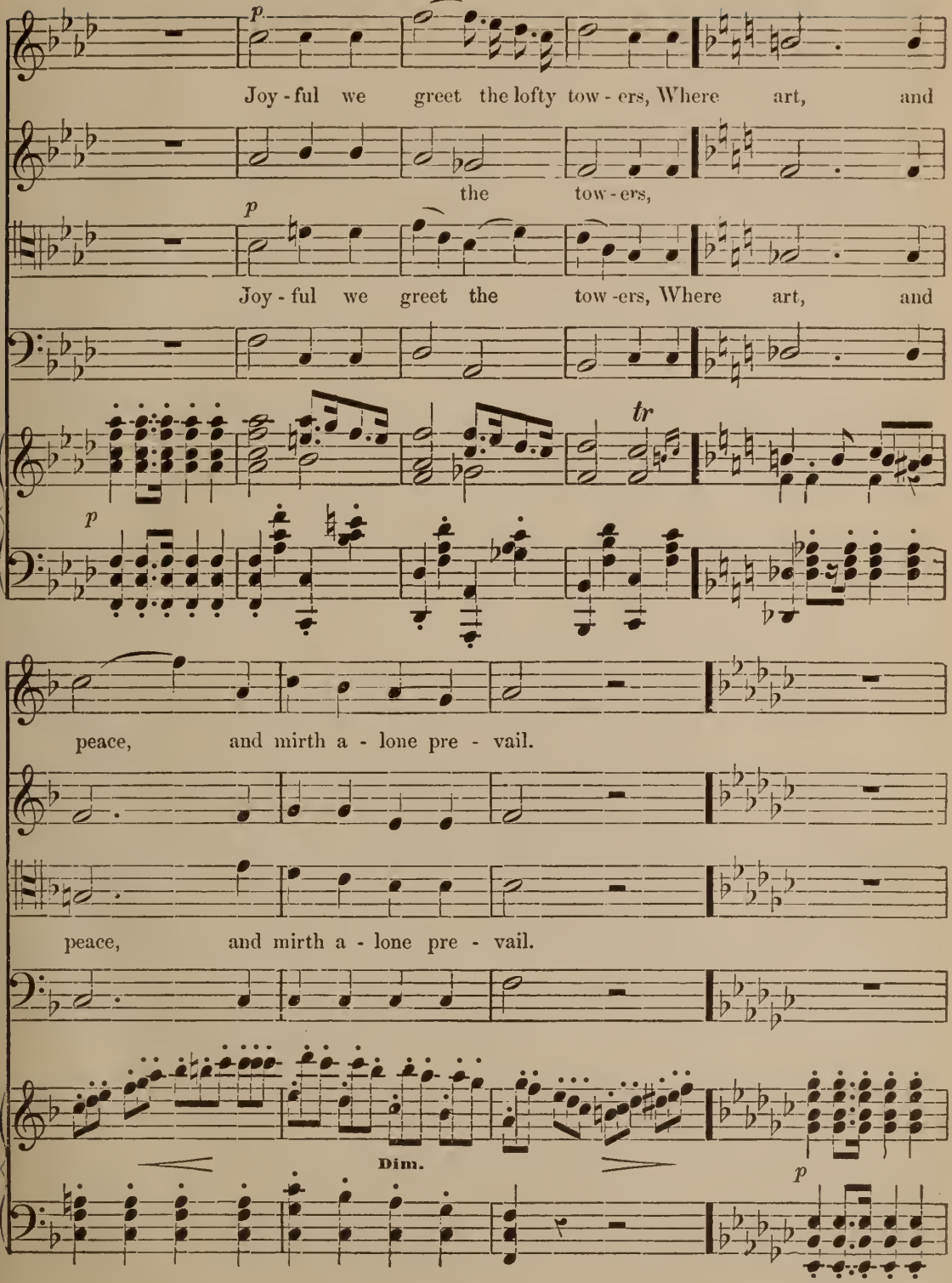


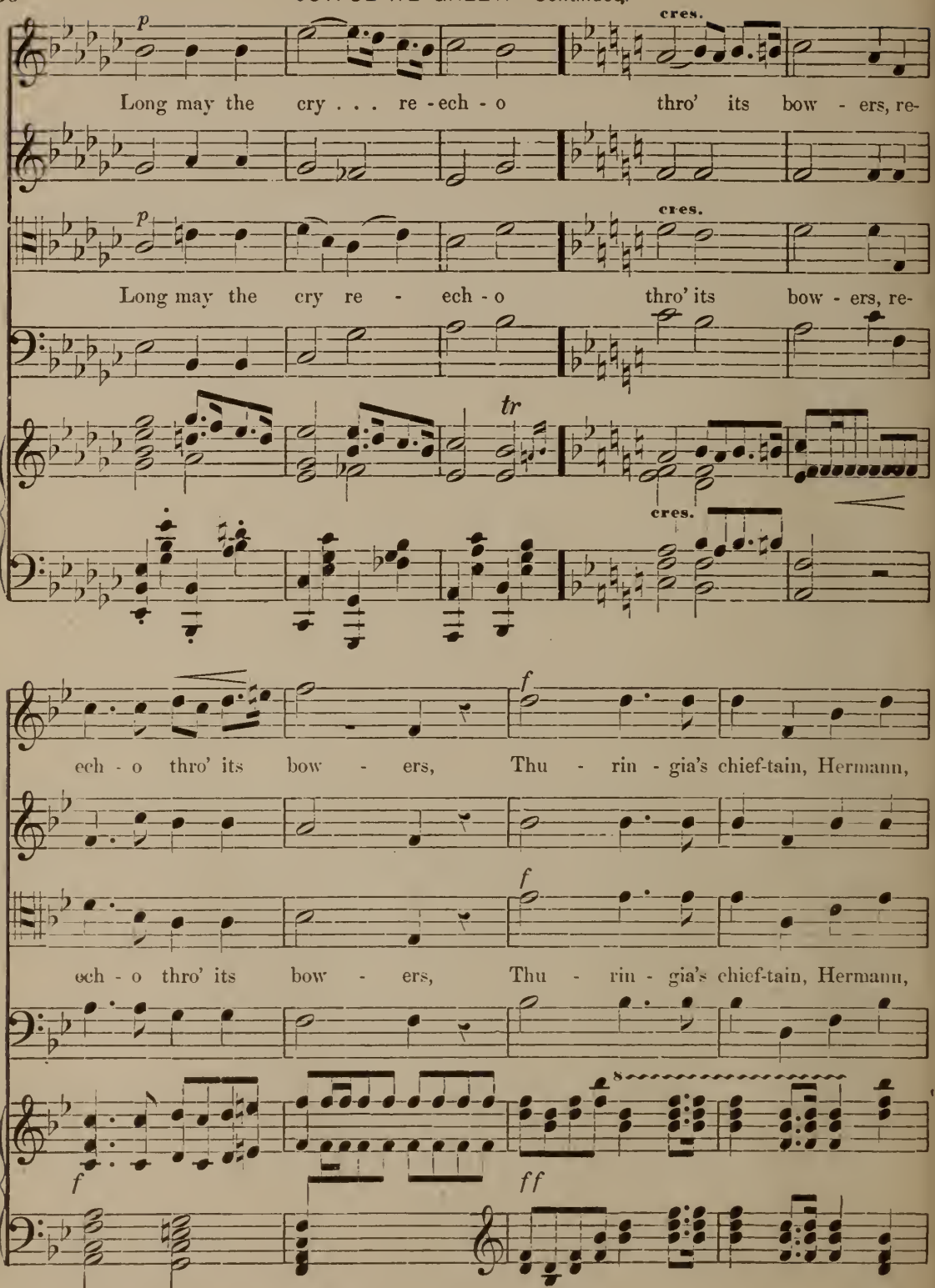

peace, . . . and mirth a - lone pre - vail. Long may the cry sound
peace, and mirth pre - vail.
peace, and mirth pre - vail. Long may the cry sound
Cres.
Dim.
thro' its bow - ers, Chieftain of fair Thuringia, no-ble Hermann, hail!
Her - mann, hail!
Cres.
Dim.
thro' its bow - ers, Chieftain of fair Thuringia, Her - mann, hail!

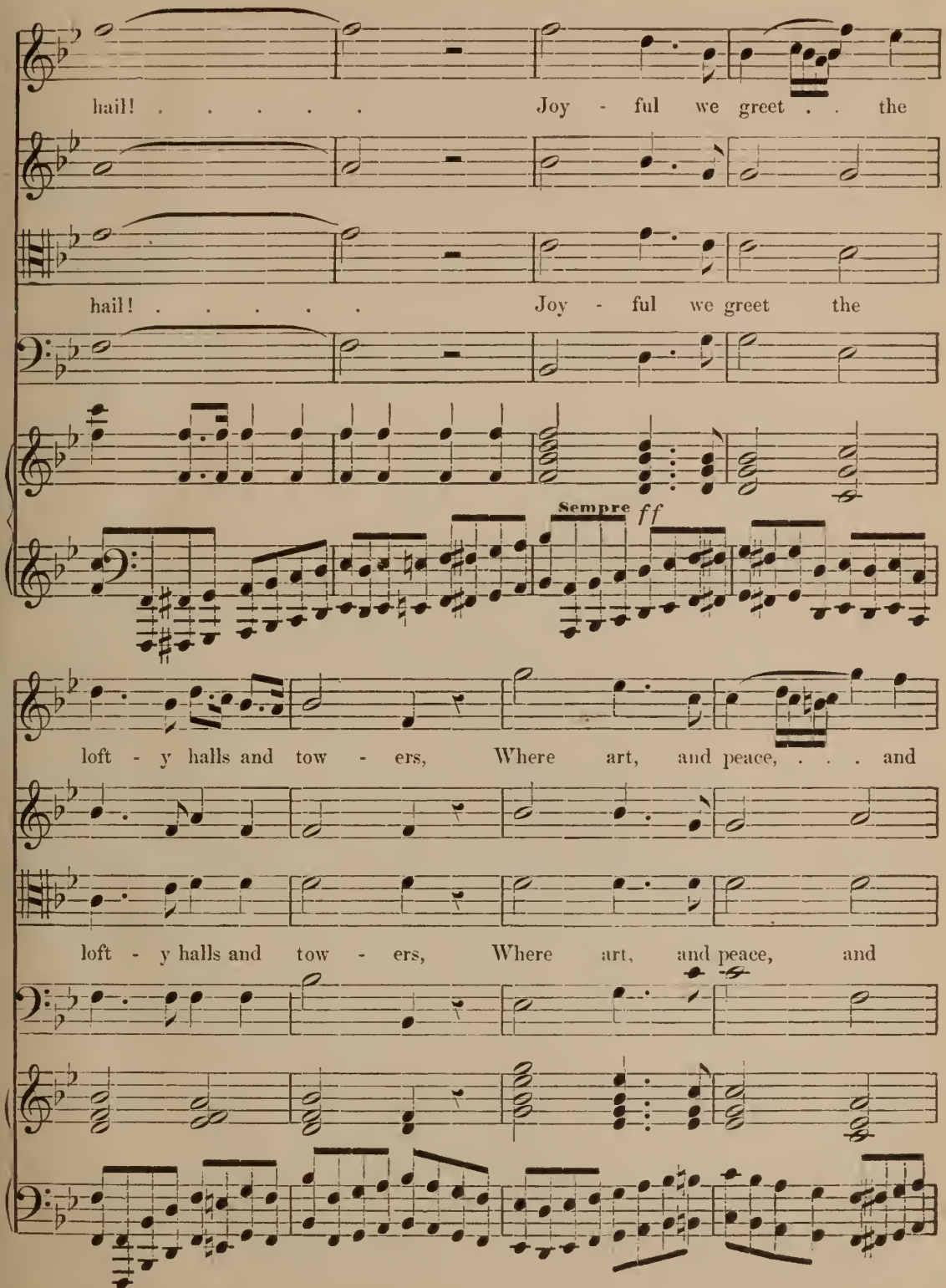

mf 1st Soprano.
Joy - ful we greet . . . the no - ble halls and tow - ers, Where art, and
2d Soprano and Alto.
mf
Joy - ful we greet the no - ble halls and tow - ers,
peace, and mirth a-lone pre - vail. Long may the cry . . . re-
Long may the cry, re-ech - o
p
Ped.
f
ech - o thro' its bowers, Thuring - ia's chief - tain, no - ble Hermann, hail!
f
thro' . . its bow-ers,
ff

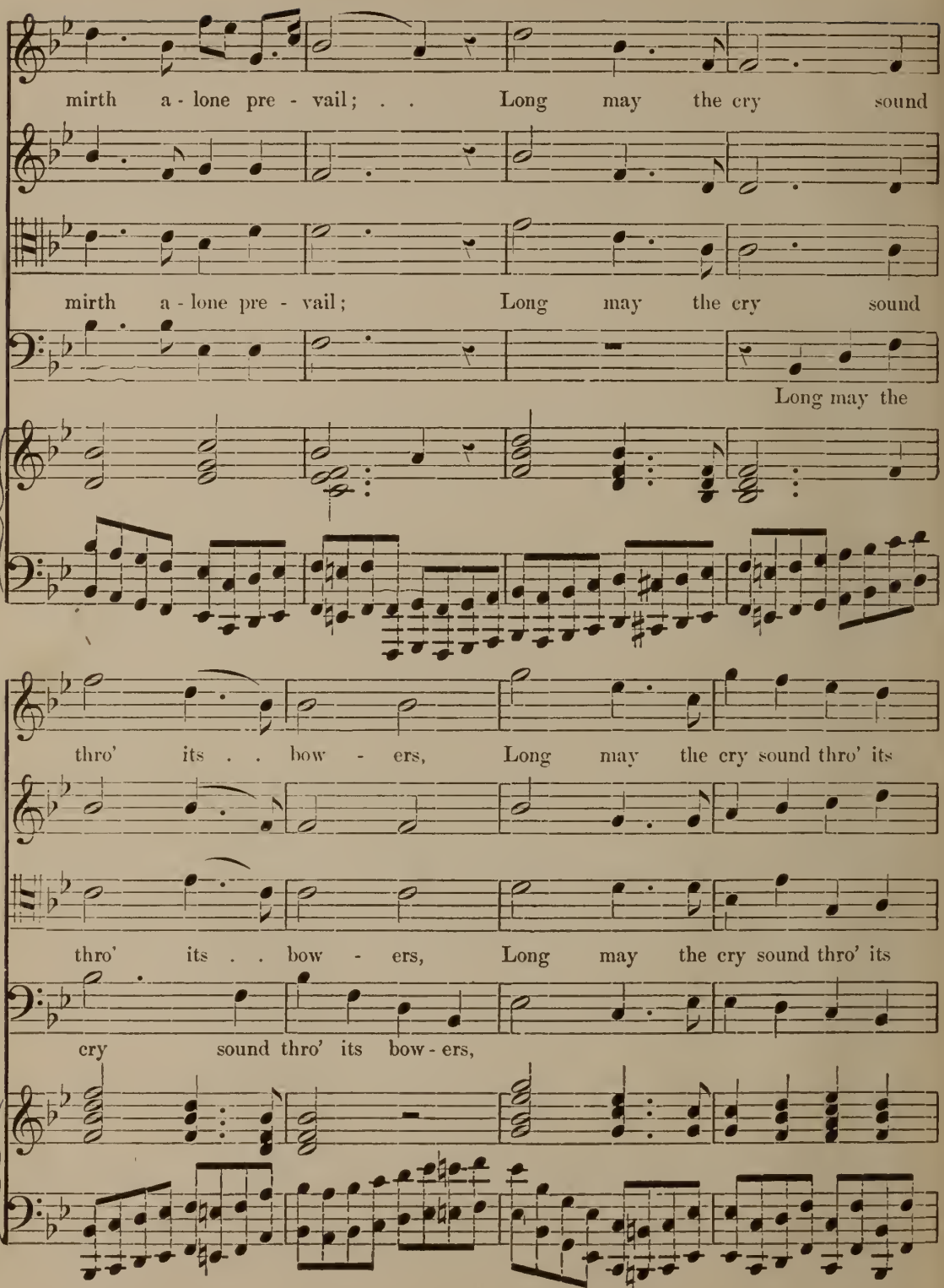

1st Tenor.
f
Long may the cry sound
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.
f
Long may the cry sound thro' its bow - ers, Long may the cry sound
2d Bass.
Sempre fz
thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, no - ble Her-mann, hail!
thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, no - ble Her-mann, hail!

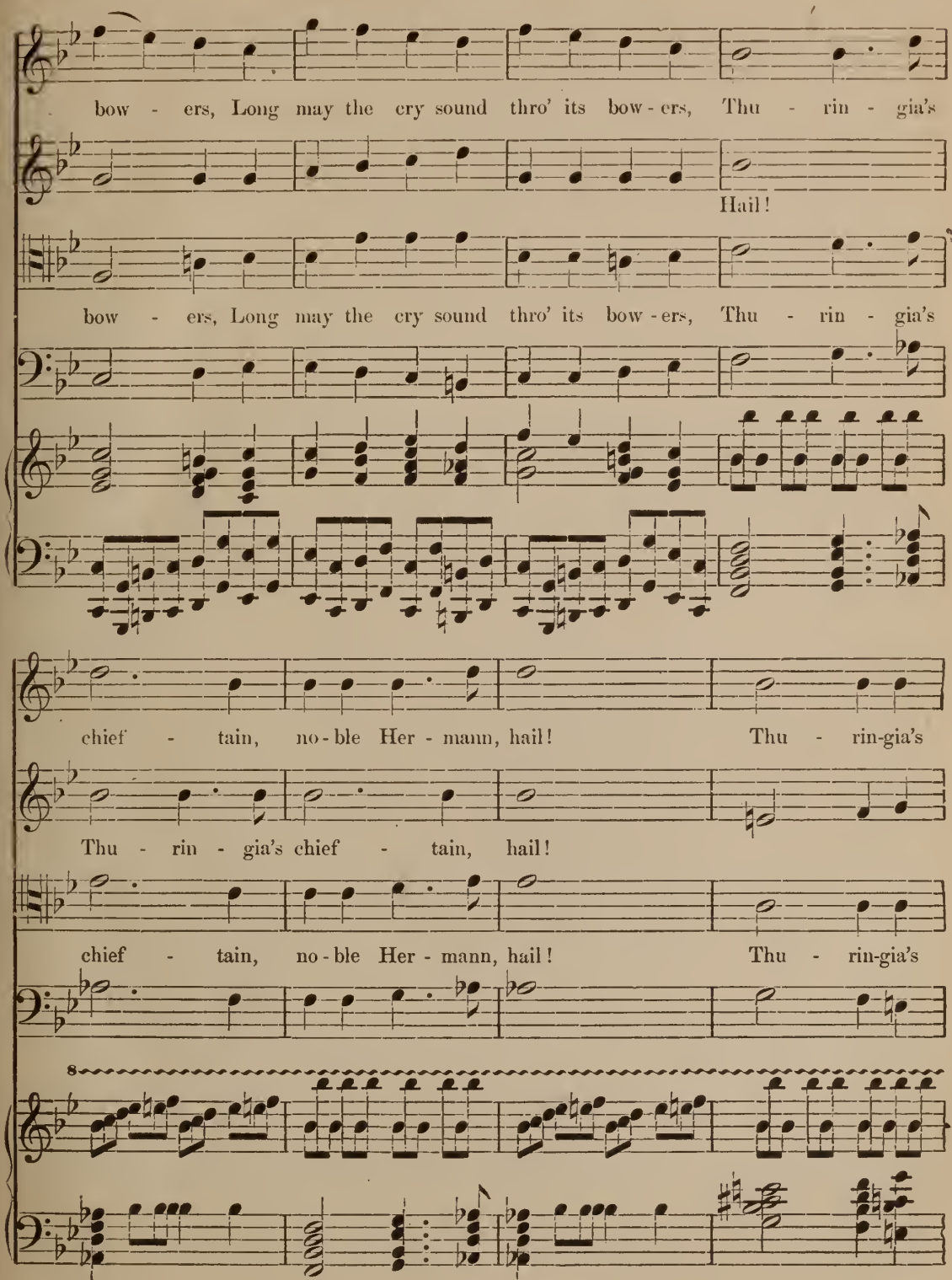

Soprano.
f
Long may the cry sound thro' its bow-ers, Long may the cry sound thro' its bowers,
f
Alto.
Tenor.
Long re - ech - o let the cry in its bow - -
Base.
Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, no - ble Hermann, hail!
- ers, Thu-ringia's chieftain, noble Her - mann, hail
mighty chieftain, noble Her - mann, hail!
ff

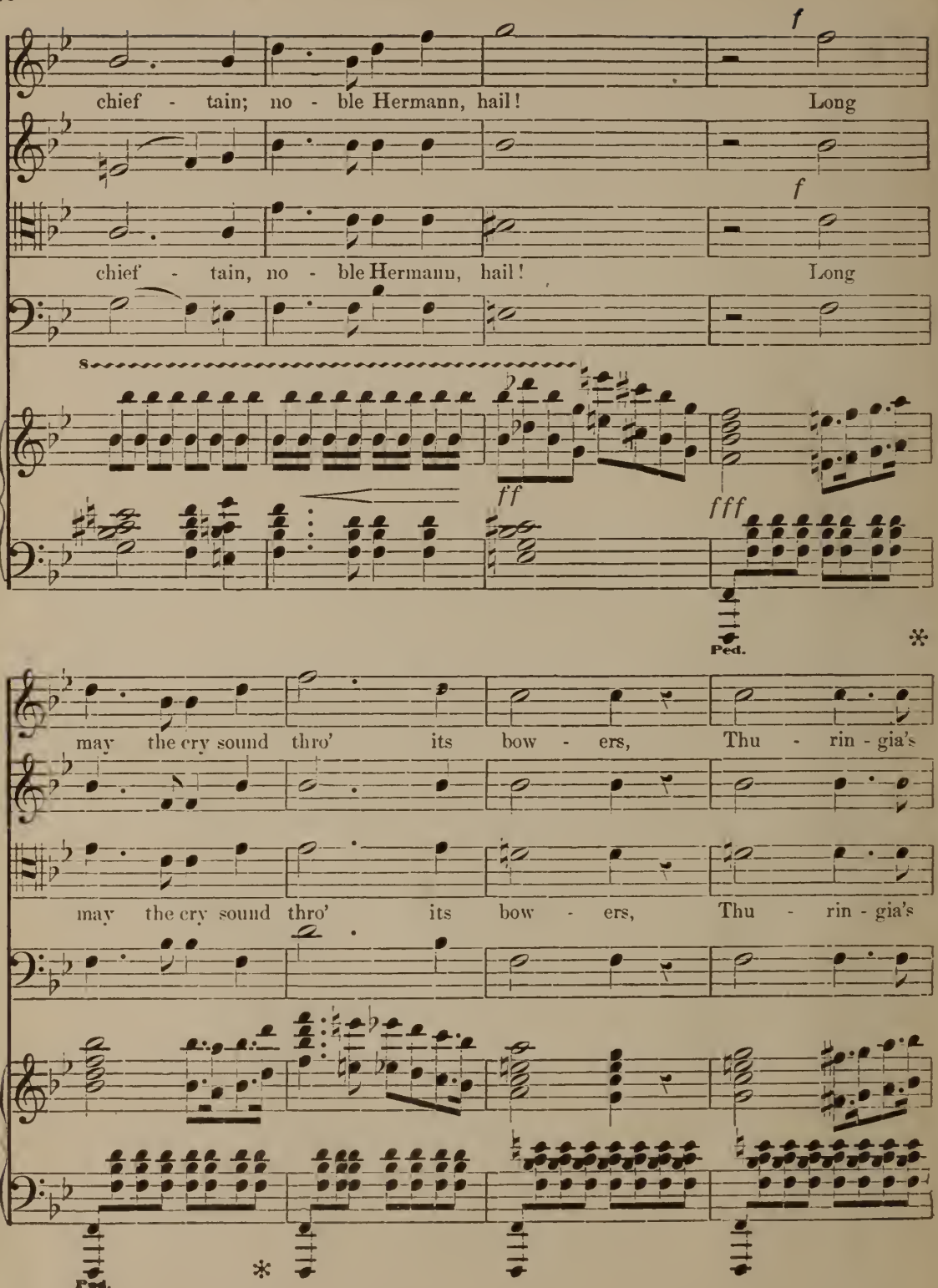

p
Joy - ful we greet the lofty tow - ers, Where art, and
the tow - ers,
p
Joy - ful we greet the tow - ers, Where art, and
tr
p
peace, and mirth a - lone pre - vail.
peace, and mirth a - lone pre - vail.
Dim.
p

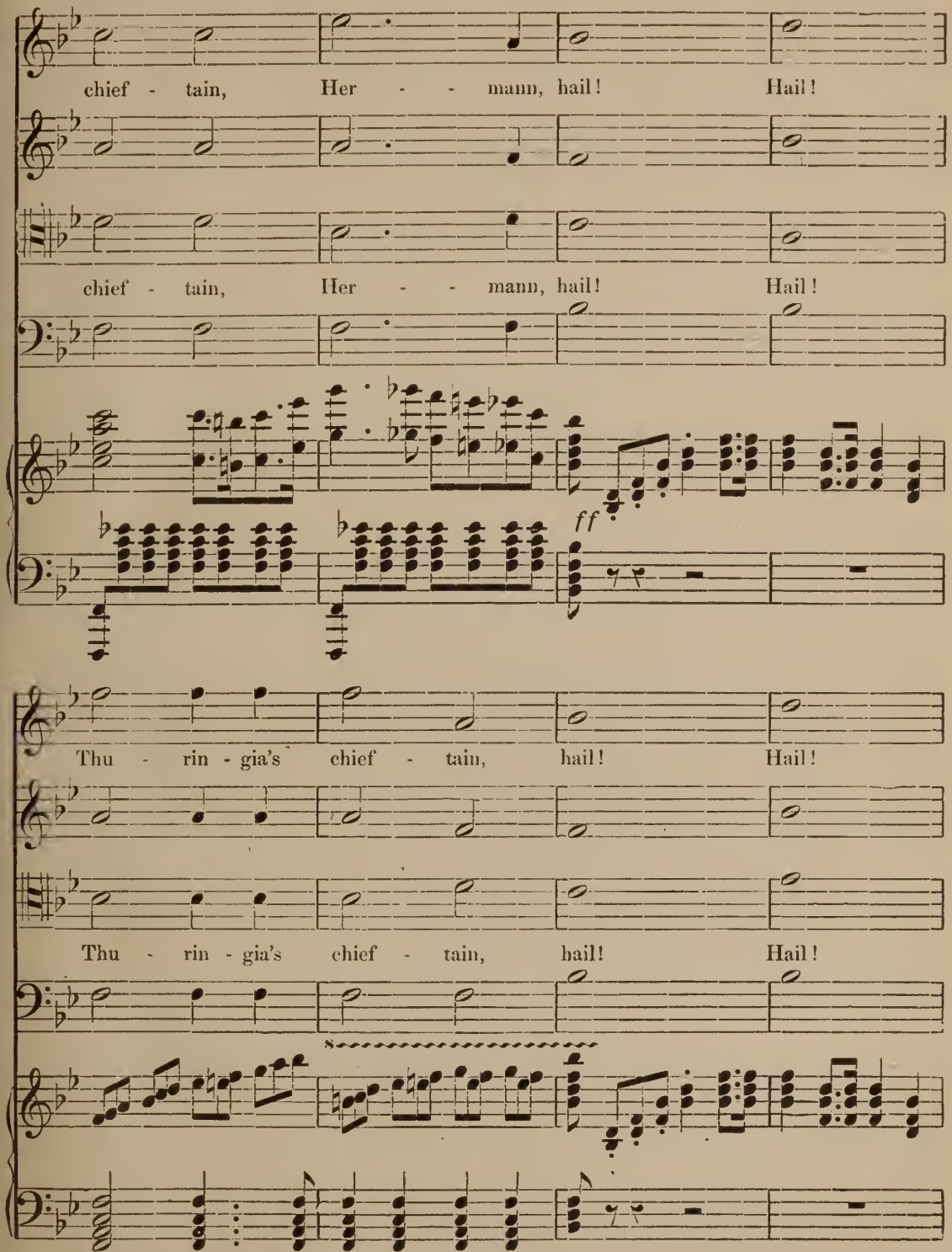

p
cres.
Long may the cry . . . re - ech - o thro' its bow - ers, re-
p
cres.
Long may the cry re - ech - o thro' its bow - ers, re-
tr
cres.
f
ech - o thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's chief-tain, Hermann,
f
ech - o thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's chief-tain, Hermann,
f
ff

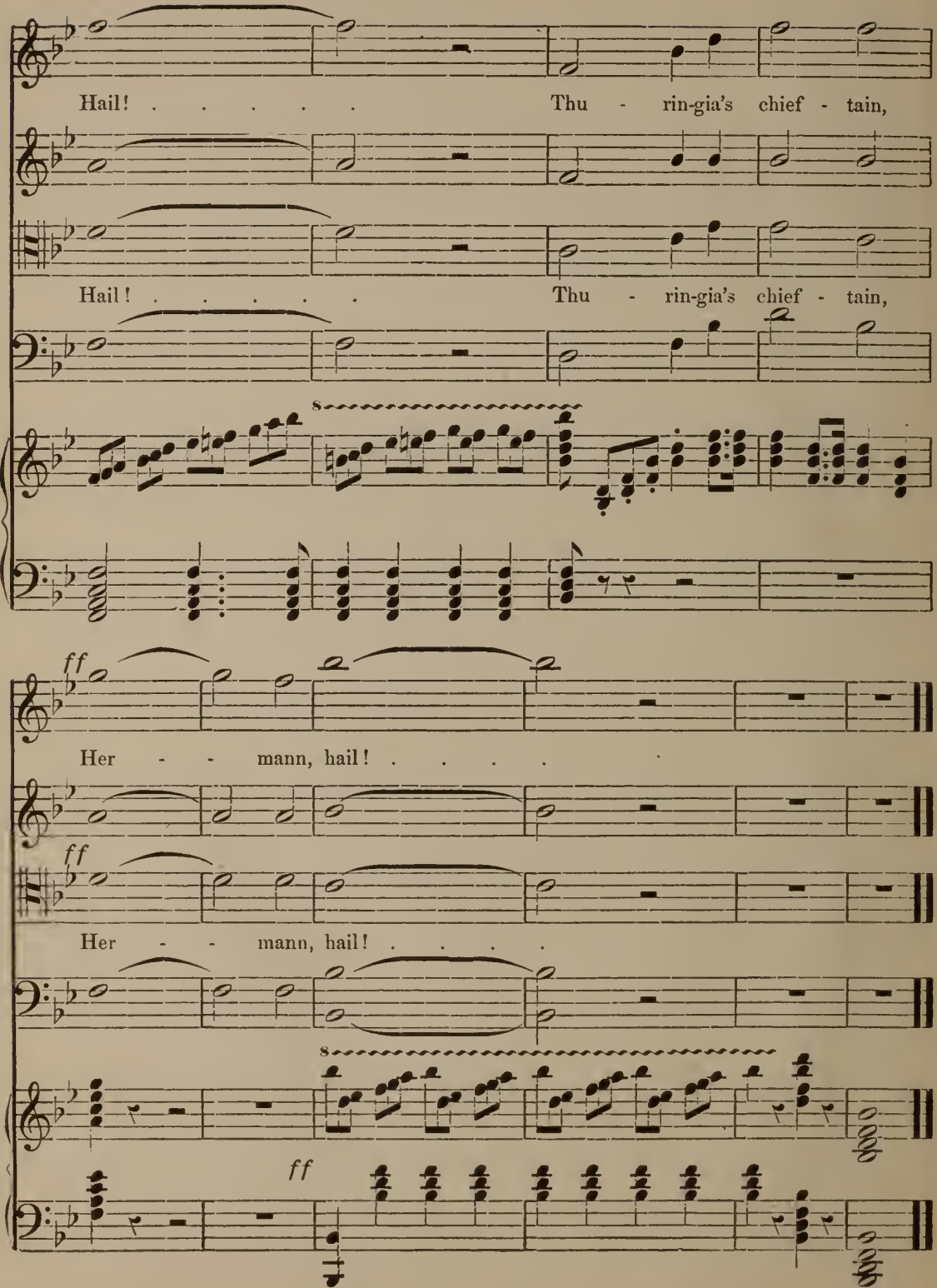

hail! . . . . . Joy - ful we greet . . the
hail! . . . . . Joy - ful we greet the
Sempre ff
loft - y halls and tow - ers, Where art, and peace, . . . and
loft - y halls and tow - ers, Where art, and peace, and


mirth a - lone pre - vail; . . Long may the cry sound
mirth a - lone pre - vail; Long may the cry sound
Long may the
thro' its . . bow - ers, Long may the cry sound thro' its
thro' its . . bow - ers, Long may the cry sound thro' its
cry sound thro' its bow - ers,


bow - ers, Long may the cry sound thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's
Hail!
bow - ers, Long may the cry sound thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's
chief - tain, no - ble Her - mann, hail! Thu - rin-gia's
Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, hail!
chief - tain, no - ble Her - mann, hail! Thu - rin-gia's
8


f
chief - tain; no - ble Hermann, hail! Long
f
chief - tain, no - ble Hermann, hail! Long
ff
fff
Ped.
may the cry sound thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's
may the cry sound thro' its bow - ers, Thu - rin - gia's
Ped.


chief - tain, Her - - mann, hail! Hail!
chief - tain, Her - - mann, hail! Hail!
ff
Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, hail! Hail!
Thu - rin - gia's chief - tain, hail! Hail!


Hail! . . . . . Thu - rin-gia's chief - tain,
Hail! . . . . . Thu - rin-gia's chief - tain,
s
ff
Her - - mann, hail! . . . . .
ff
Her - - mann, hail! . . . .
s
ff

No. 9. Herald.

Recitative.

Hear the voices of Tyrol-land, in a thousand echoes among the mountains;

List to the praises of home, from the lips and the hearts of the wand'ring mountaineers.

A SONG FOR TYROL-LAND.

No. 10. Tyrolean. Semi-Chorus.

OFFENBACH.

New words and new arrangement.

SOPRANO. Allegretto.

f

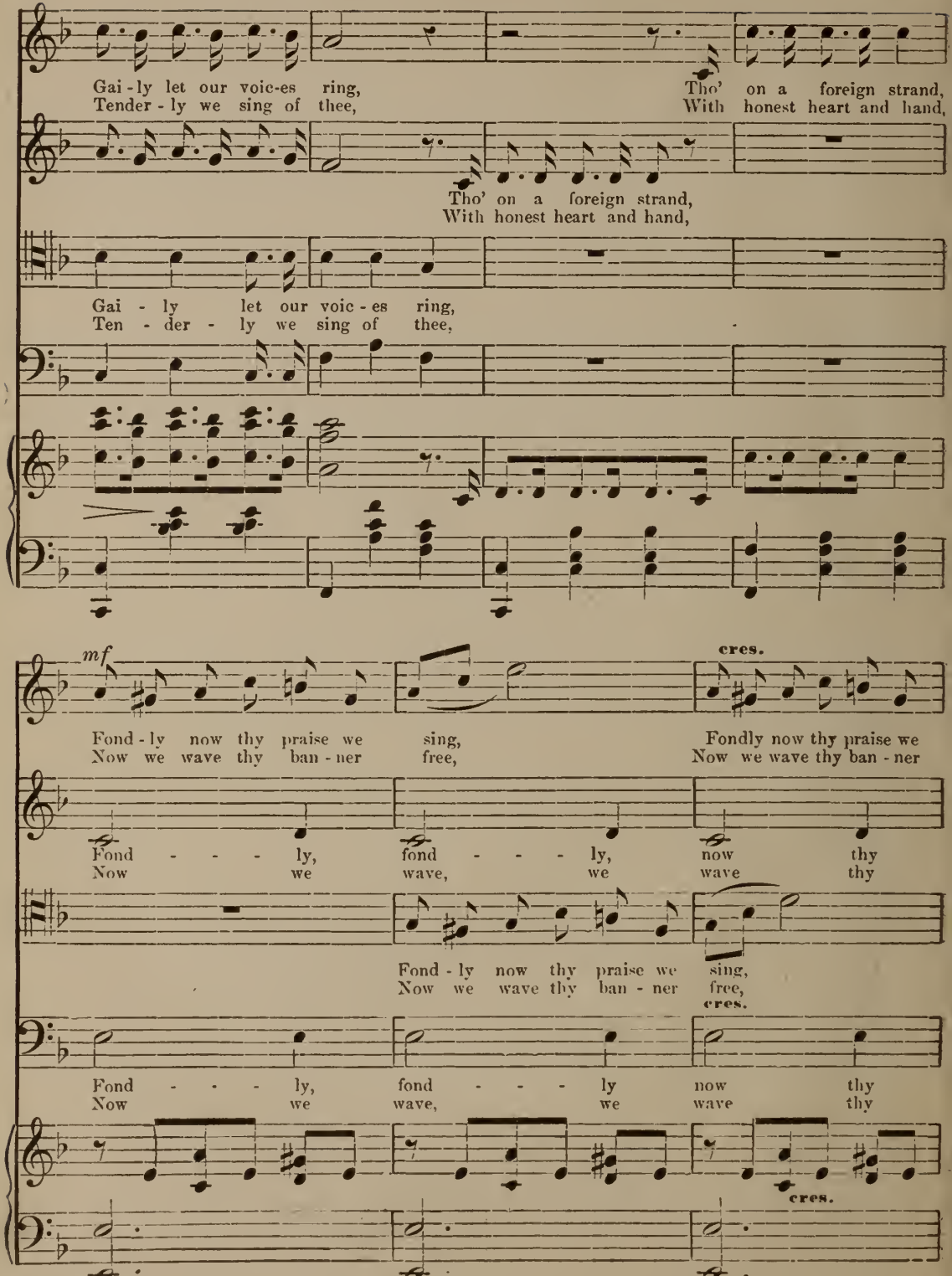
1. A song for Tyrol-land!
2. Be - loved Tyrol-land!

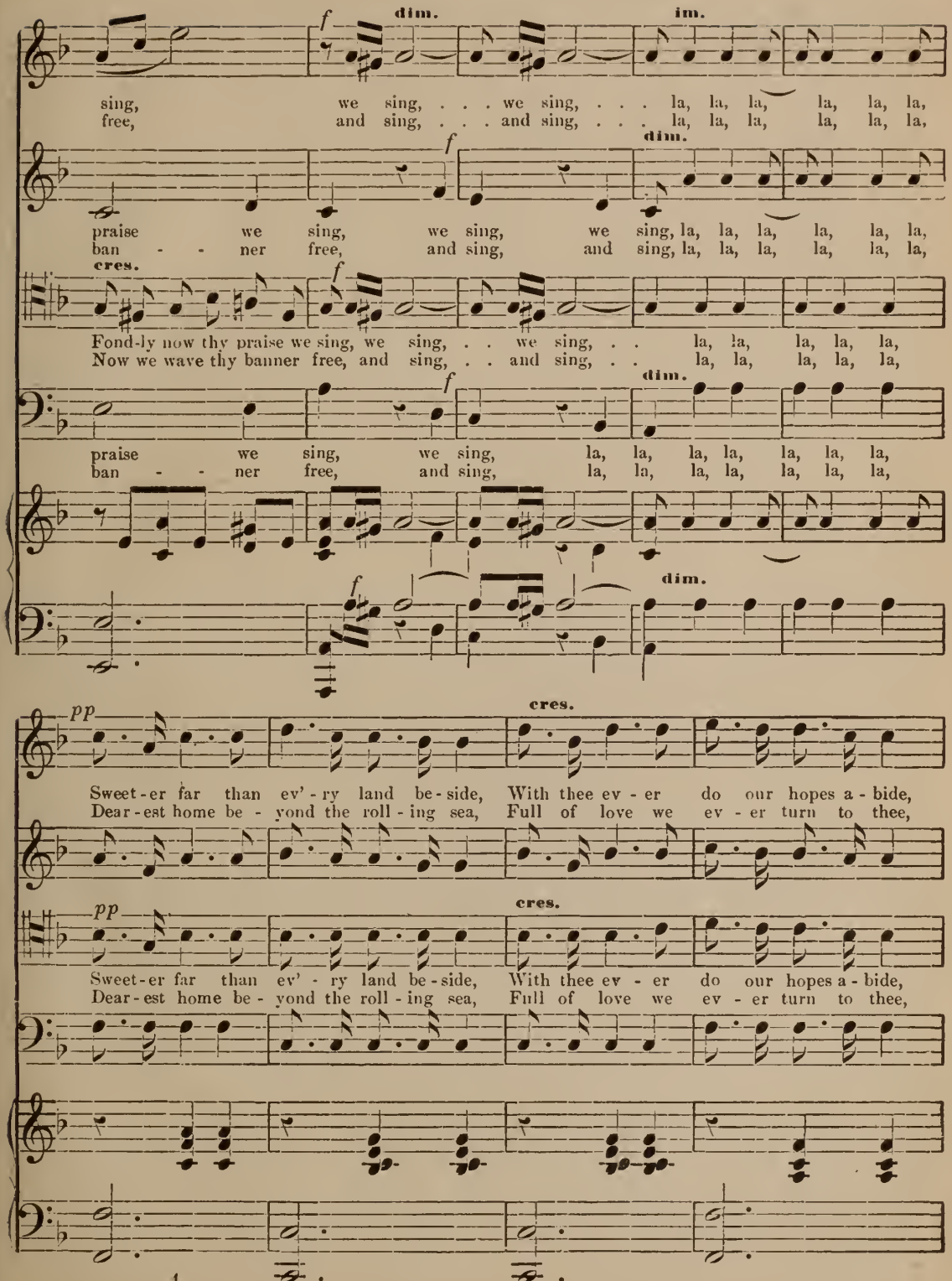
ALTO.

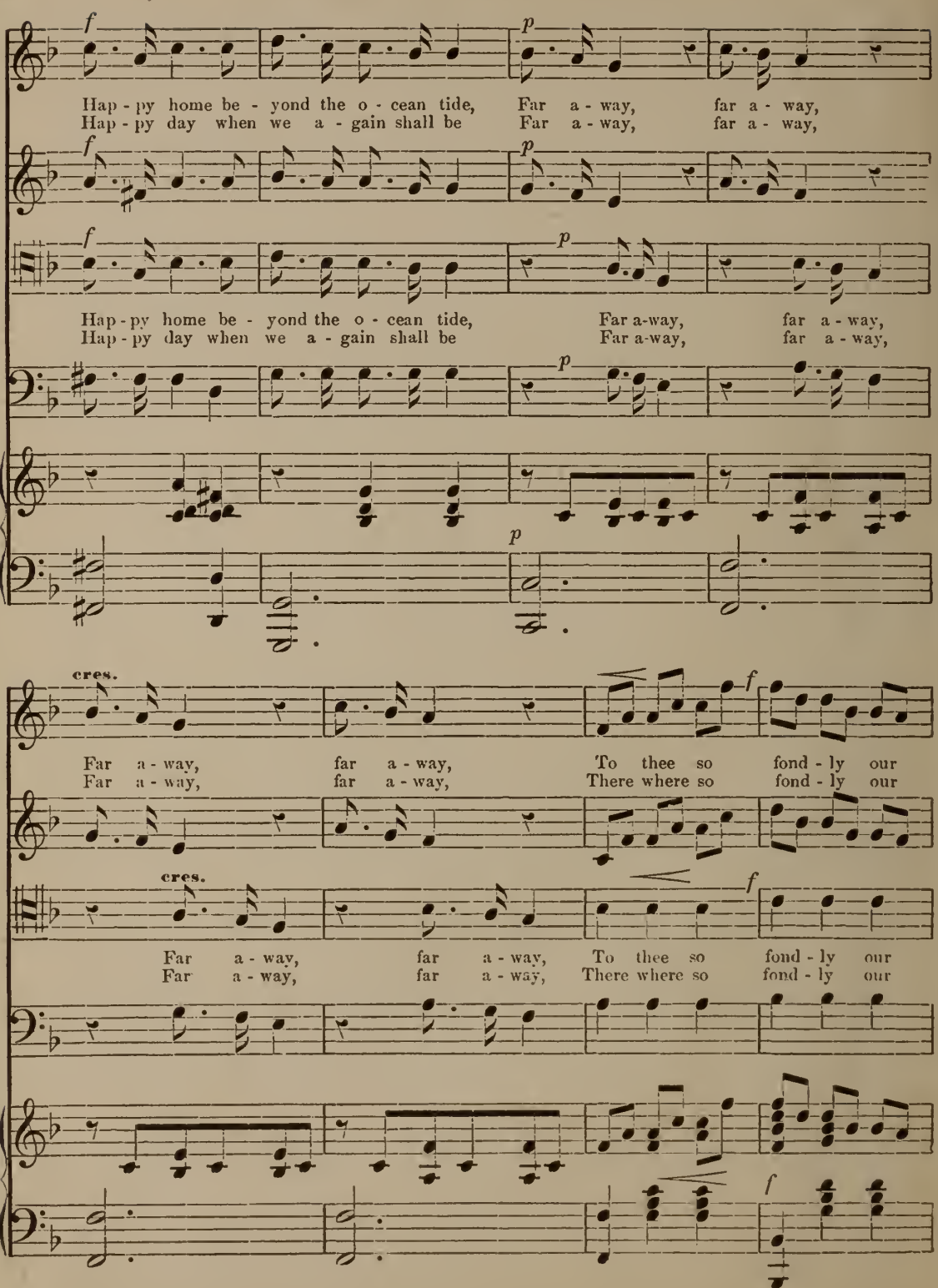
mf

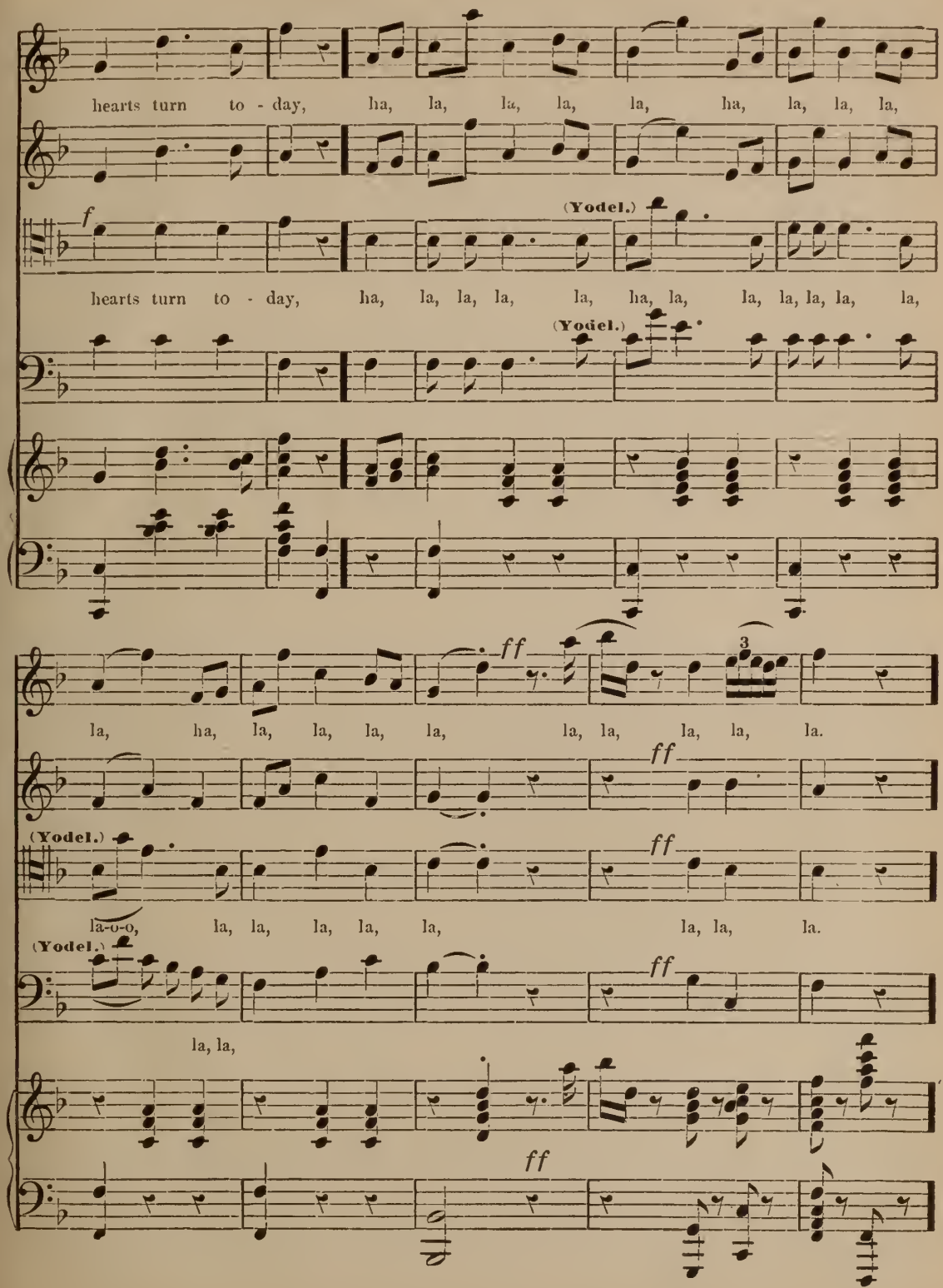
1. A song for Tyrol-land!
2. Be - lov - ed Tyrol-land!

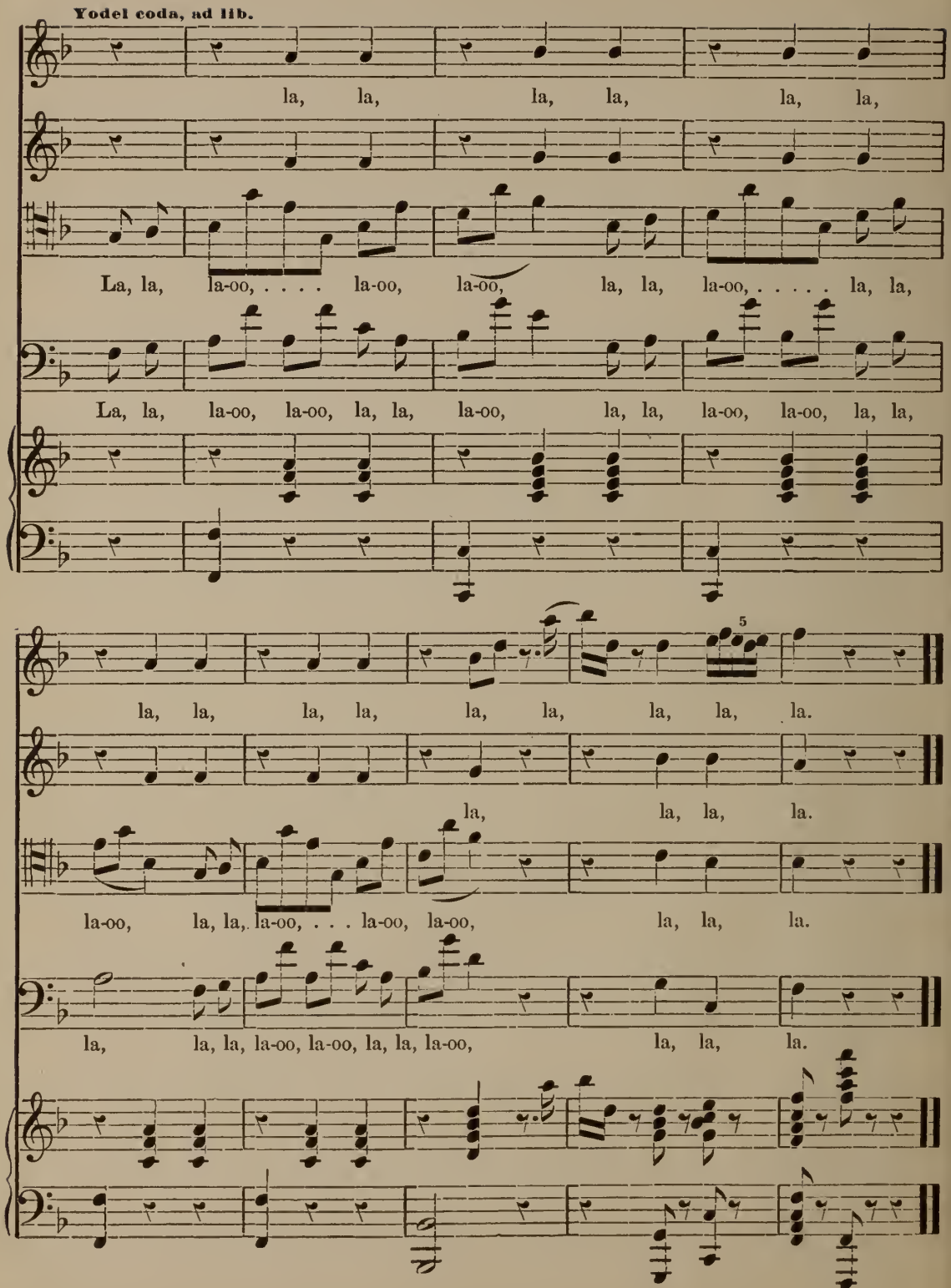
f *p*


Gai-ly let our voic-es ring,
Tender-ly we sing of thee,
Tho' on a foreign strand,
With honest heart and hand,
Tho' on a foreign strand,
With honest heart and hand,
Gai - ly let our voic - es ring,
Ten - der - ly we sing of thee,
mf
cres.
Fond-ly now thy praise we sing,
Now we wave thy ban-ner free,
Fondly now thy praise we
Now we wave thy ban-ner
Fond - - - ly, fond - - - ly, now thy
Now we wave, we wave thy
Fond-ly now thy praise we sing,
Now we wave thy ban-ner free,
cres.
Fond - - - ly, fond - - - ly now thy
Now we wave, we wave thy
cres.

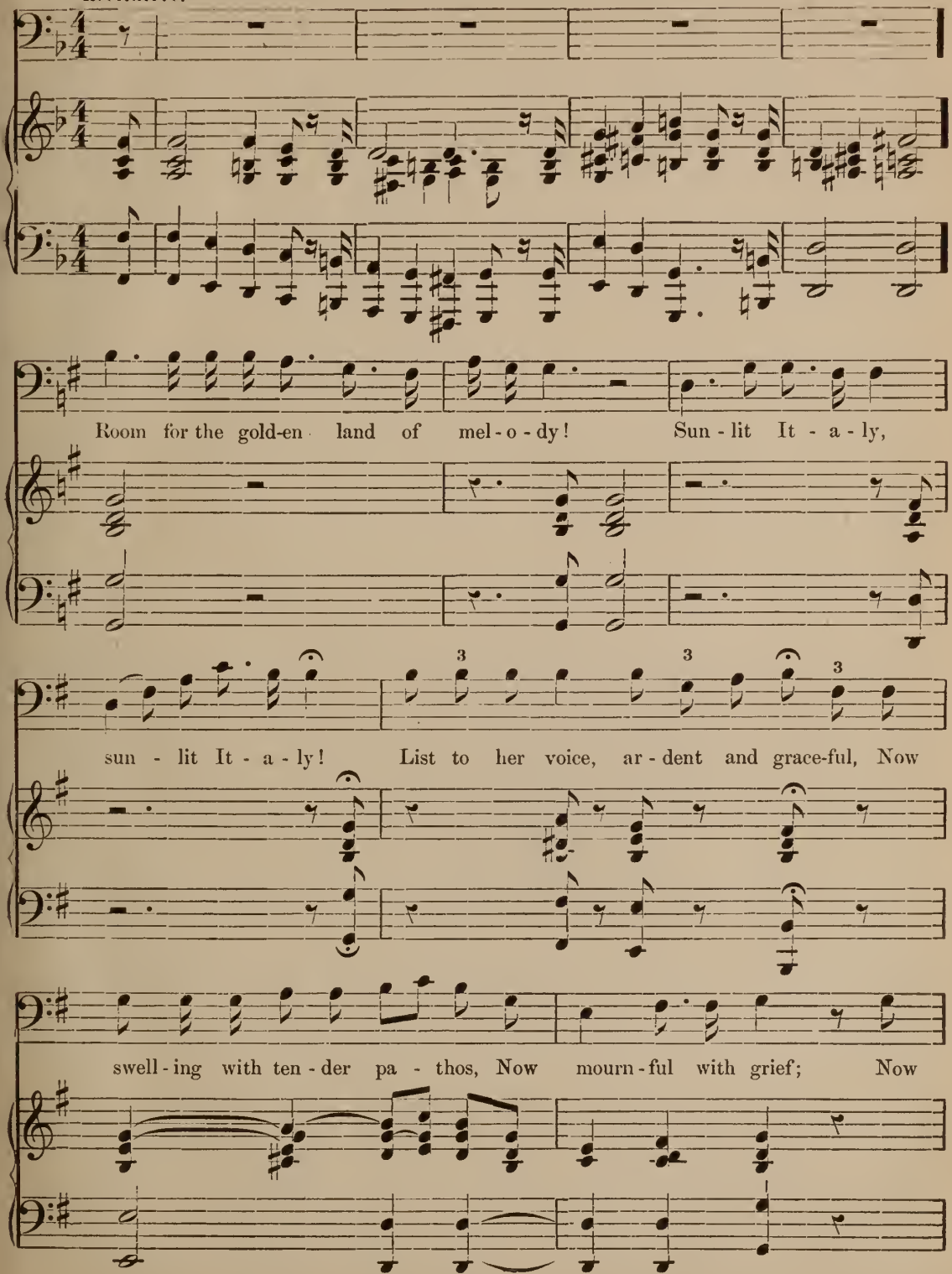

f
dim.
im.
sing, we sing, . . . we sing, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la,
free, and sing, . . . and sing, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
dim.
praise we sing, we sing, we sing, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ban - - ner free, and sing, and sing, la, la, la, la, la, la,
cres.
f
Fond-ly now thy praise we sing, we sing, . . we sing, . . la, la, la, la, la,
Now we wave thy banner free, and sing, . . and sing, . . la, la, la, la, la,
f
dim.
praise we sing, we sing, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ban - - ner free, and sing, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
dim.
pp
cres.
Sweet-er far than ev'-ry land be-side, With thee ev-er do our hopes a-bide,
Dear-est home be-yond the roll-ing sea, Full of love we ev-er turn to thee,
pp
cres.
Sweet-er far than ev'-ry land be-side, With thee ev-er do our hopes a-bide,
Dear-est home be-yond the roll-ing sea, Full of love we ev-er turn to thee,

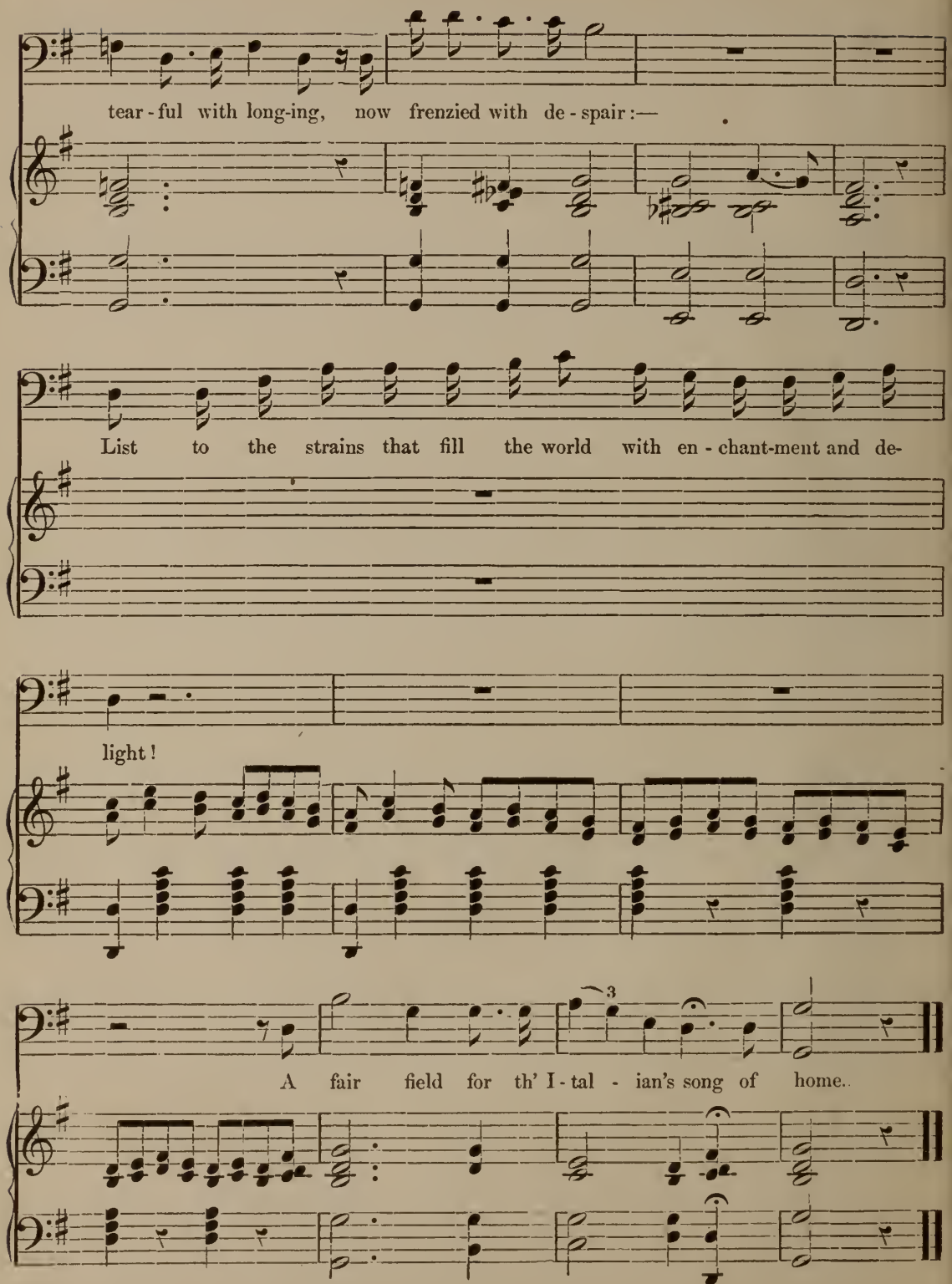

f
p
Hap - py home be - yond the o - cean tide, Far a - way, far a - way,
Hap - py day when we a - gain shall be Far a - way, far a - way,
Hap - py home be - yond the o - cean tide, Far a-way, far a - way,
Hap - py day when we a - gain shall be Far a-way, far a - way,
cres.
Far a - way, far a - way, To thee so fond - ly our
Far a - way, far a - way, There where so fond - ly our


hearts turn to - day, ha, la, la, la, la, ha, la, la, la,
f
(Yodel.)
hearts turn to - day, ha, la, la, la, la, ha, la, la, la, la, la, la,
(Yodel.)
ff
3
la, ha, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
ff
(Yodel.)
ff
la-o-o, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
(Yodel.)
ff
la, la,
ff


Yodel coda, ad lib.
la, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la-oo, ... la-oo, la-oo, la, la, la-oo, ... la, la,
La, la, la-oo, la-oo, la, la, la-oo, la, la, la-oo, la-oo, la, la,
5
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la.
la-oo, la, la, la-oo, . . . la-oo, la-oo, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la-oo, la-oo, la, la, la-oo, la, la, la.

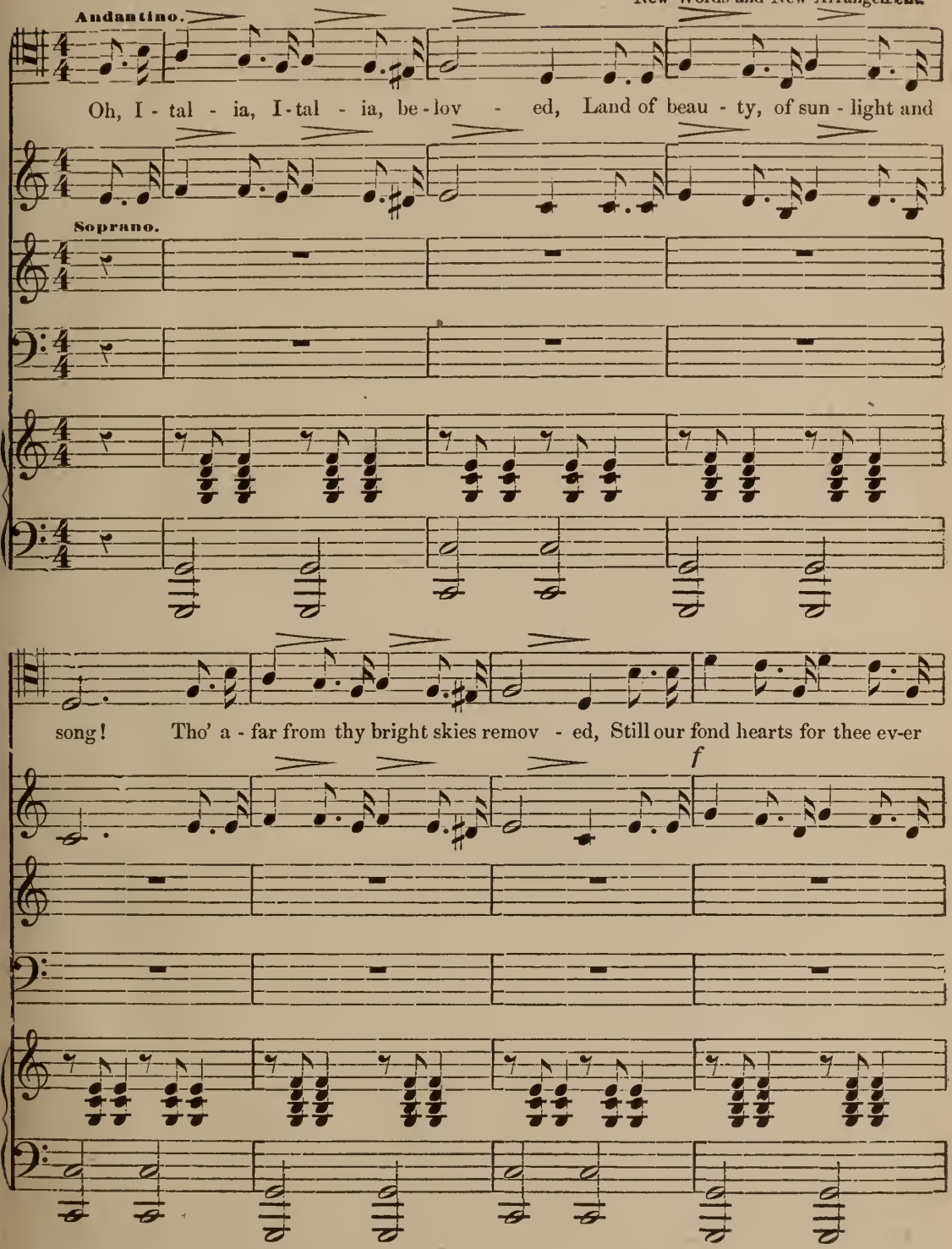
No. 11. Herald.
Recitative.

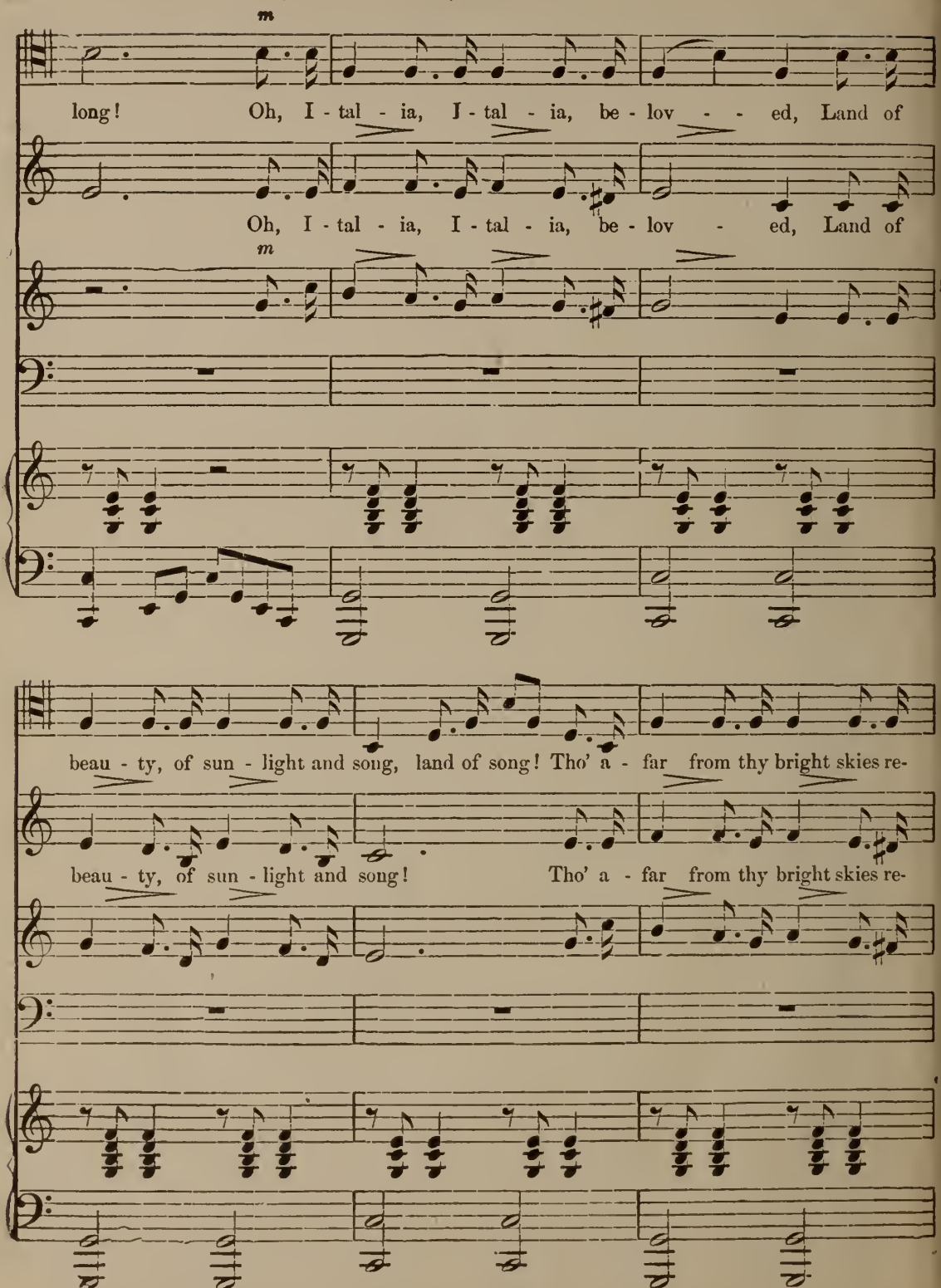


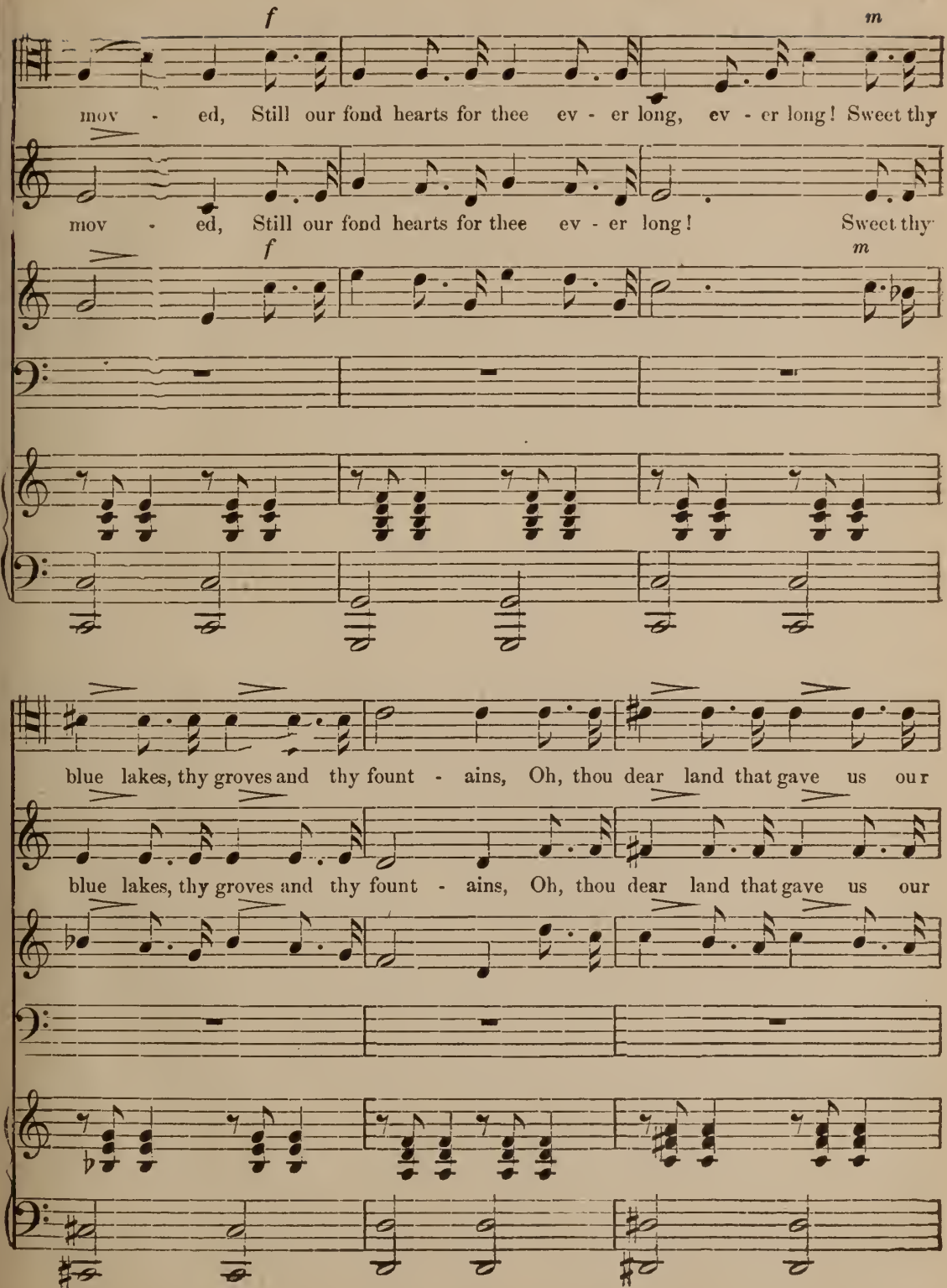

tear - ful with long-ing, now frenzied with de - spair:—
List to the strains that fill the world with en - chant-ment and de-
light!
A fair field for th' I - tal - ian's song of home.

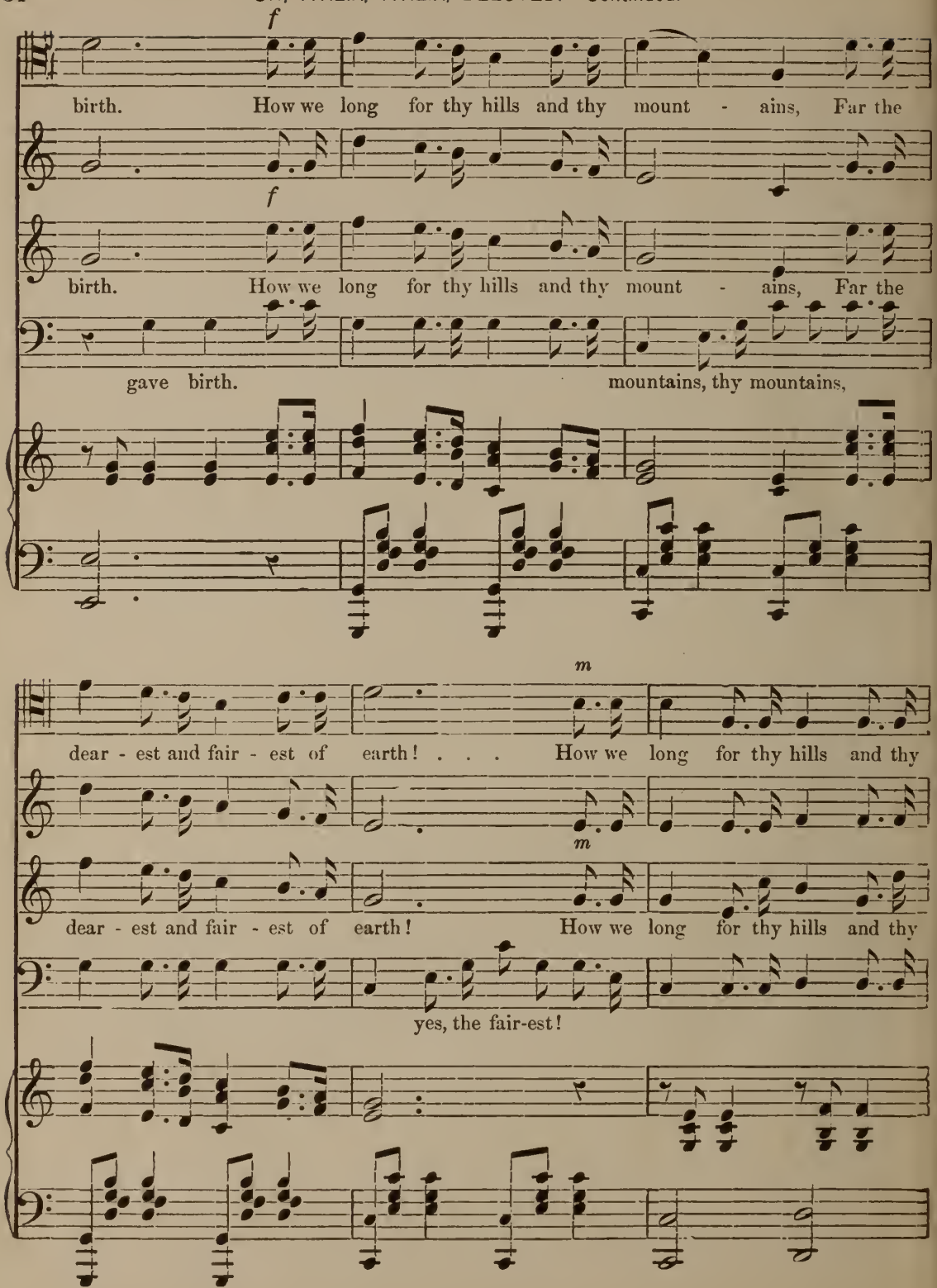
No. 12. Italian Chorus. (From "Lucrezia.")

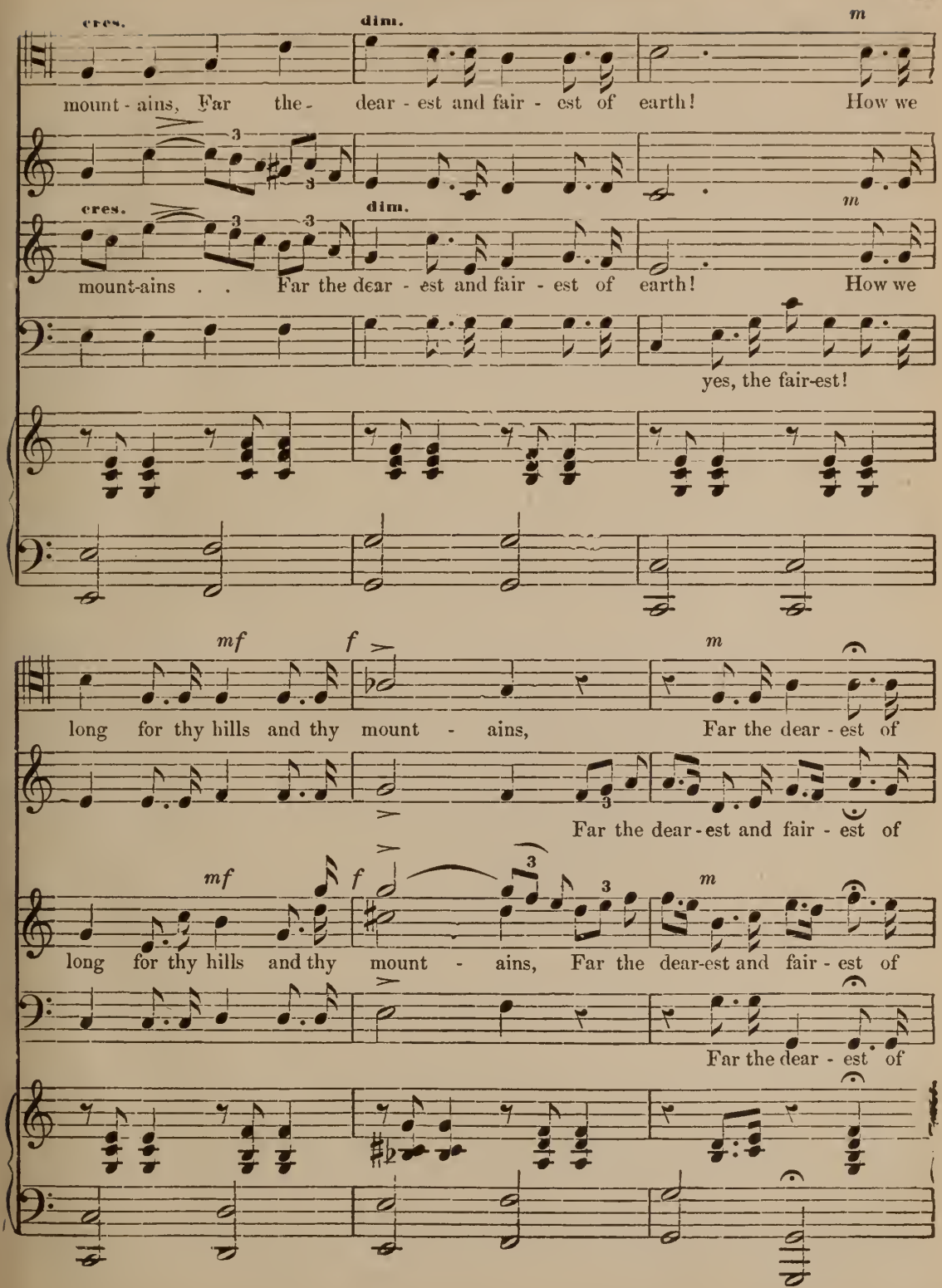
DONIZETTI.
New Words and New Arrangement.

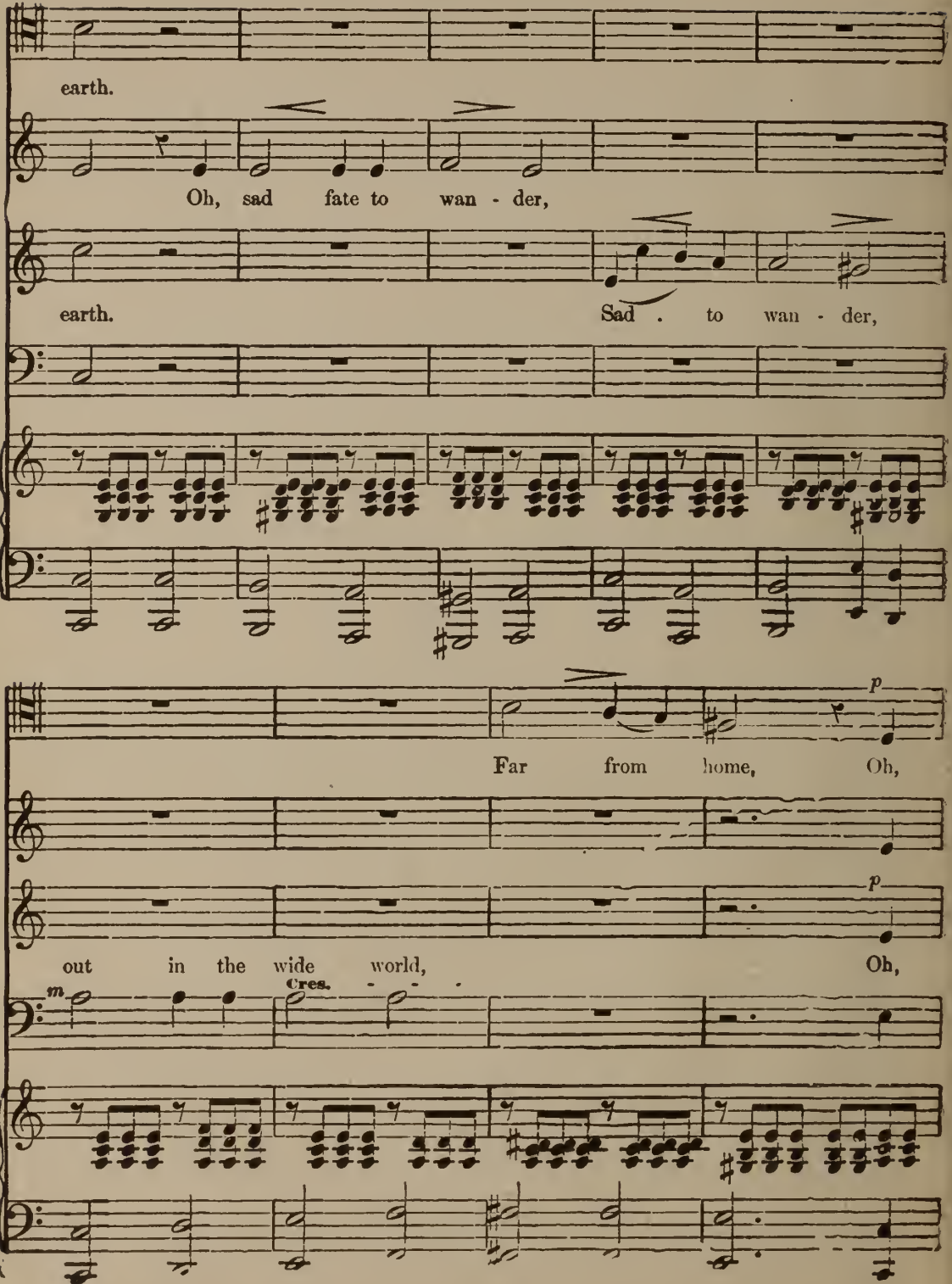


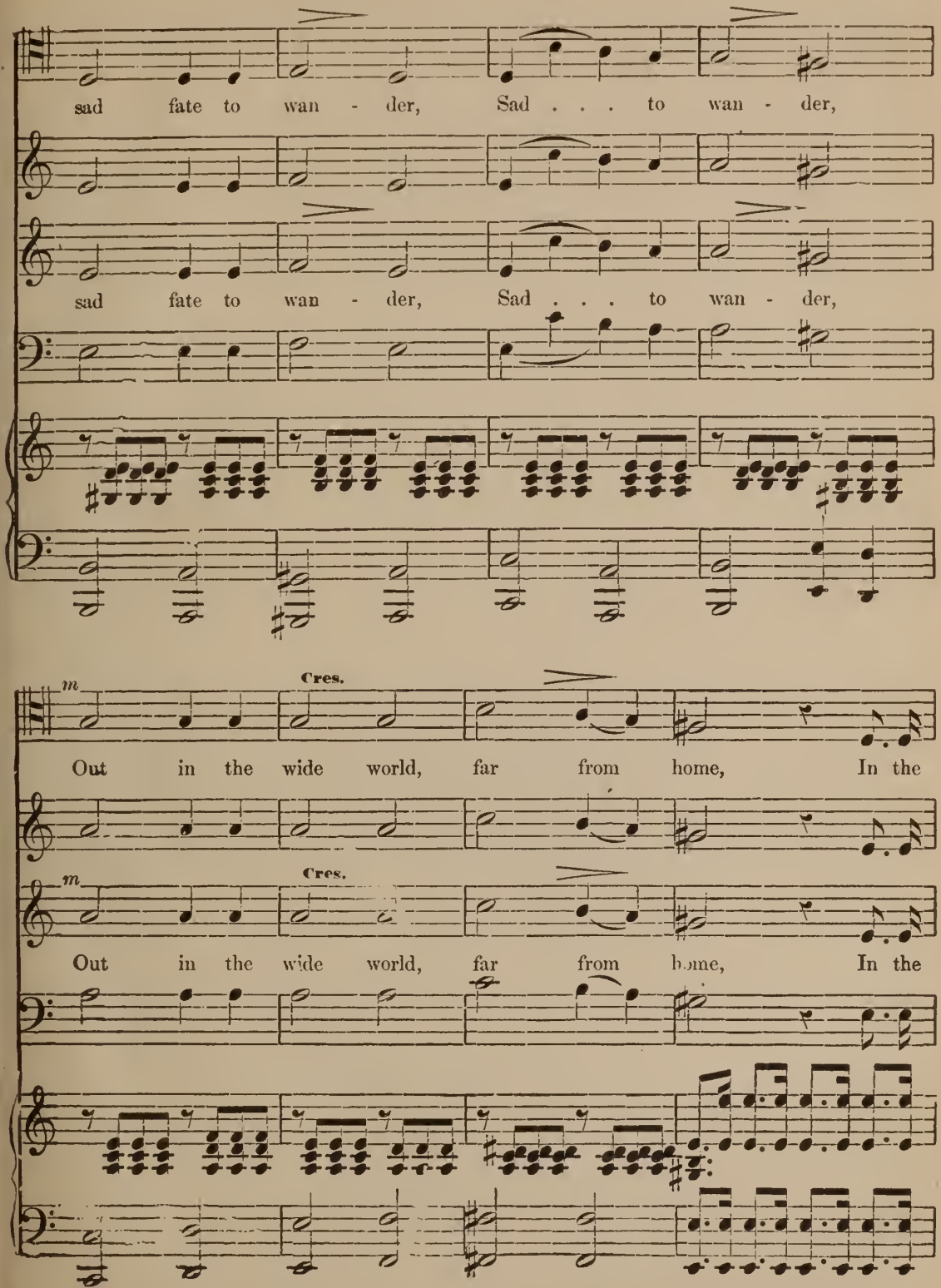

m
long! Oh, I - tal - ia, I - tal - ia, be - lov - - ed, Land of
Oh, I - tal - ia, I - tal - ia, be - lov - ed, Land of
m
beau - ty, of sun - light and song, land of song! Tho' a - far from thy bright skies re-
beau - ty, of sun - light and song! Tho' a - far from thy bright skies re-

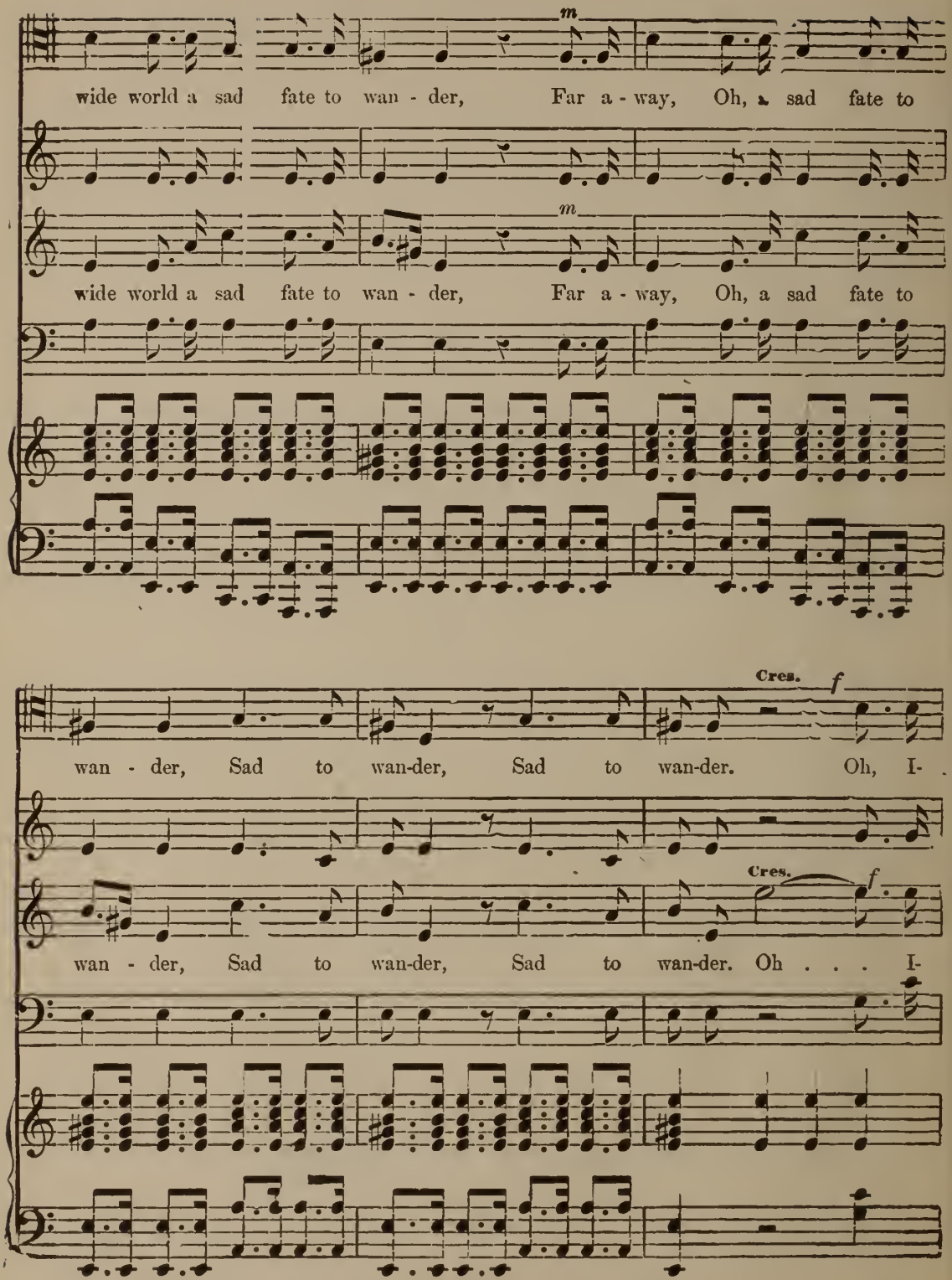

f
m
mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long, ev - er long! Sweet thy
mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long! Sweet thy
f
m
blue lakes, thy groves and thy fount - ains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our
blue lakes, thy groves and thy fount - ains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our

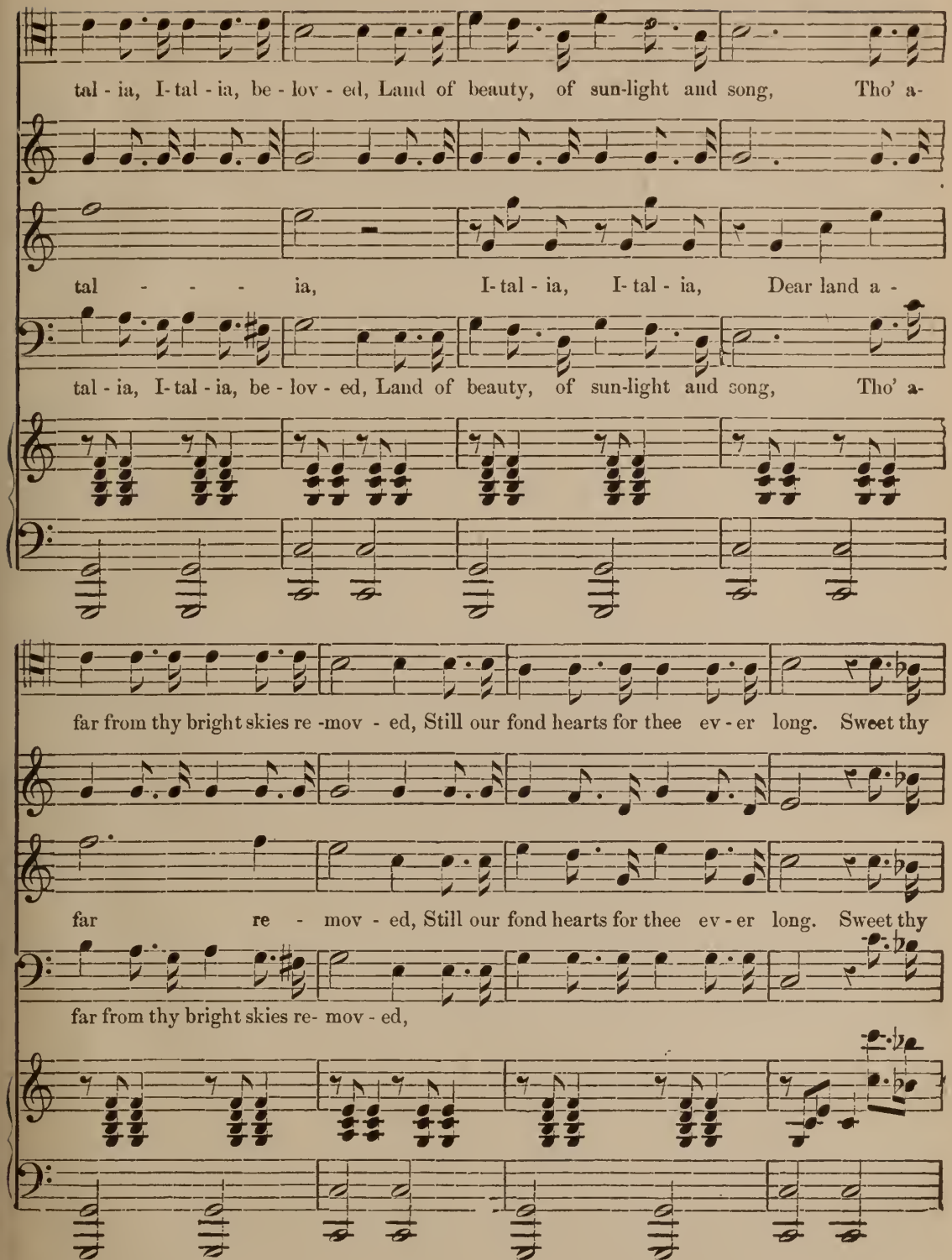

f
birth. How we long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the
f
birth. How we long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the
gave birth. mountains, thy mountains,
m
dear - est and fair - est of earth! . . . How we long for thy hills and thy
m
dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we long for thy hills and thy
yes, the fair-est!

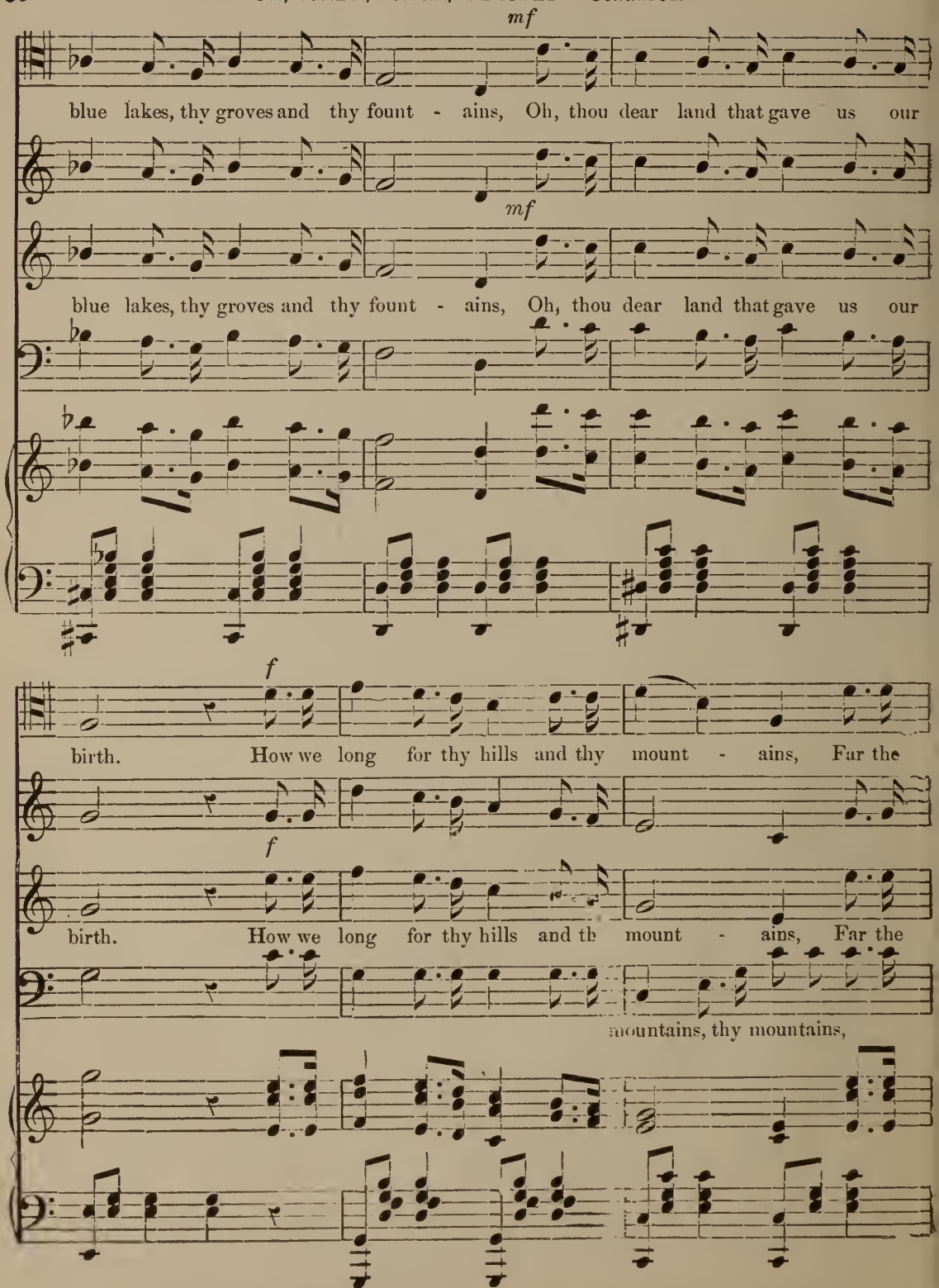

cres.
dim.
m
mount - ains, Far the - dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we
cres.
dim.
m
mount-ains . . Far the dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we
yes, the fair-est!
mf
f
m
long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the dear - est of
Far the dear - est and fair - est of
mf
f
m
long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the dear-est and fair - est of
Far the dear - est of

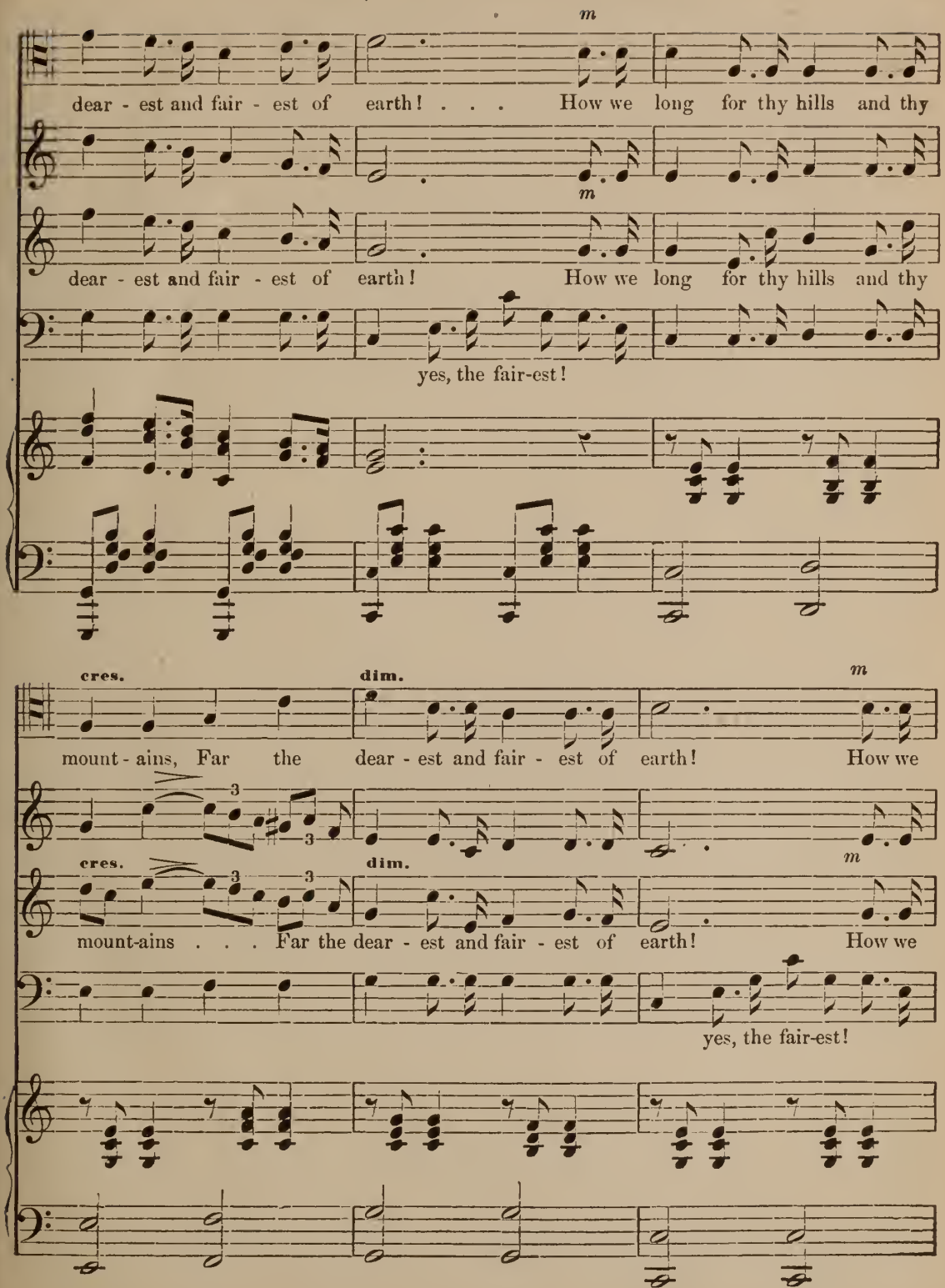

earth.
Oh, sad fate to wan - der,
earth.
Sad . to wan - der,
Far from home, Oh,
p
out in the wide world, Oh,
p
m
Cres.

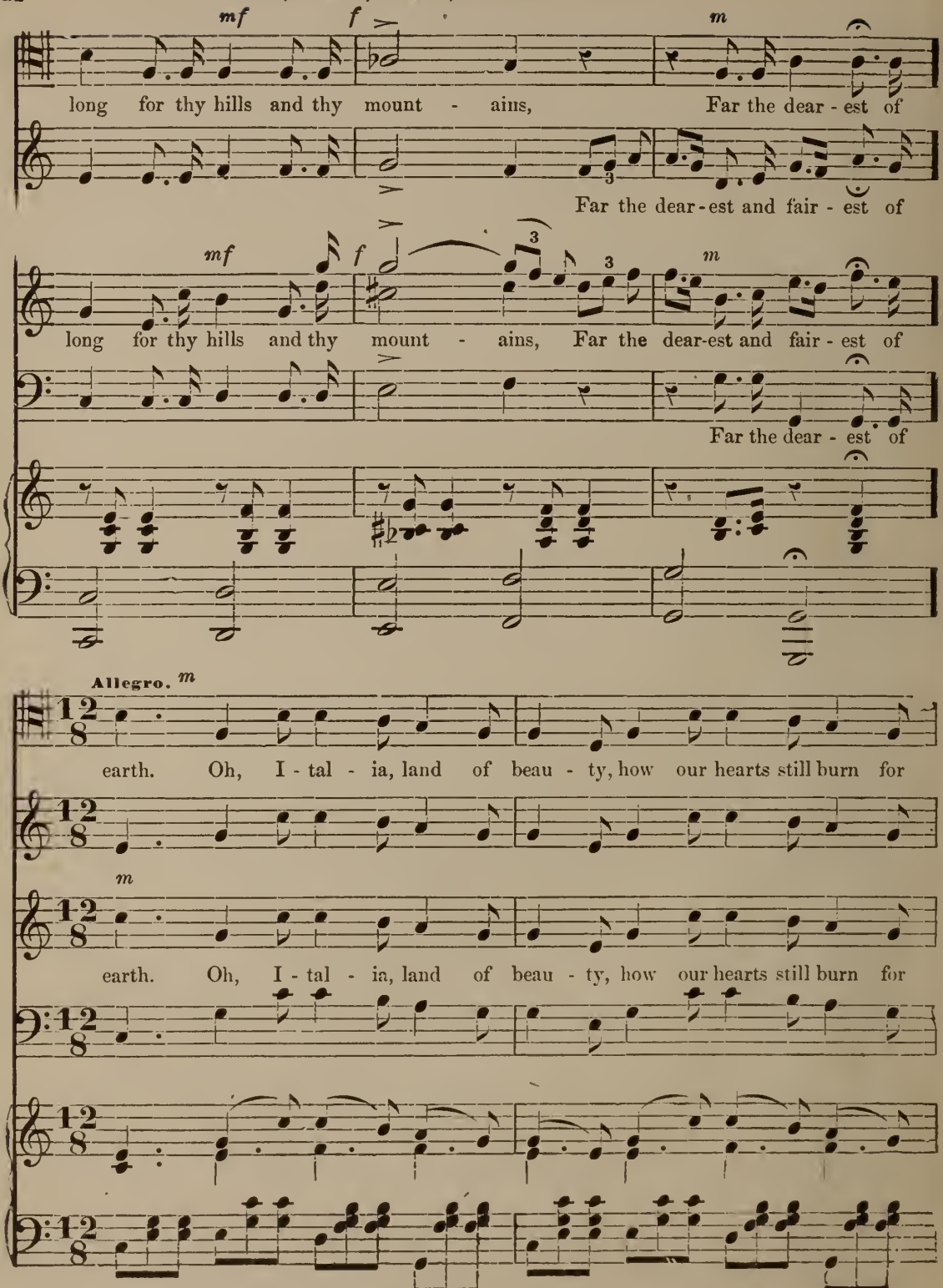

sad fate to wan - der, Sad . . . to wan - der,
sad fate to wan - der, Sad . . . to wan - der,
m
Cres.
Out in the wide world, far from home, In the
m
Cres.
Out in the wide world, far from home, In the

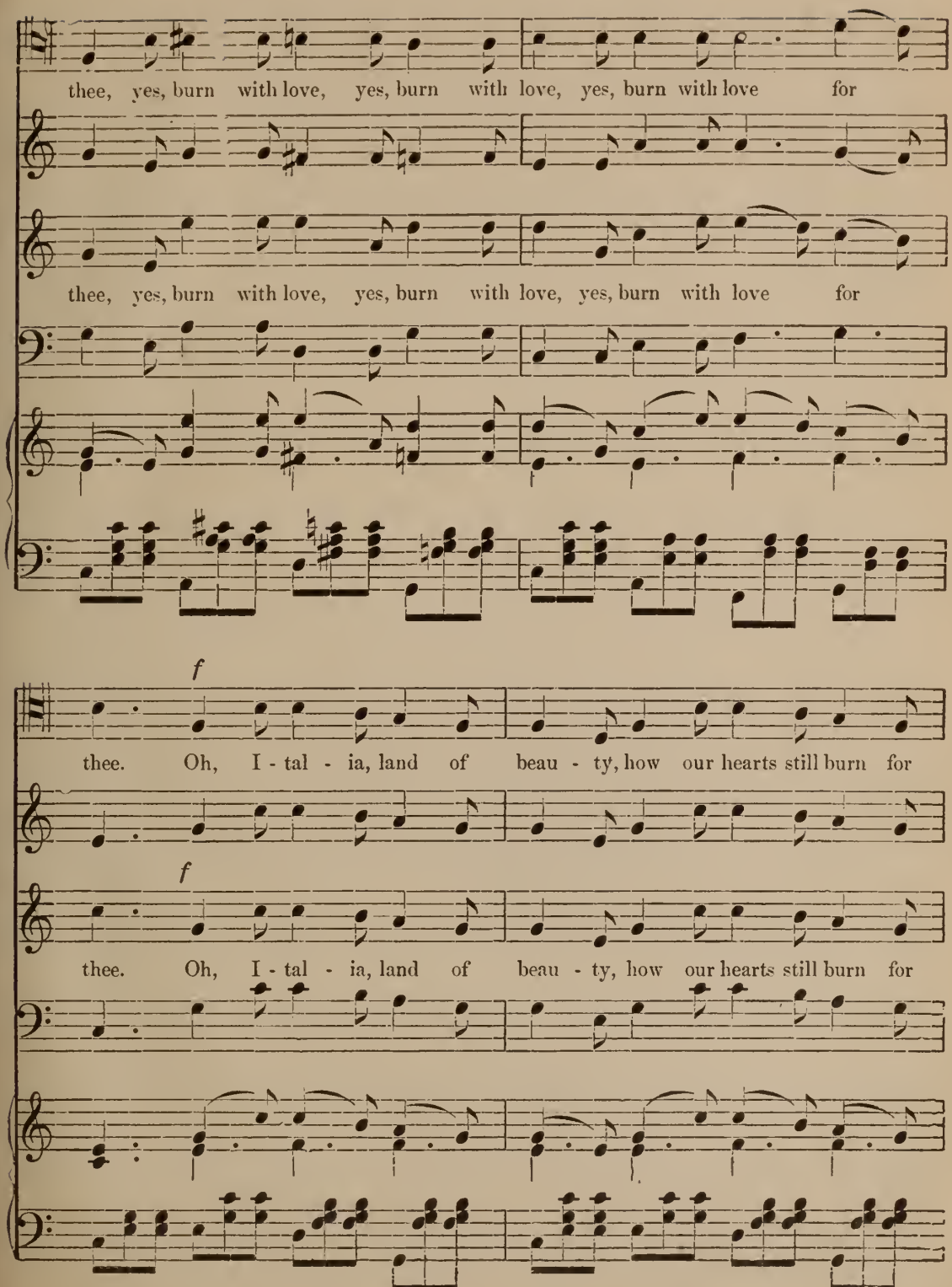

m
wide world a sad fate to wan - der, Far a - way, Oh, a sad fate to
m
wide world a sad fate to wan - der, Far a - way, Oh, a sad fate to
Cres.
f
wan - der, Sad to wan-der, Sad to wan-der. Oh, I-
Cres.
f
wan - der, Sad to wan-der, Sad to wan-der. Oh . . . I-

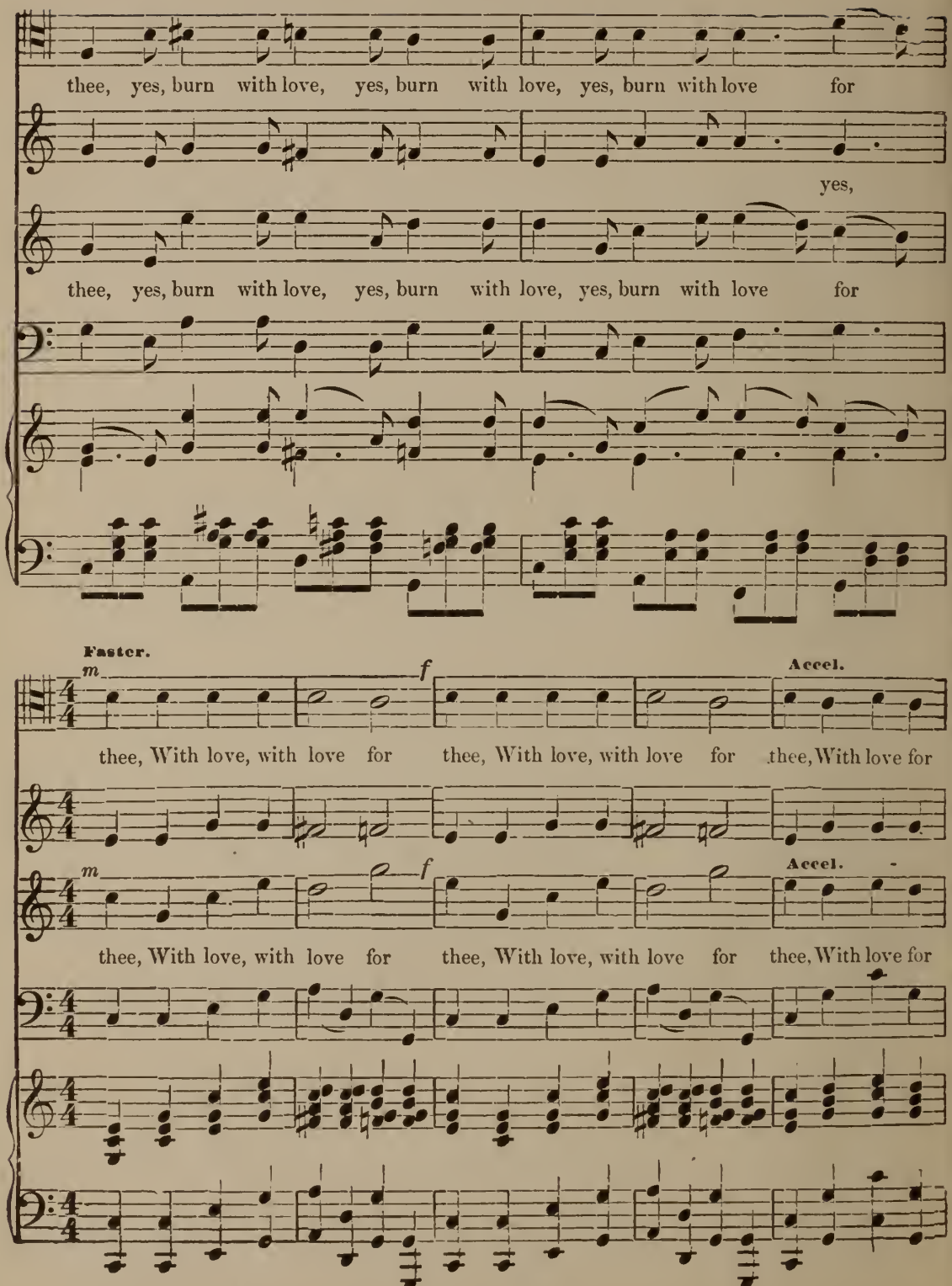

tal - ia, I-tal - ia, be - lov - ed, Land of beauty, of sun-light and song, Tho' a-
tal - - - - ia, I-tal - ia, I-tal - ia, Dear land a -
tal - ia, I-tal - ia, be - lov - ed, Land of beauty, of sun-light and song, Tho' a-
far from thy bright skies re -mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long. Sweet thy
far re - mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long. Sweet thy
far from thy bright skies re- mov - ed,

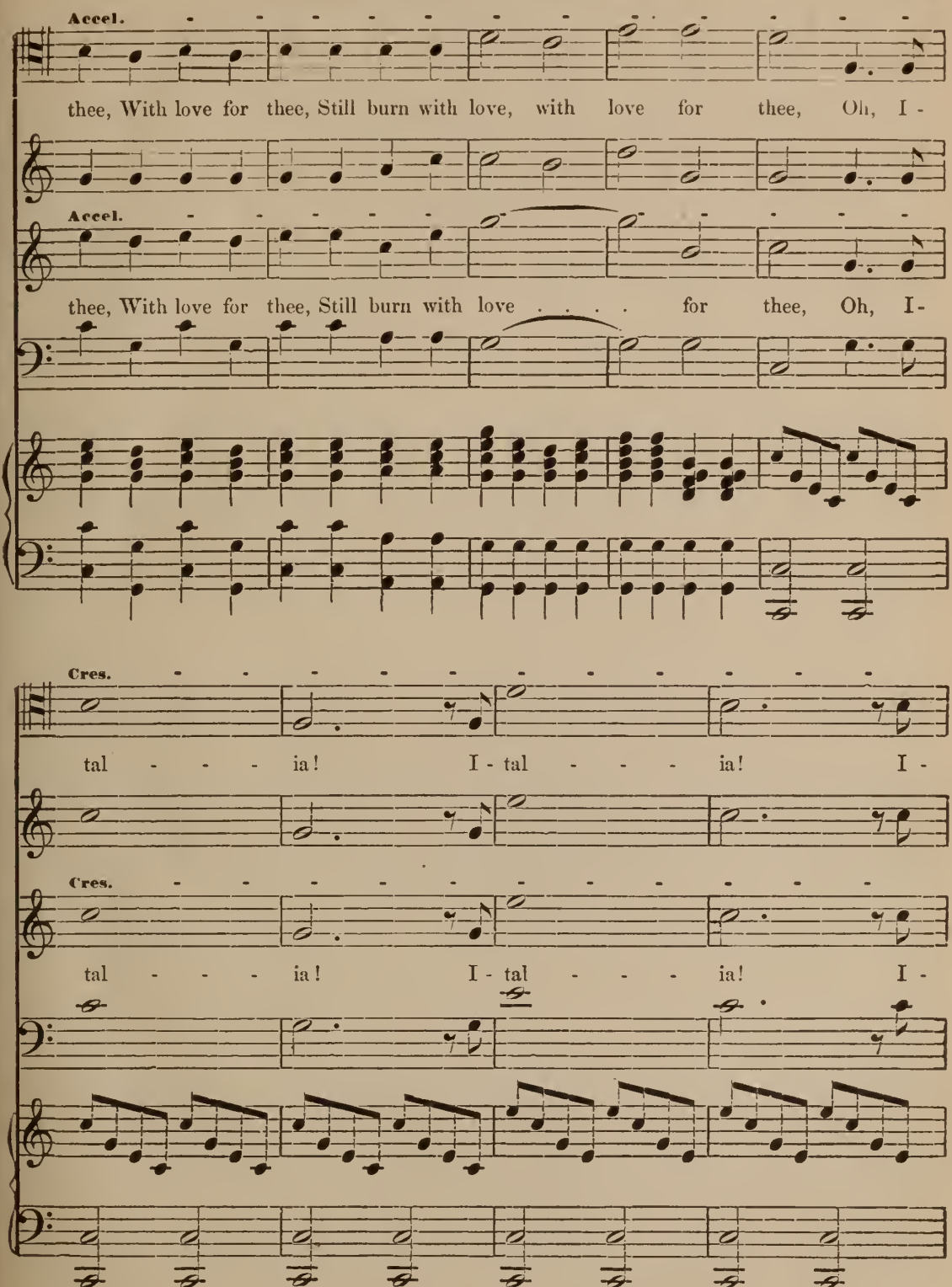

mf
blue lakes, thy groves and thy fount - ains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our
mf
blue lakes, thy groves and thy fount - ains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our
f
birth. How we long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the
f
birth. How we long for thy hills and th mount - ains, Far the
mountains, thy mountains,

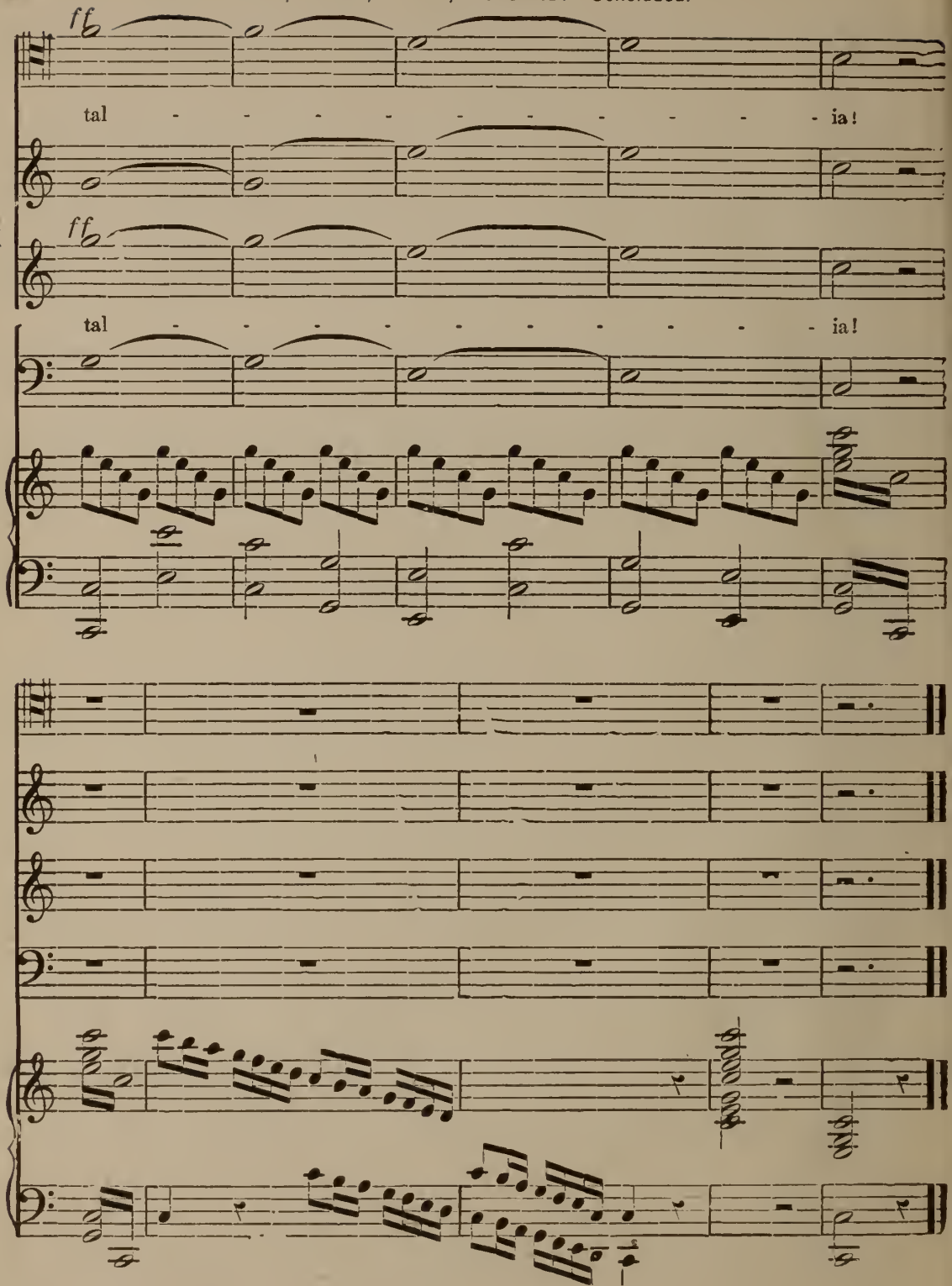

m
dear - est and fair - est of earth! . . . How we long for thy hills and thy
m
dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we long for thy hills and thy
yes, the fair-est!
cres.
dim.
m
mount - ains, Far the dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we
3
3
cres.
dim.
m
mount-ains . . . Far the dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we
3
3
yes, the fair-est!


mf
f
m
long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the dear - est of
Far the dear - est and fair - est of
mf
f
m
long for thy hills and thy mount - ains, Far the dear-est and fair - est of
Far the dear - est of
Allegro.
m
earth. Oh, I - tal - ia, land of beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for
m
earth. Oh, I - tal - ia, land of beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for


thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for
thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for
f
thee. Oh, I - tal - ia, land of beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for
f
thee. Oh, I - tal - ia, land of beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for

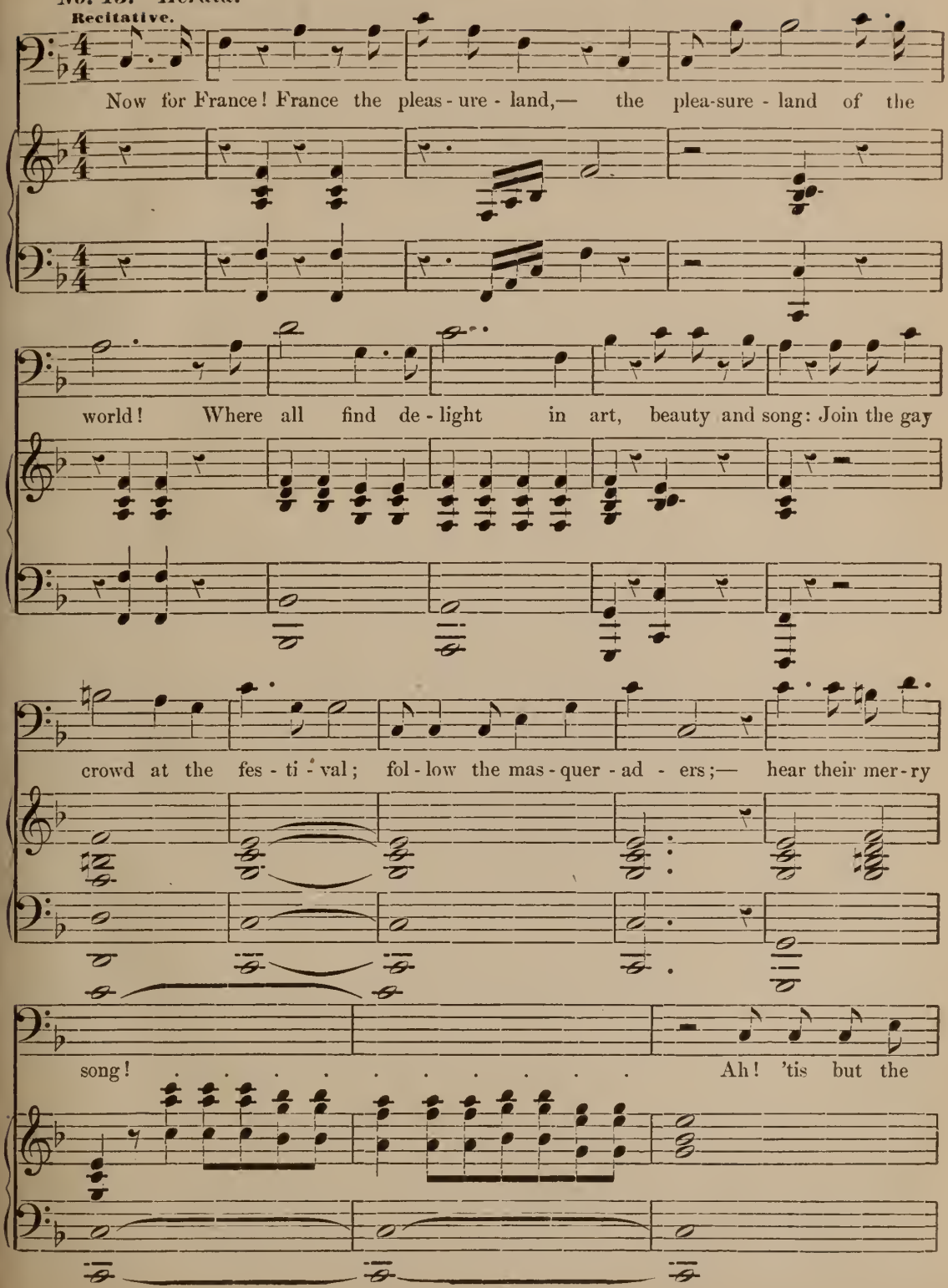

thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for
yes,
thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for
Faster.
m
f
Accel.
thee, With love, with love for thee, With love, with love for thee, With love for
m
f
Accel.
thee, With love, with love for thee, With love, with love for thee, With love for

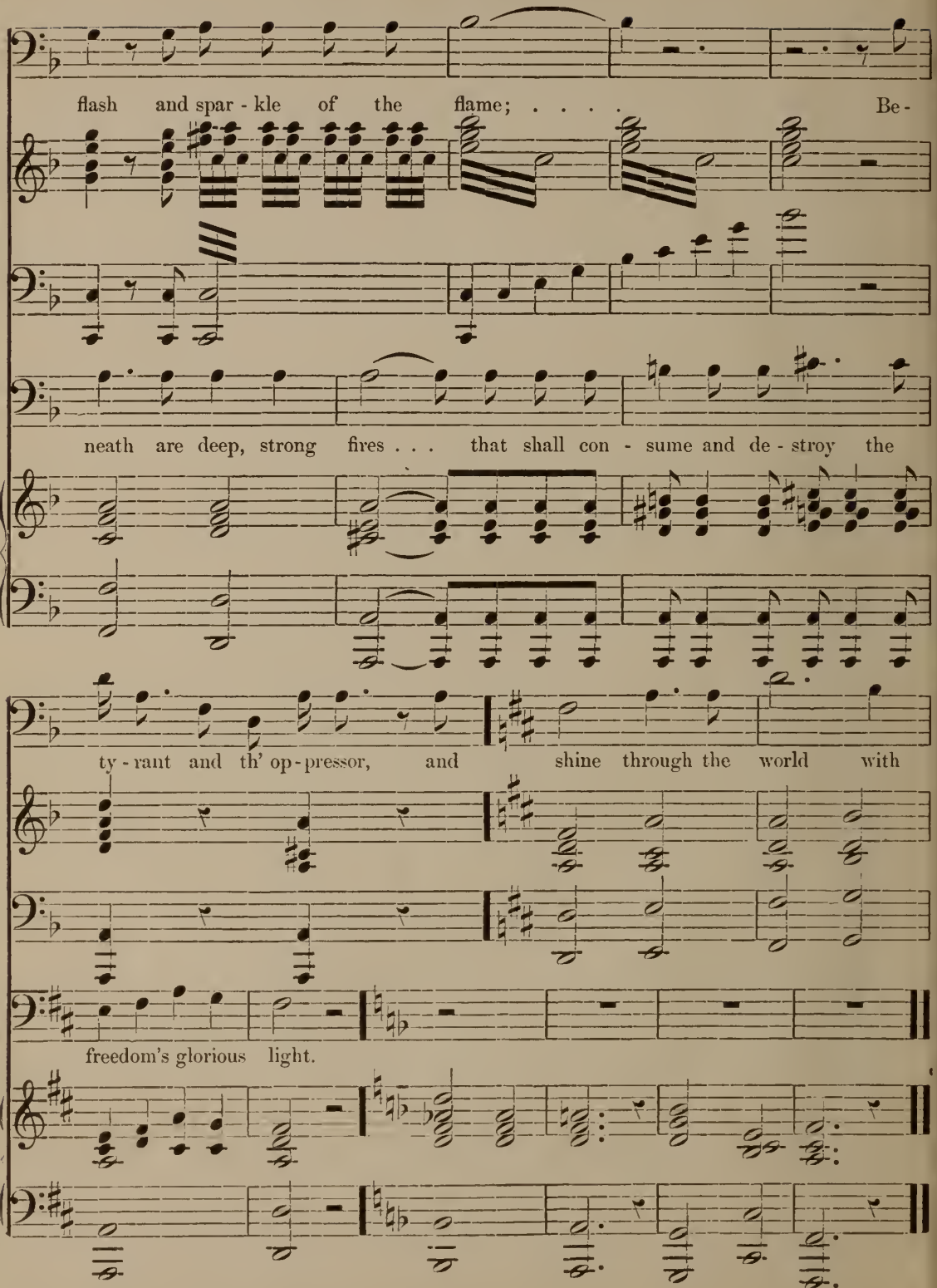

Accel.
thee, With love for thee, Still burn with love, with love for thee, Oh, I -
Accel.
thee, With love for thee, Still burn with love . . . . for thee, Oh, I -
Cres.
tal - - - ia! I - tal - - - ia! I -
Cres.
tal - - - ia! I - tal - - - ia! I -


ff
tal - - - - - - - - - - ia!
ff
tal - - - - - - - - - - ia!

No. 13. Herald.

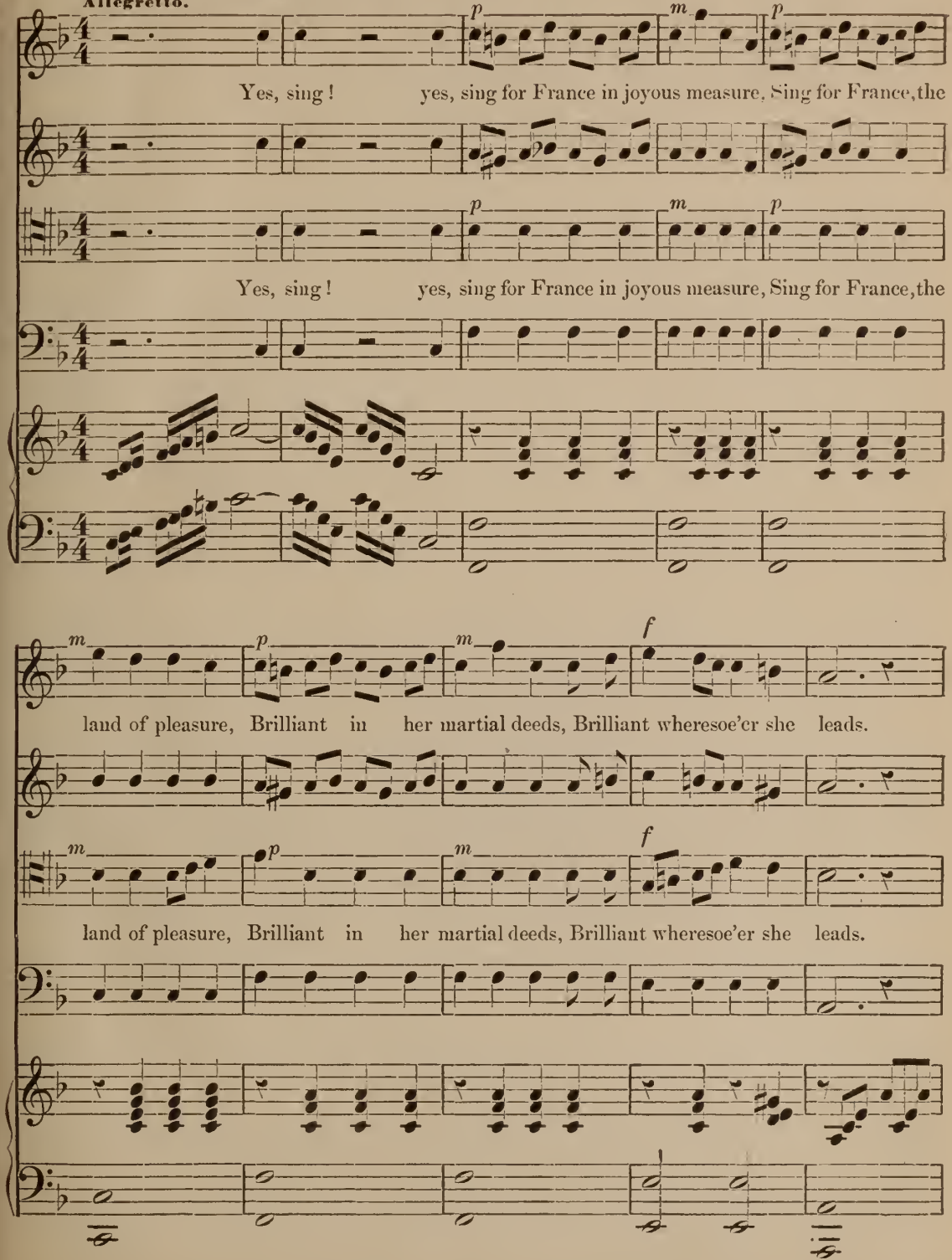
Recitative.

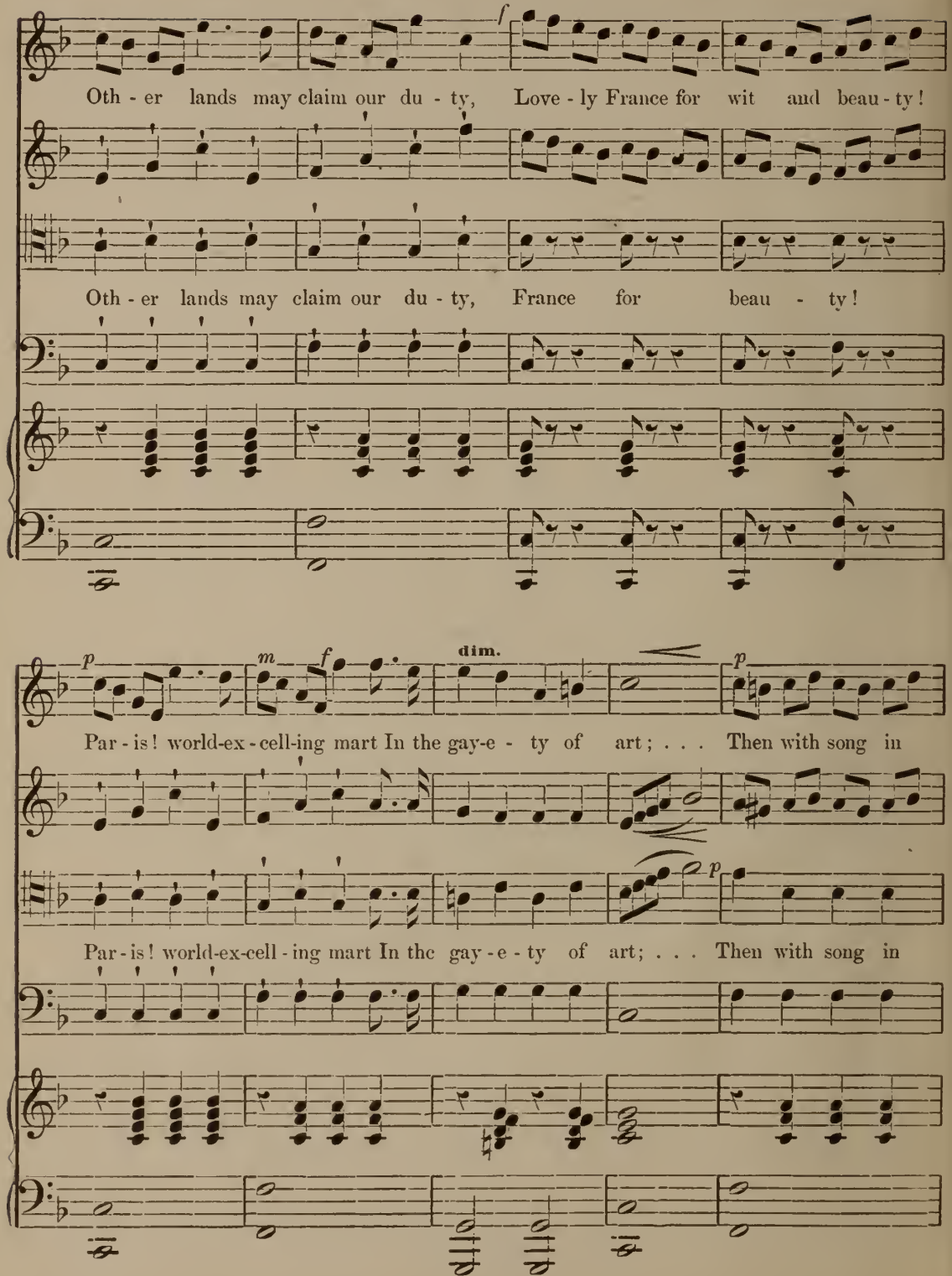


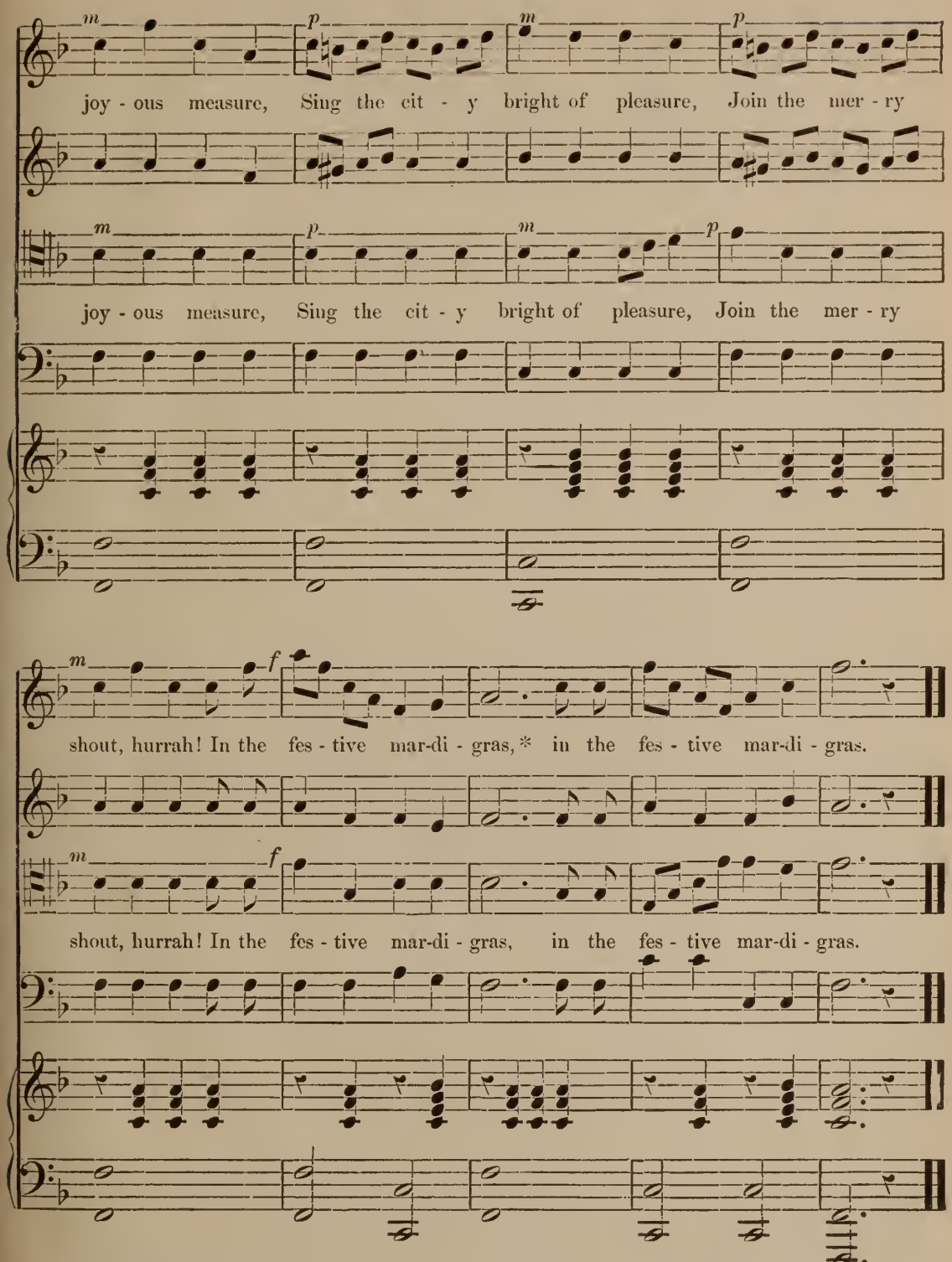

flash and spar - kle of the flame; . . . . Be -
neath are deep, strong fires . . . that shall con - sume and de - stroy the
ty - rant and th' op - pressor, and shine through the world with
freedom's glorious light.

No. 14. French Singers. Quartett.

Allegretto.




Oth - er lands may claim our du - ty, Love - ly France for wit and beau - ty!
Oth - er lands may claim our du - ty, France for beau - ty!
Par - is! world-ex - cell-ing mart In the gay-e - ty of art; . . . Then with song in
Par - is! world-ex-cell - ing mart In the gay - e - ty of art; . . . Then with song in
dim.

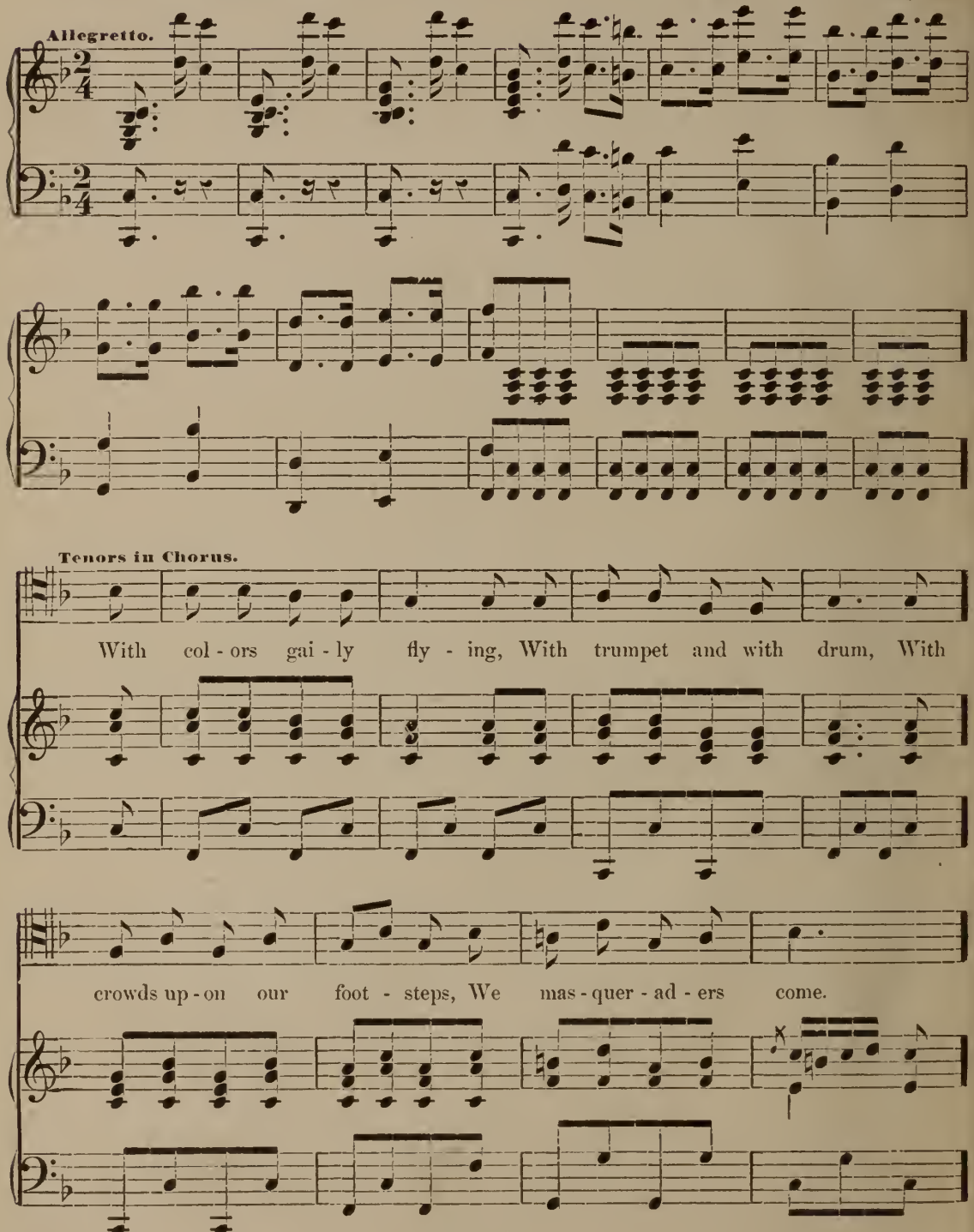


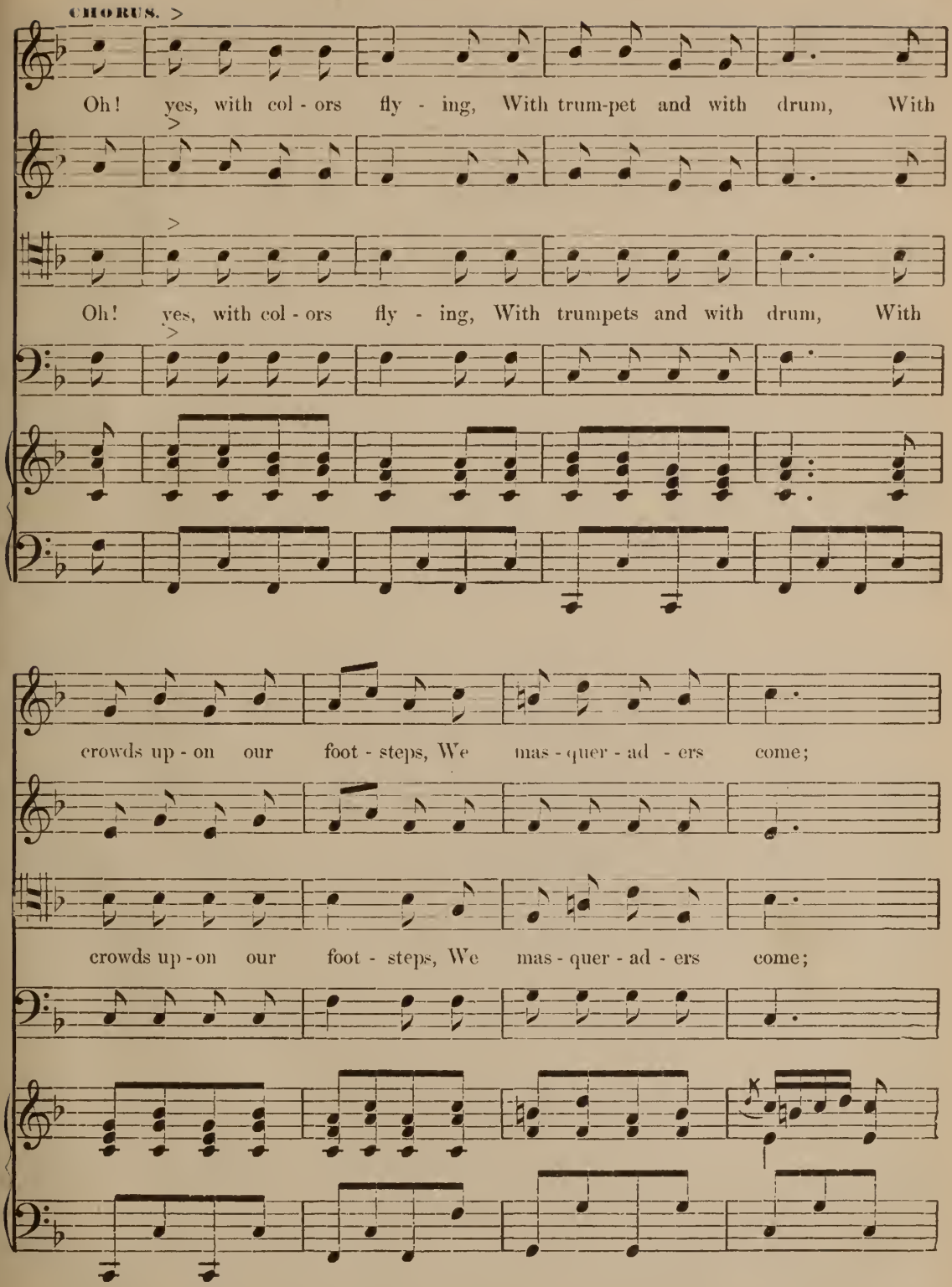
* Pronounced Mar-dee-grah.

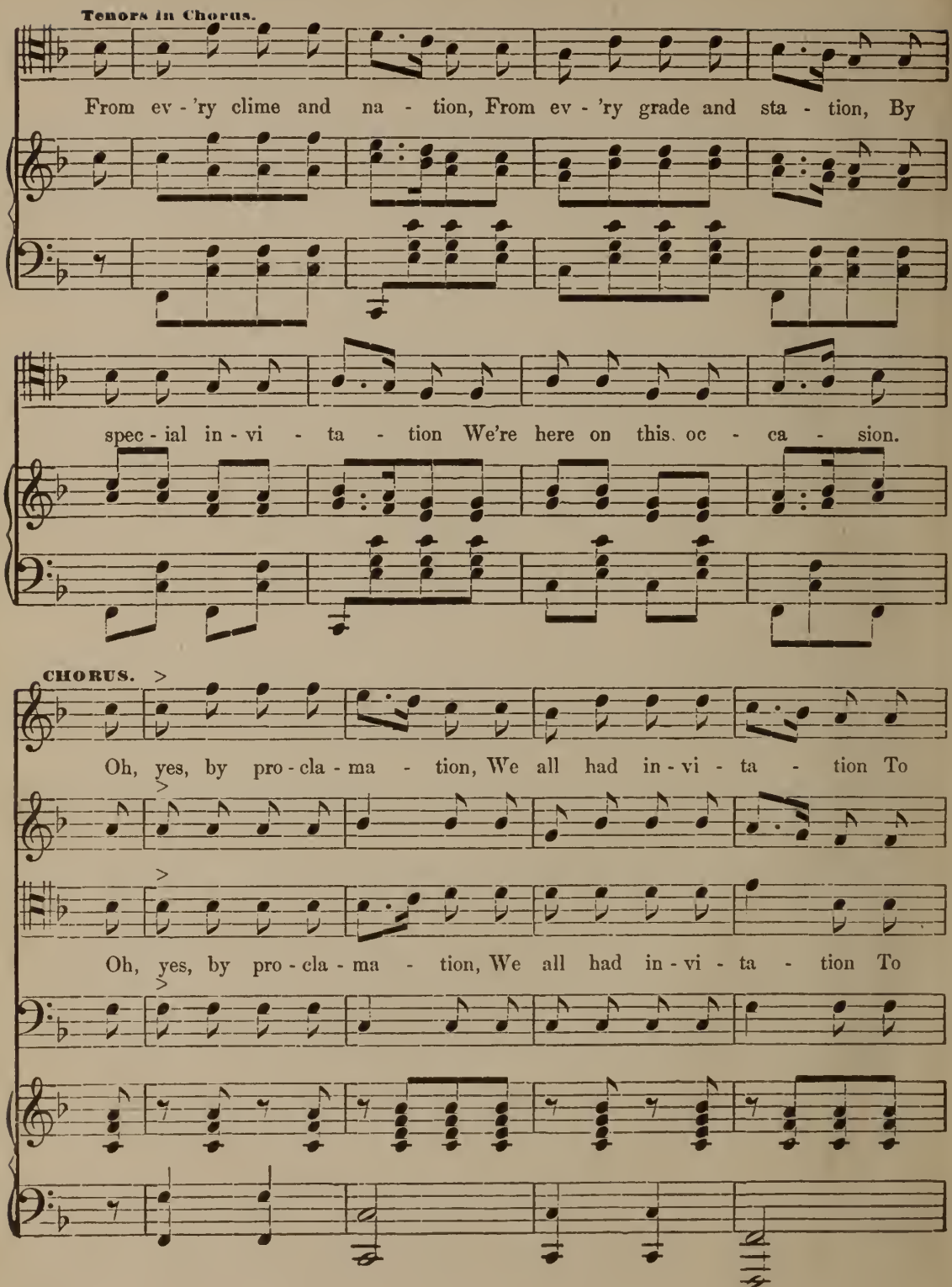
No. 15. French Chorus. (Opera Bouffe.)

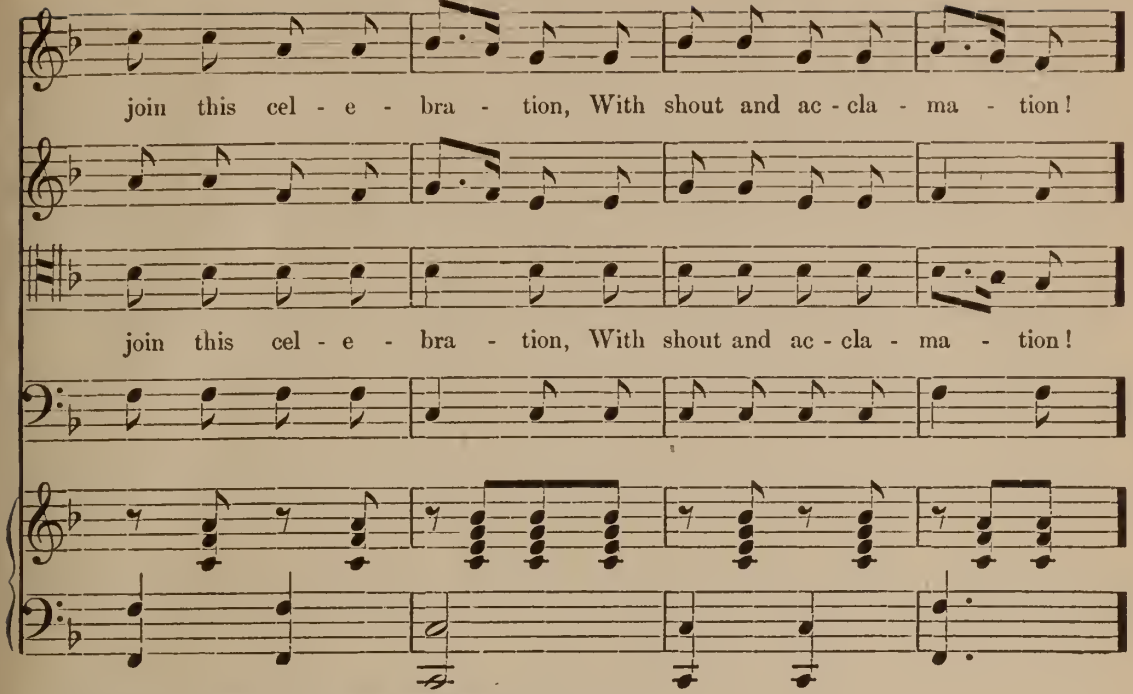
OFFENBACH.

New words and new arrangement.



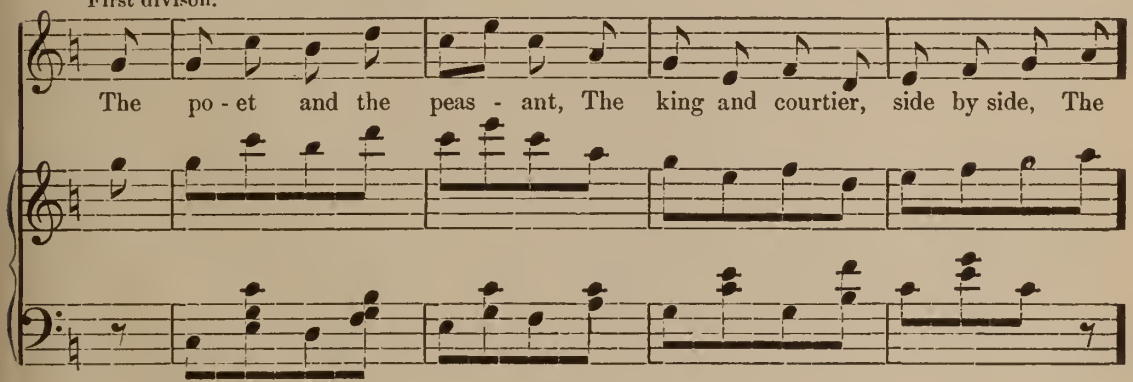

CHORUS.
Oh! yes, with col - ors fly - ing, With trum-pet and with drum, With
Oh! yes, with col - ors fly - ing, With trumpets and with drum, With
crowds up - on our foot - steps, We mas - quer - ad - ers come;
crowds up - on our foot - steps, We mas - quer - ad - ers come;


Tenors in Chorus.
From ev - 'ry clime and na - tion, From ev - 'ry grade and sta - tion, By
spec - ial in - vi - ta - tion We're here on this oc - ca - sion.
CHORUS.
Oh, yes, by pro - cla - ma - tion, We all had in - vi - ta - tion To
Oh, yes, by pro - cla - ma - tion, We all had in - vi - ta - tion To

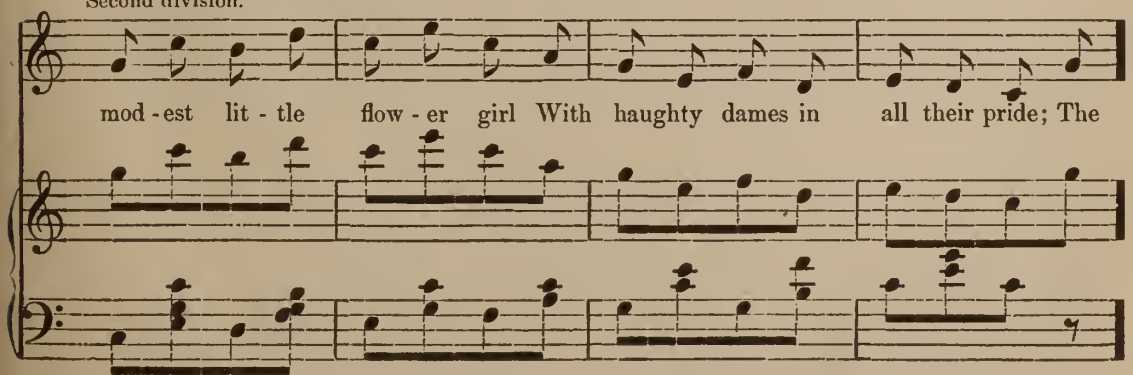


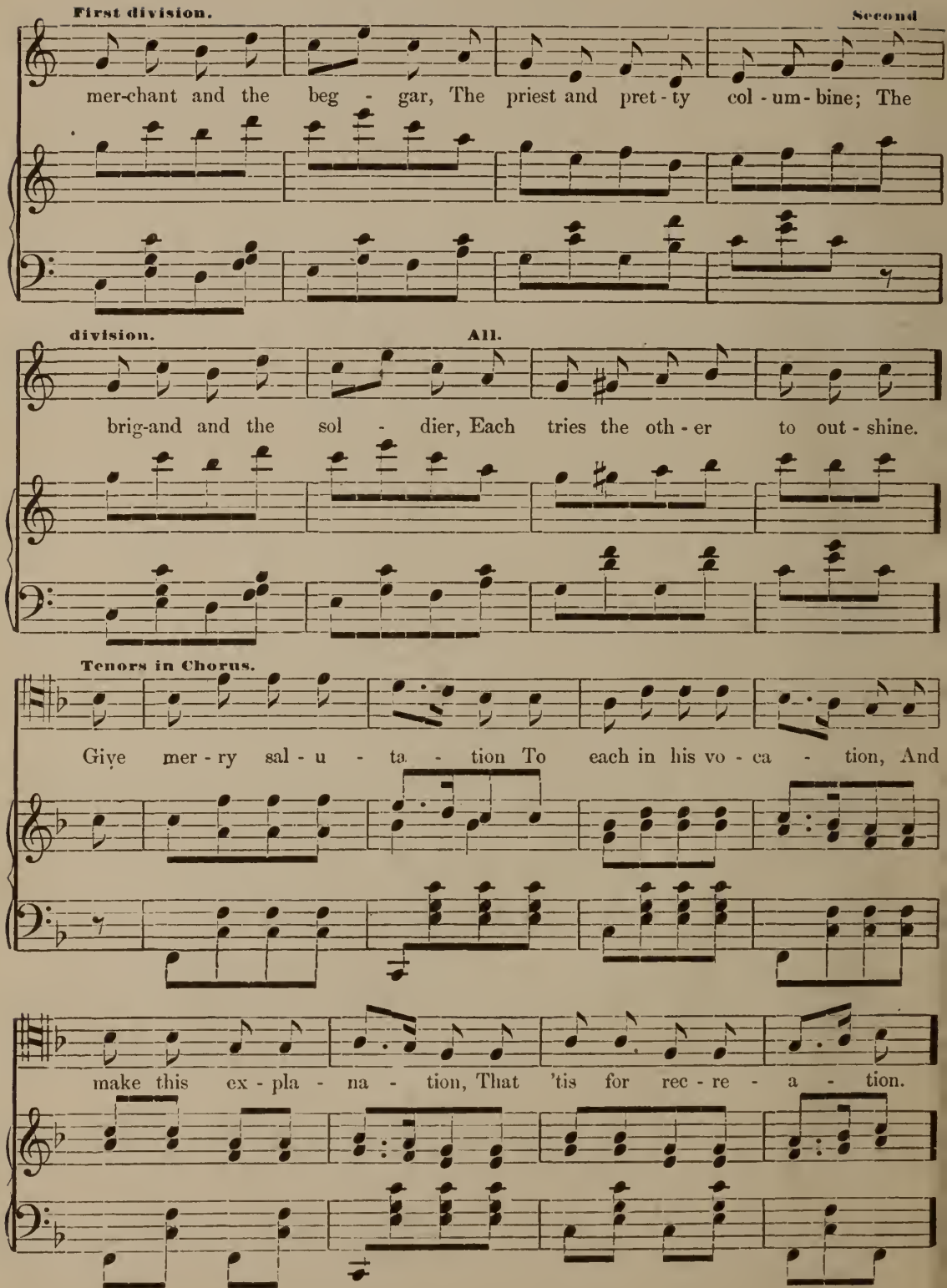
Sopranos in two divisions, singing alternately.

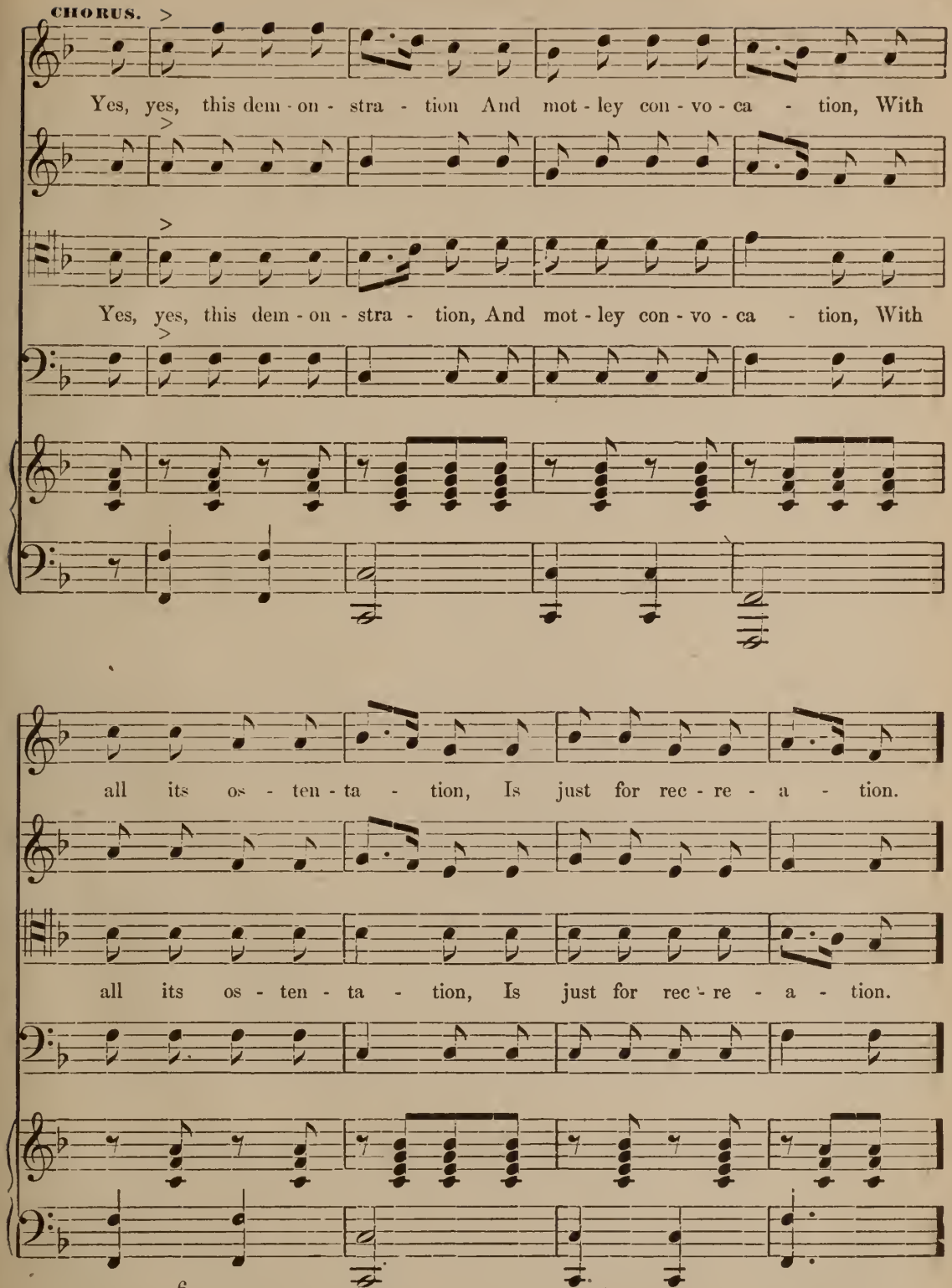
First divison.

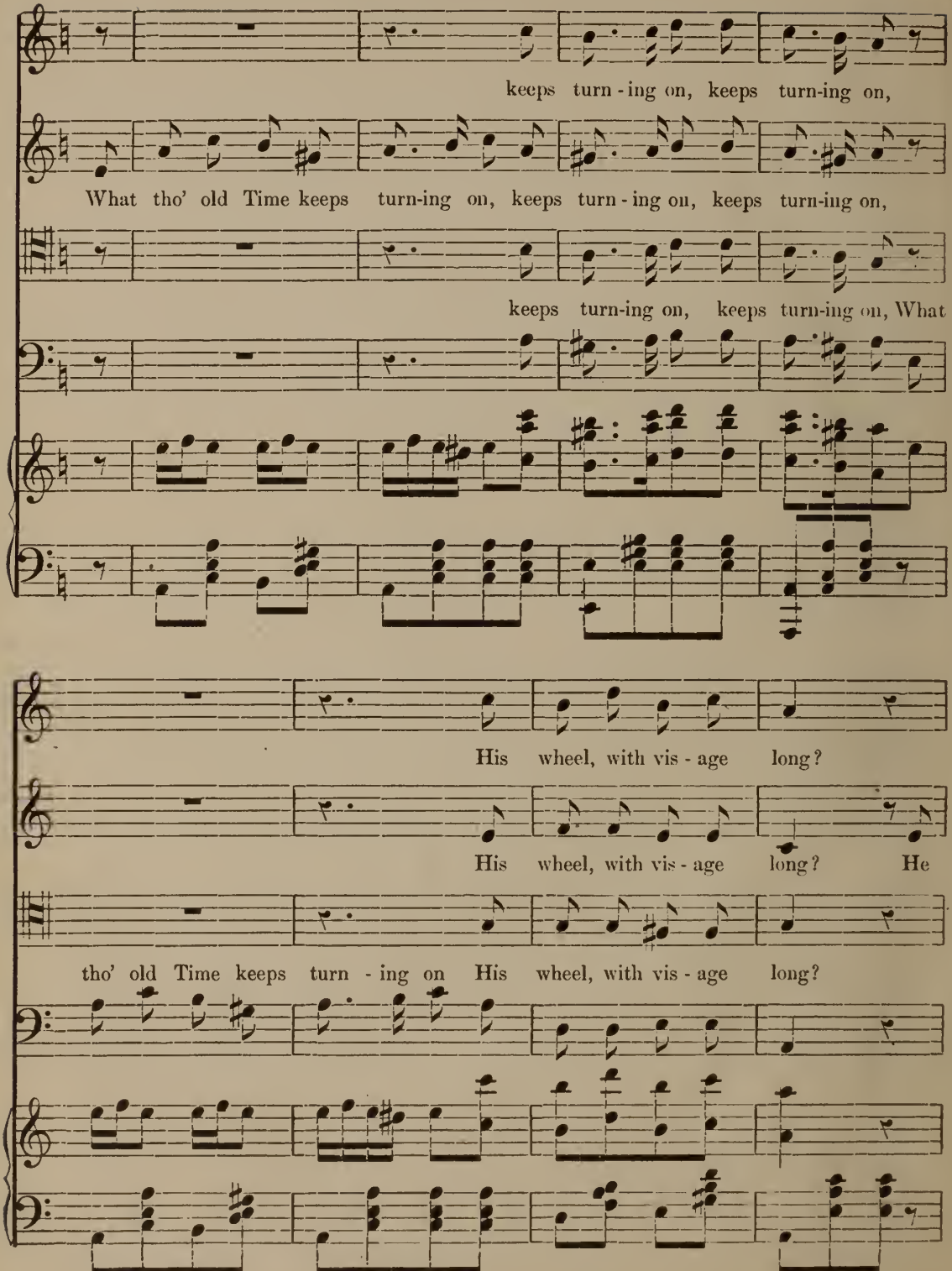


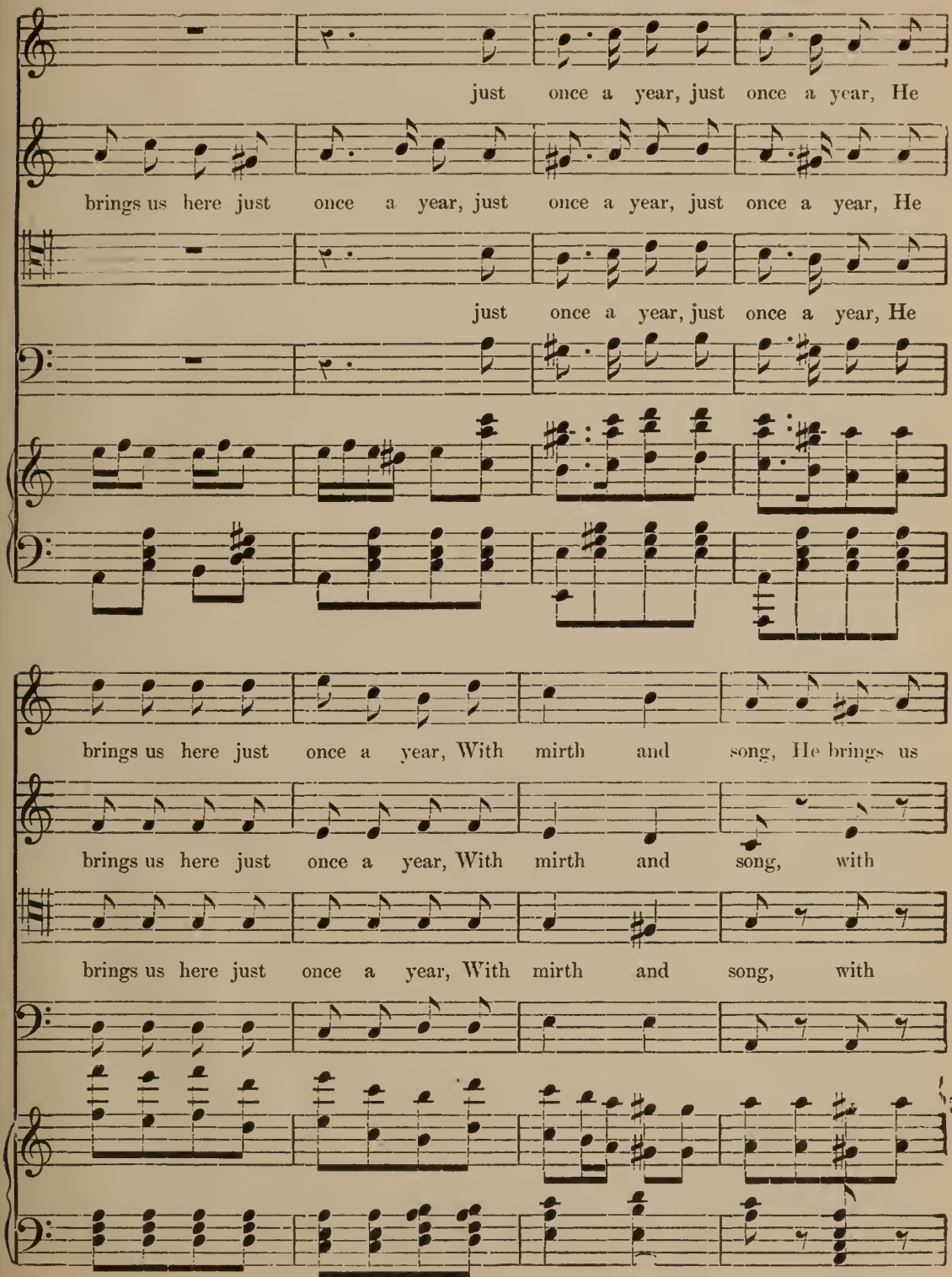
Second division.

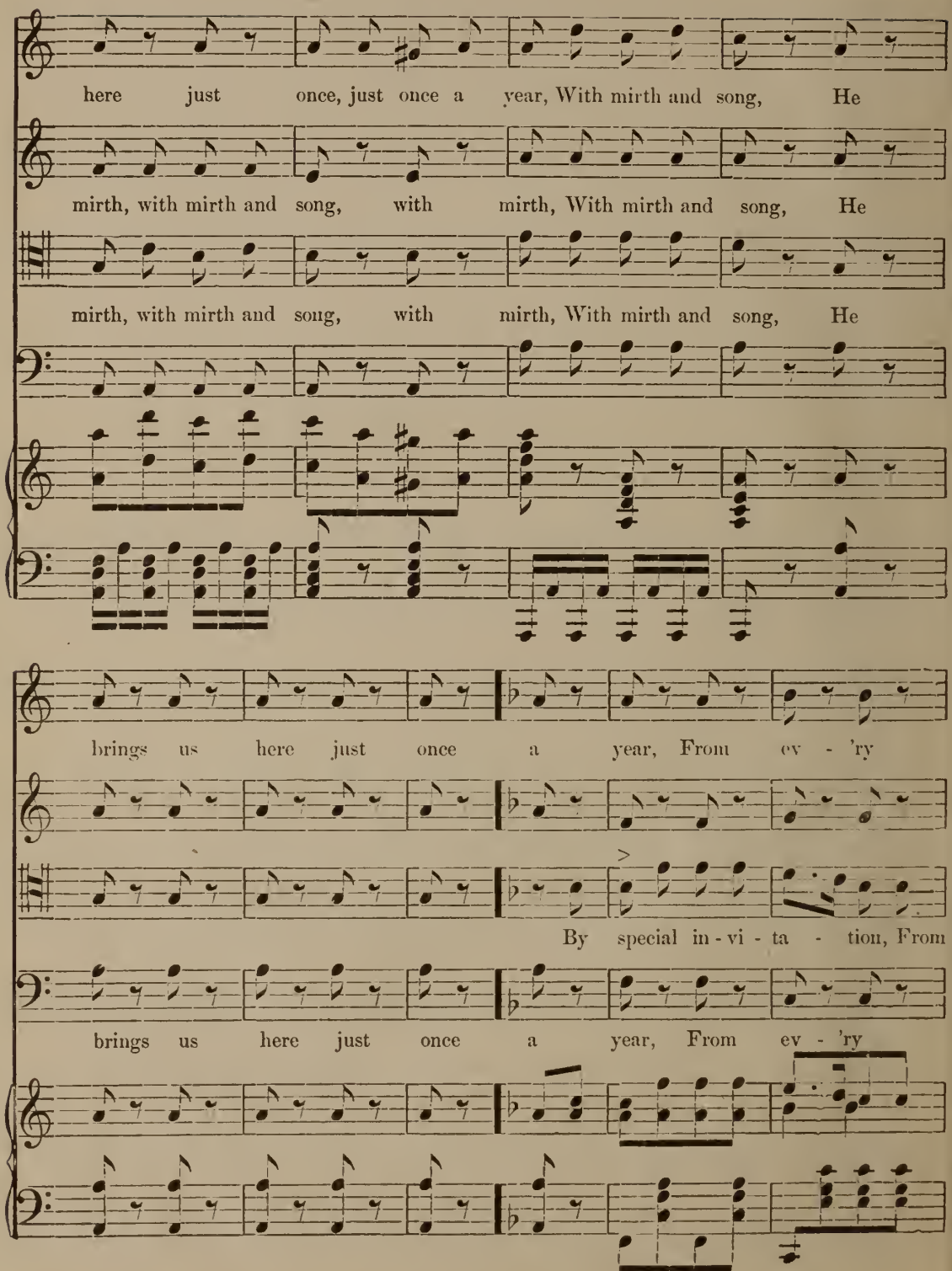


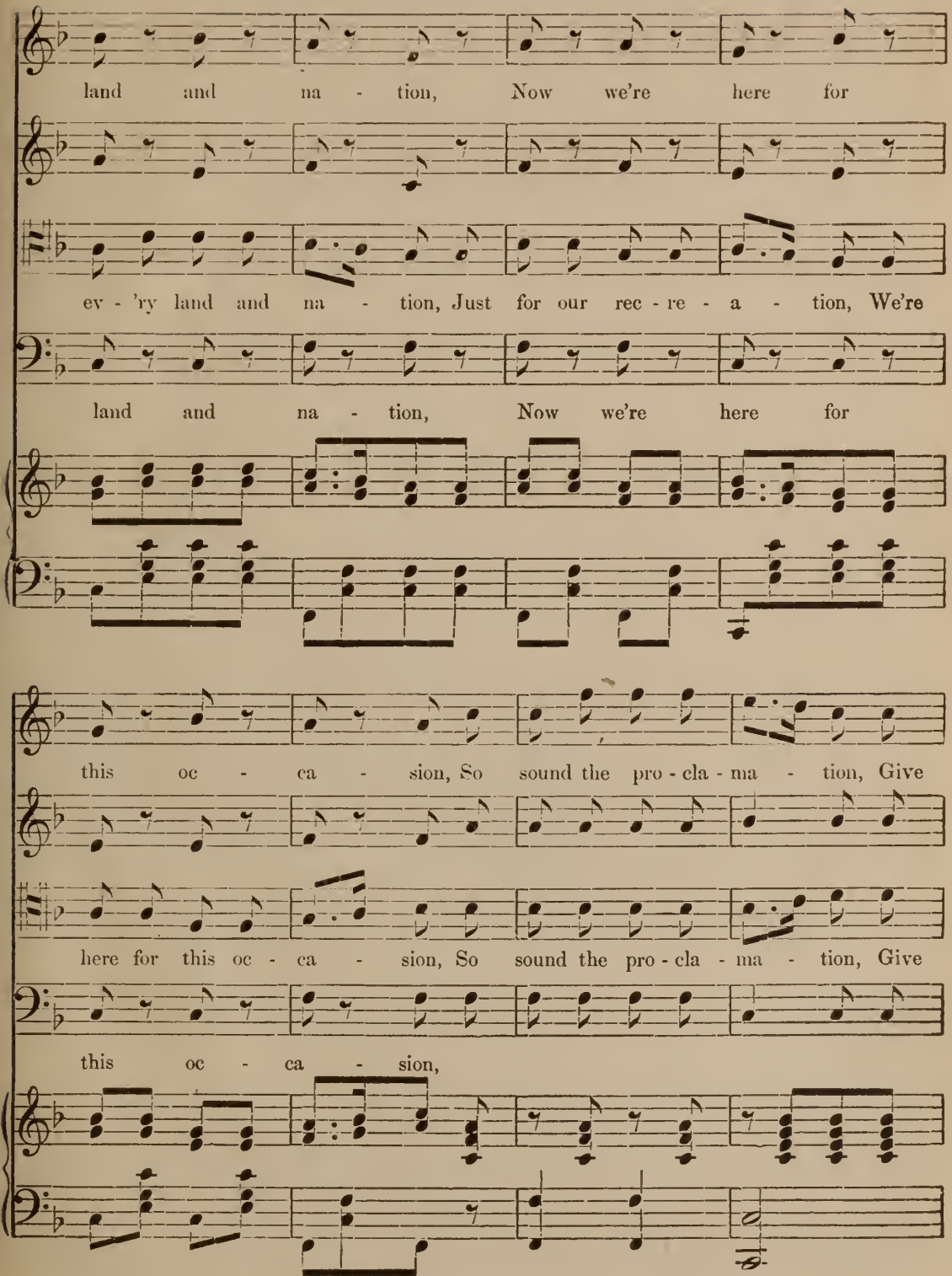

First division.
Second
mer-chant and the beg - gar, The priest and pret - ty col - um - bine; The
division.
All.
brig-and and the sol - dier, Each tries the oth - er to out - shine.
Tenors in Chorus.
Give mer - ry sal - u - ta - tion To each in his vo - ca - tion, And
make this ex - pla - na - tion, That 'tis for rec - re - a - tion.

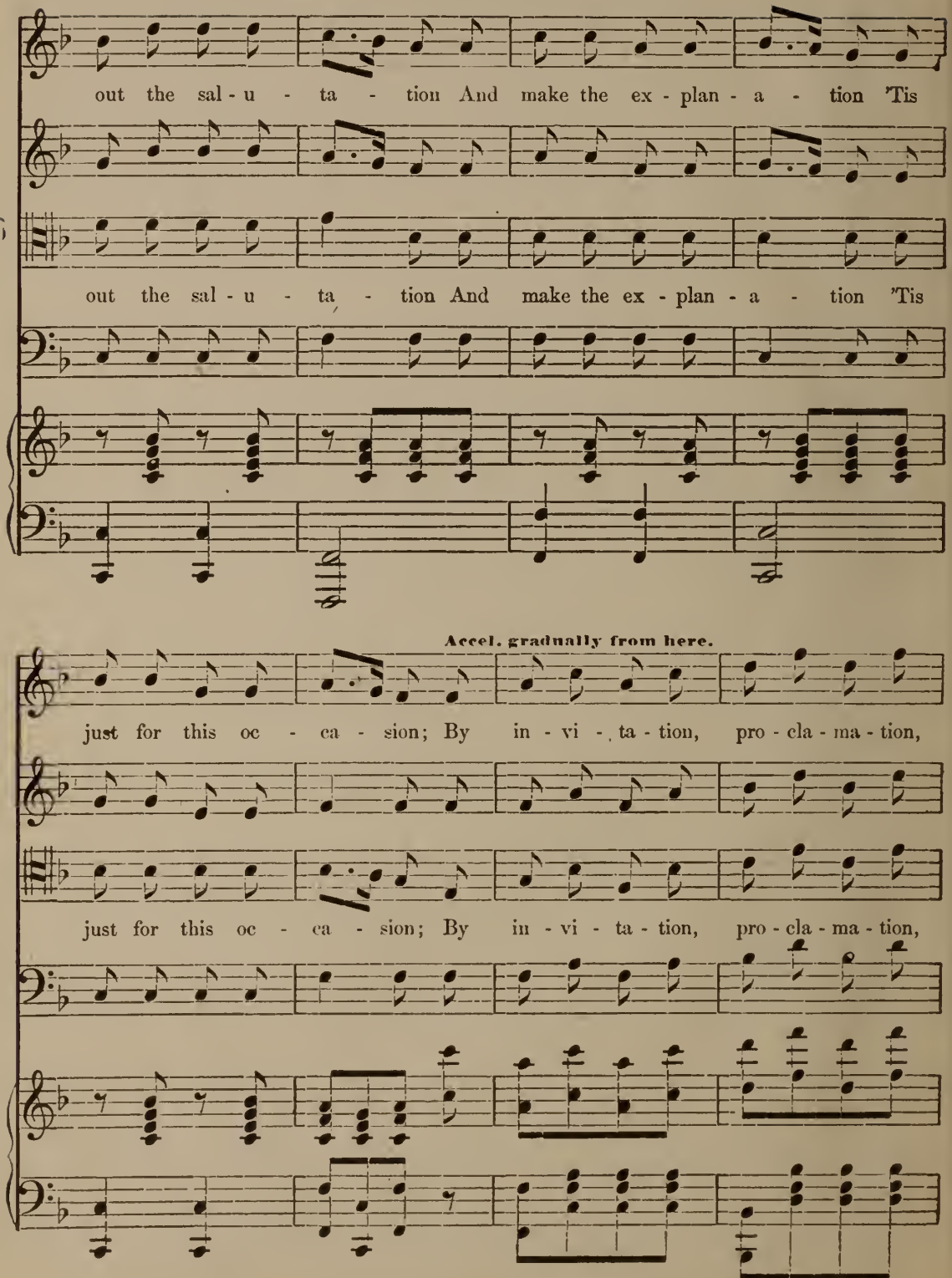

CHORUS.
Yes, yes, this dem - on - stra - tion And mot - ley con - vo - ca - tion, With
Yes, yes, this dem - on - stra - tion, And mot - ley con - vo - ca - tion, With
all its os - ten - ta - tion, Is just for rec - re - a - tion.
all its os - ten - ta - tion, Is just for rec - re - a - tion.

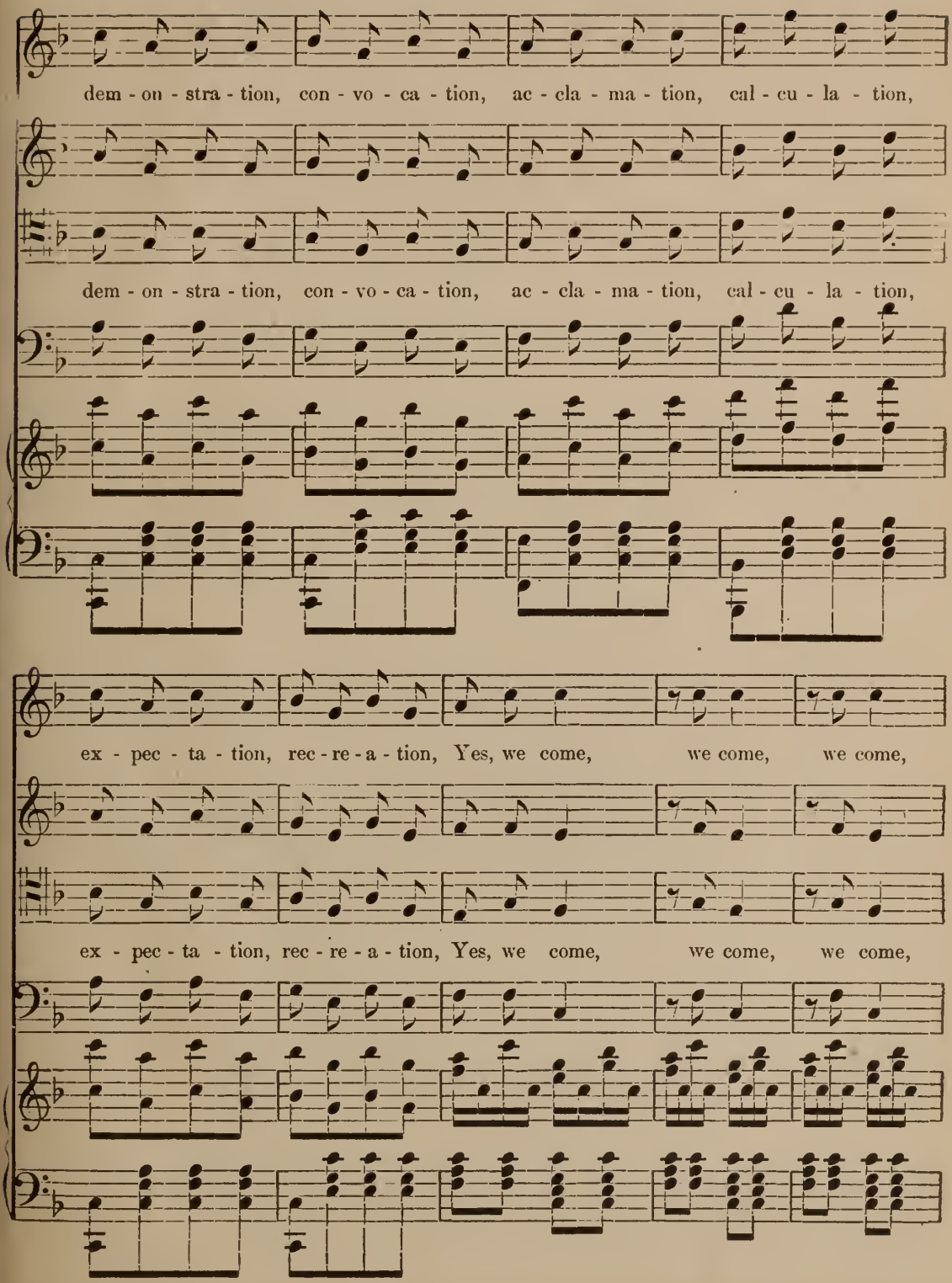

keeps turn - ing on, keeps turn-ing on,
What tho' old Time keeps turn-ing on, keeps turn - ing on, keeps turn-ing on,
keeps turn-ing on, keeps turn-ing on, What
His wheel, with vis - age long?
His wheel, with vis - age long? He
tho' old Time keeps turn - ing on His wheel, with vis - age long?

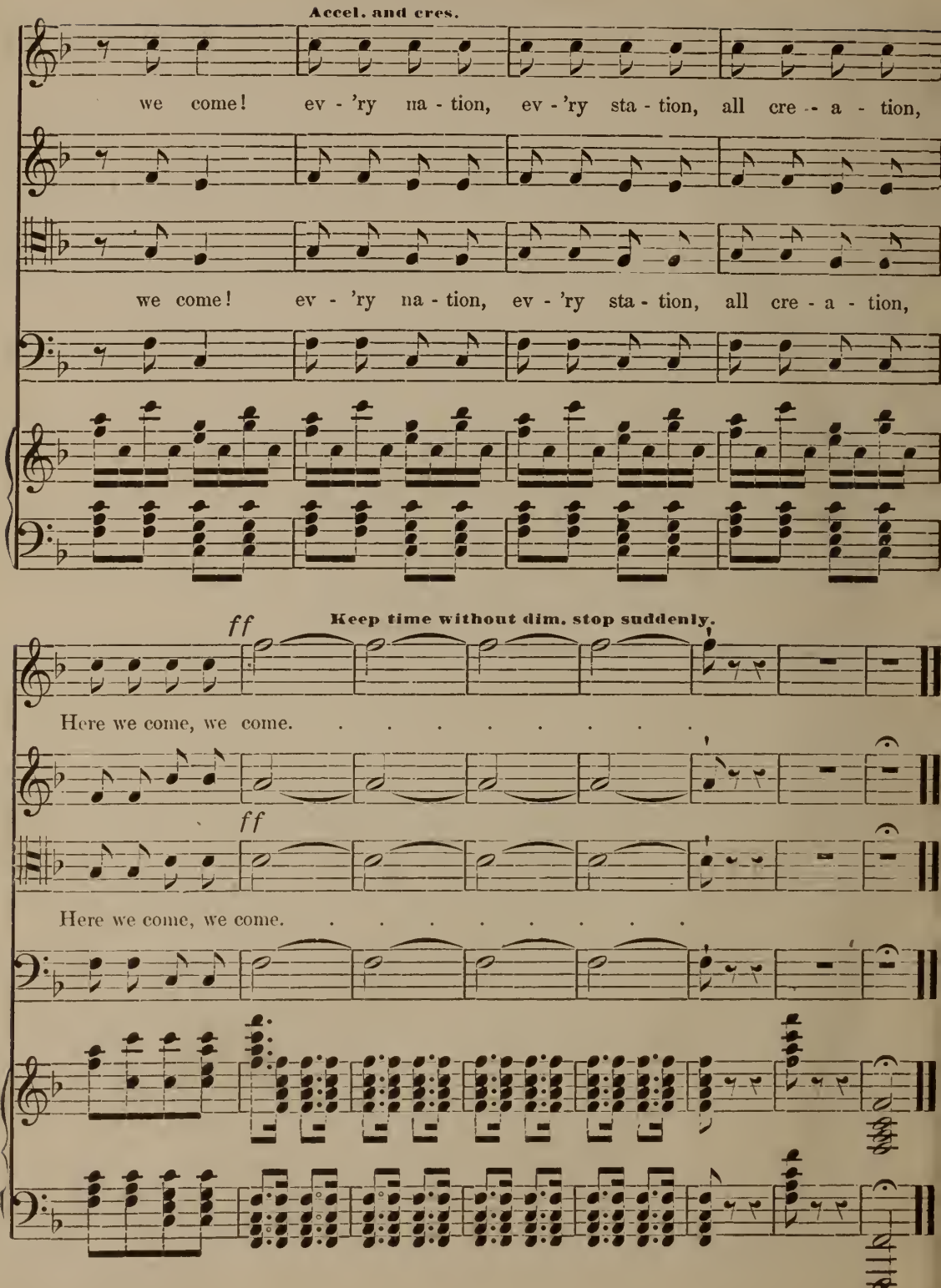

just once a year, just once a year, He
brings us here just once a year, just once a year, just once a year, He
just once a year, just once a year, He
brings us here just once a year, With mirth and song, He brings us
brings us here just once a year, With mirth and song, with
brings us here just once a year, With mirth and song, with


here just once, just once a year, With mirth and song, He
mirth, with mirth and song, with mirth, With mirth and song, He
mirth, with mirth and song, with mirth, With mirth and song, He
brings us here just once a year, From ev - 'ry
By special in - vi - ta - tion, From
brings us here just once a year, From ev - 'ry


land and na - tion, Now we're here for
ev - 'ry land and na - tion, Just for our rec - re - a - tion, We're
land and na - tion, Now we're here for
this oc - ca - sion, So sound the pro - cla - ma - tion, Give
here for this oc - ca - sion, So sound the pro - cla - ma - tion, Give
this oc - ca - sion,

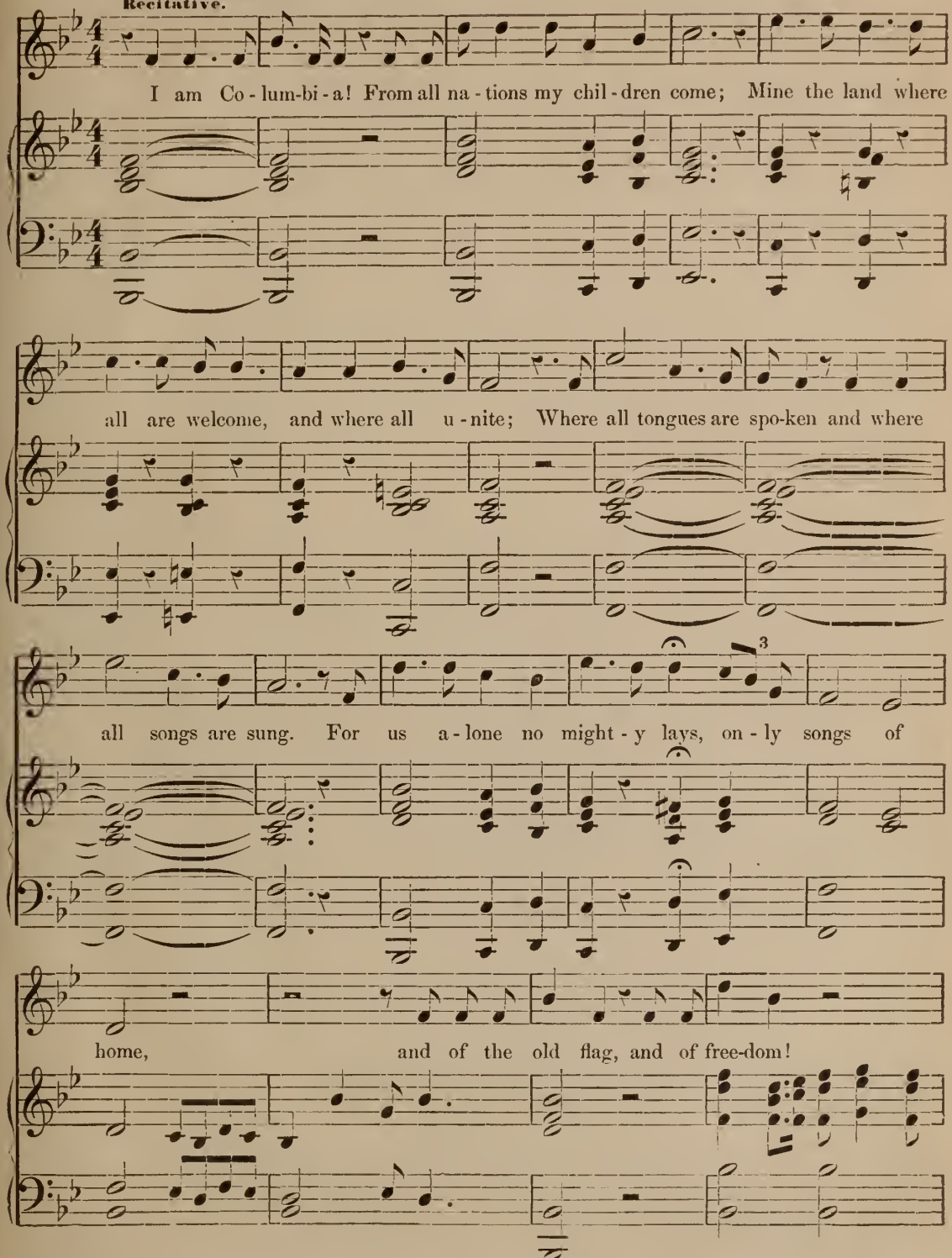

out the sal - u - ta - tion And make the ex - plan - a - tion 'Tis
out the sal - u - ta - tion And make the ex - plan - a - tion 'Tis
Accel. gradually from here.
just for this oc - ca - sion; By in - vi - ta - tion, pro - cla - ma - tion,
just for this oc - ca - sion; By in - vi - ta - tion, pro - cla - ma - tion,

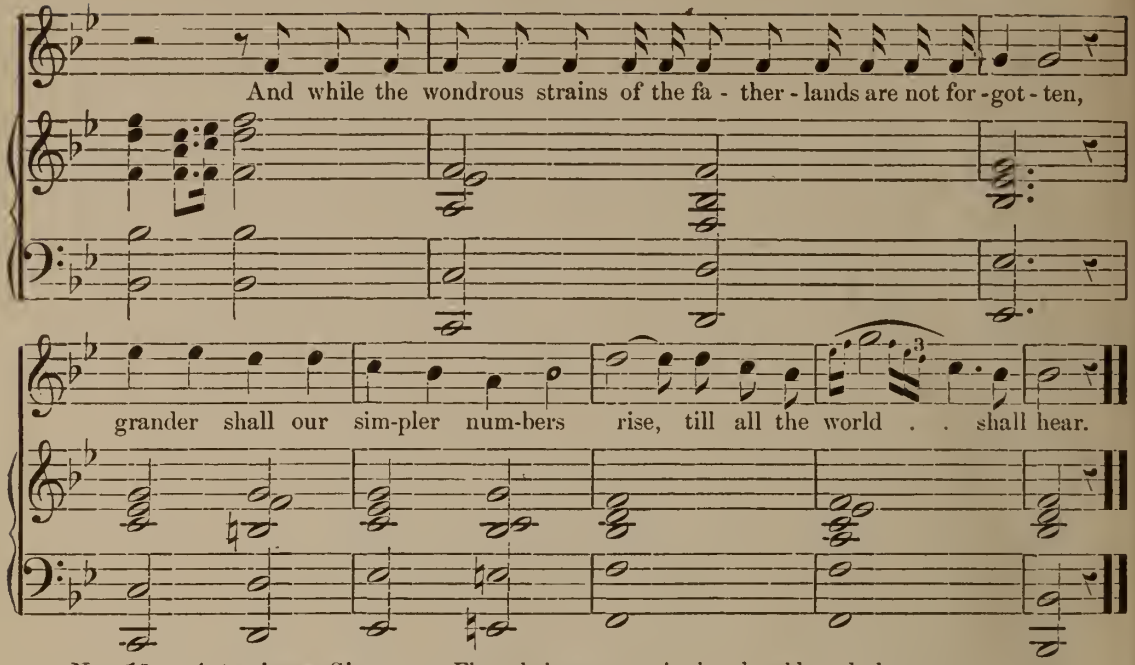

dem - on - stra - tion, con - vo - ca - tion, ac - cla - ma - tion, cal - cu - la - tion,
dem - on - stra - tion, con - vo - ca - tion, ac - cla - ma - tion, cal - cu - la - tion,
ex - pec - ta - tion, rec - re - a - tion, Yes, we come, we come, we come,
ex - pec - ta - tion, rec - re - a - tion, Yes, we come, we come, we come,


Accel. and cres.
we come! ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry sta - tion, all cre - a - tion,
we come! ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry sta - tion, all cre - a - tion,
ff
Keep time without dim. stop suddenly.
Here we come, we come.
ff
Here we come, we come.

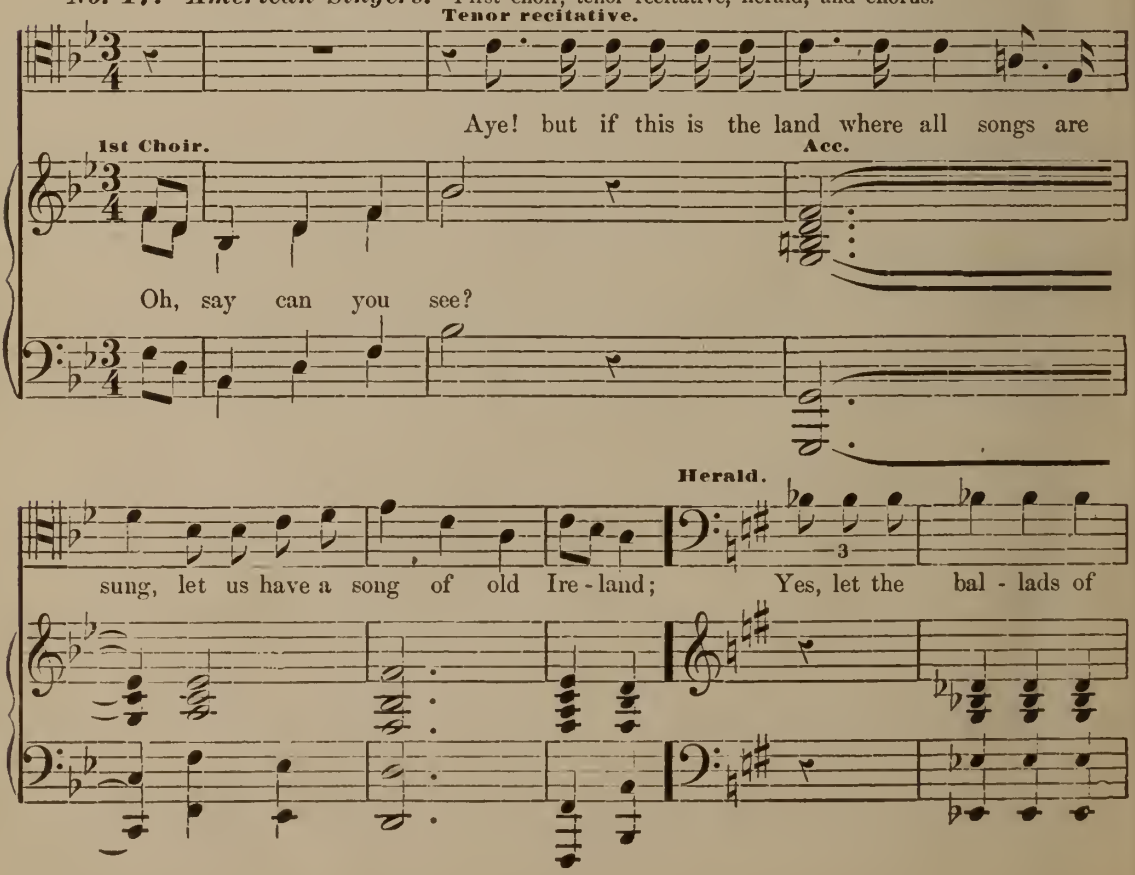
No. 16. Columbia. (Solo.)

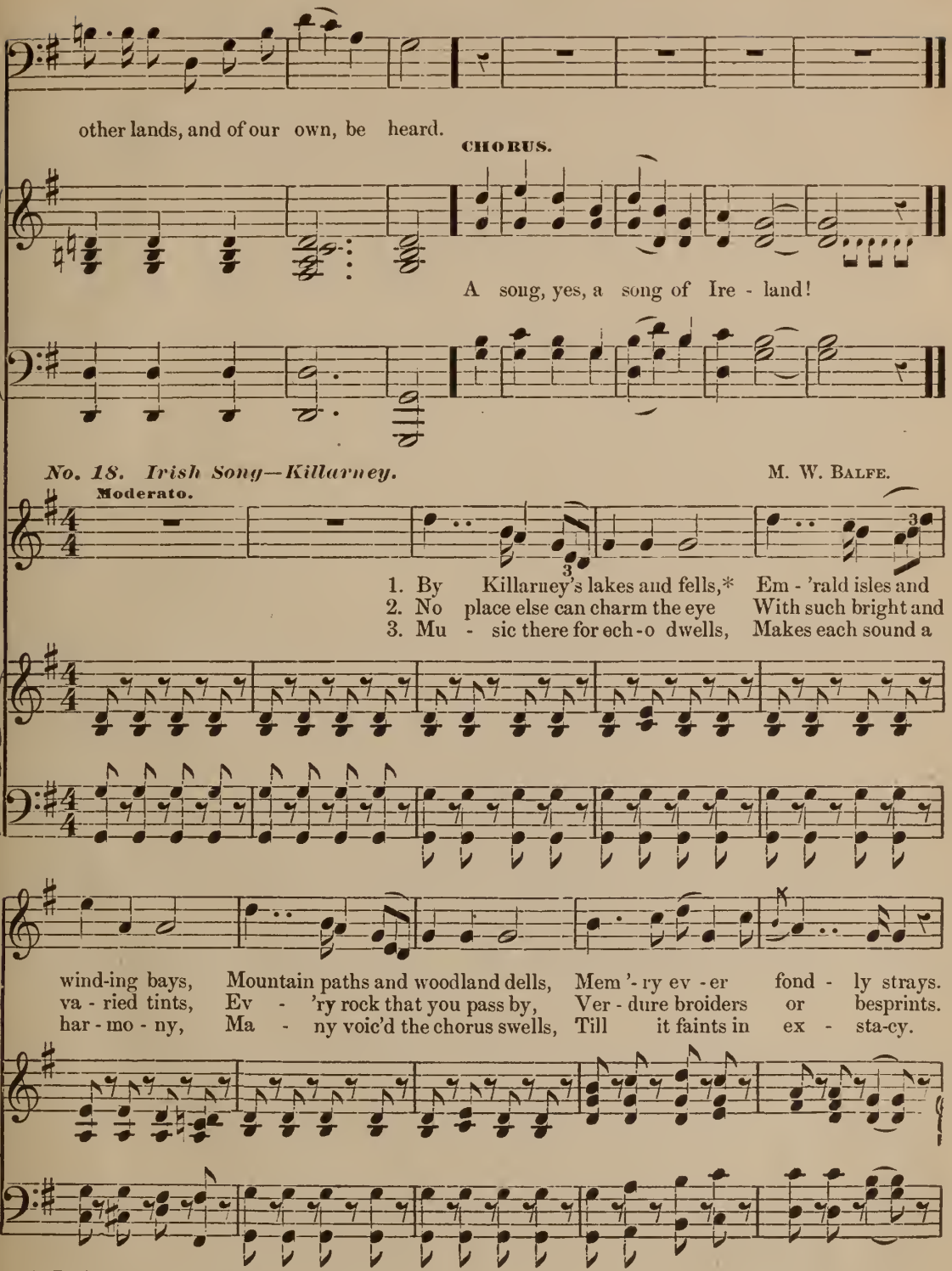
Recitative.





No. 17. American Singers. First choir, tenor recitative, herald, and chorus.





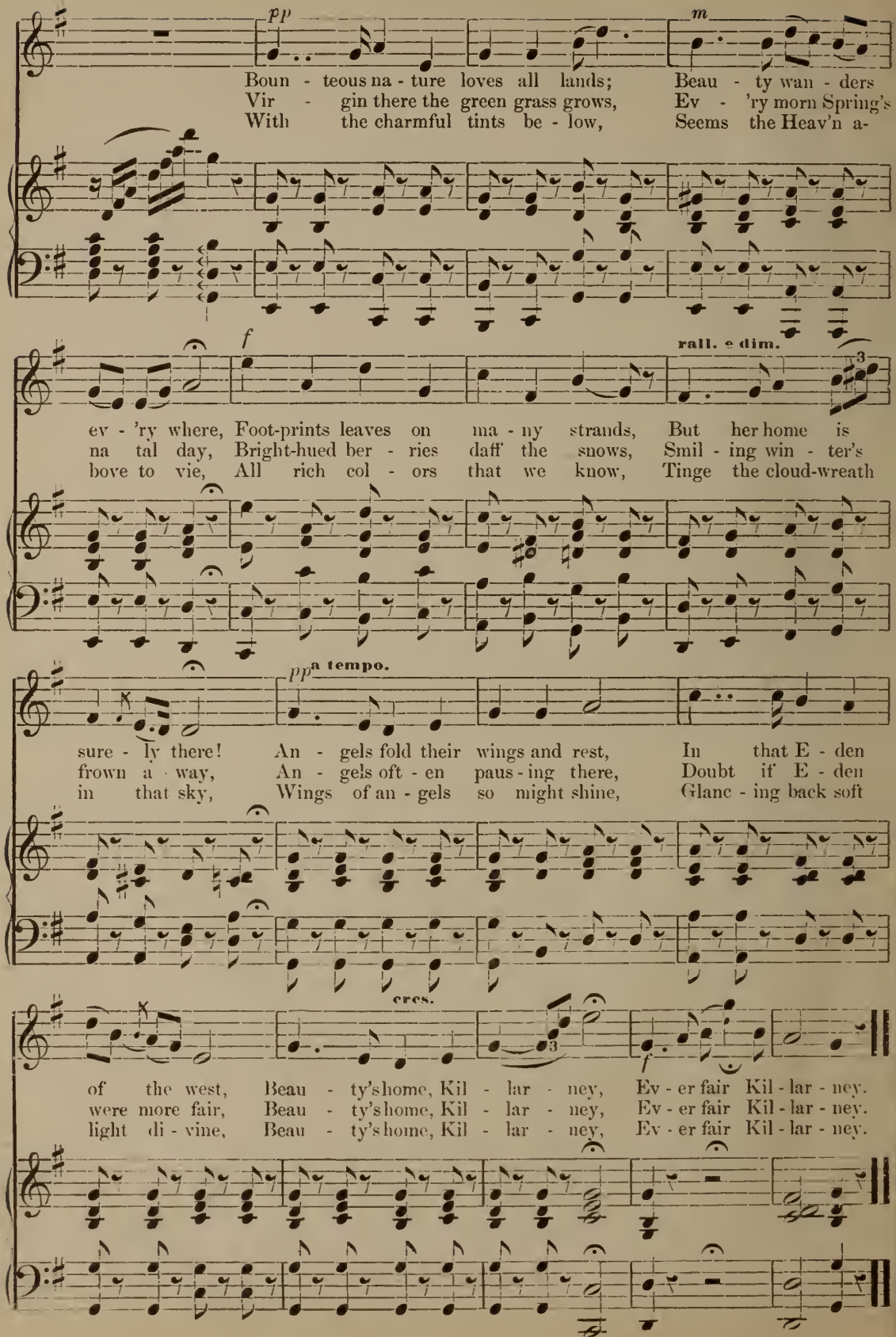
No. 18. Irish Song—Killarney. M. W. BALFE.

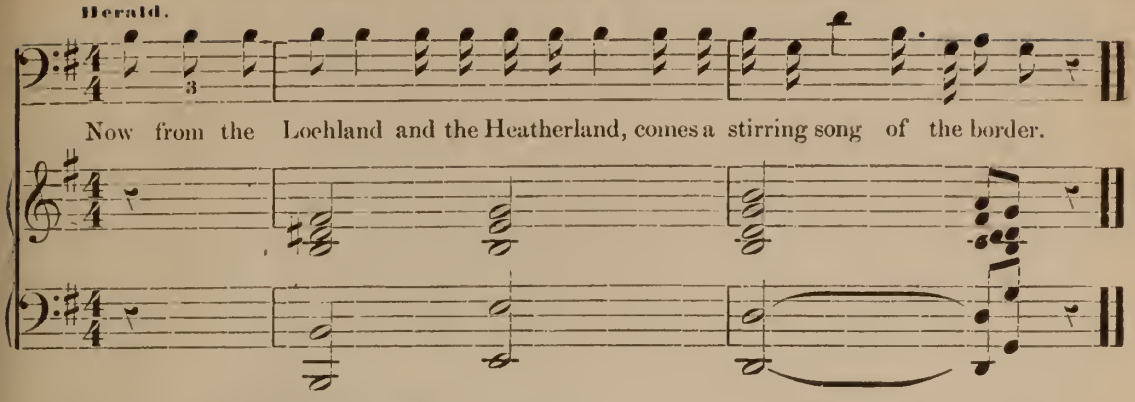
Moderato.

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells,* Em - 'rald isles and
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
3. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a

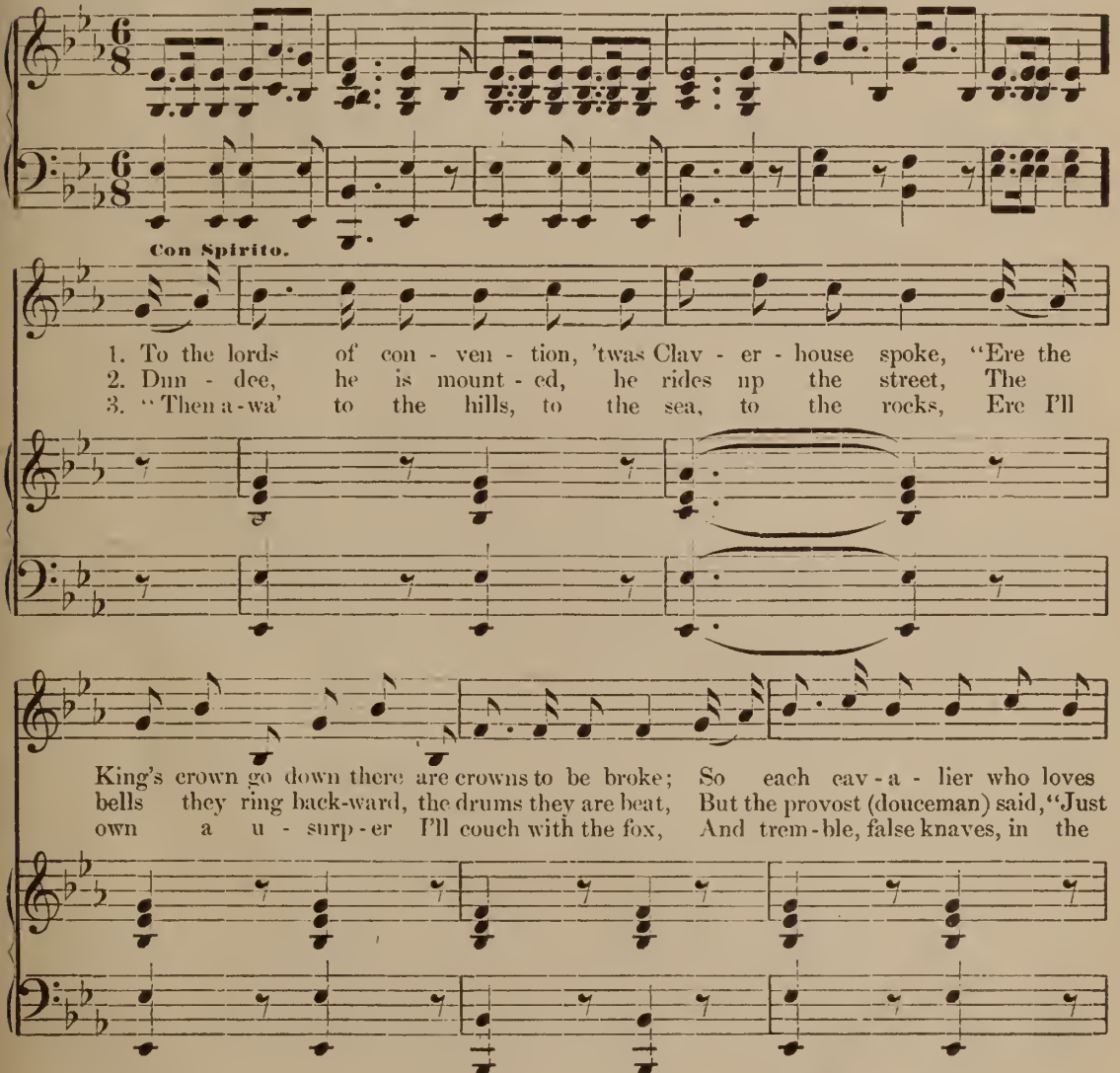
wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem '- ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver - dure broiders or besprints.
har - mo - ny, Ma - ny voic'd the chorus swells, Till it faints in ex - sta-cy.

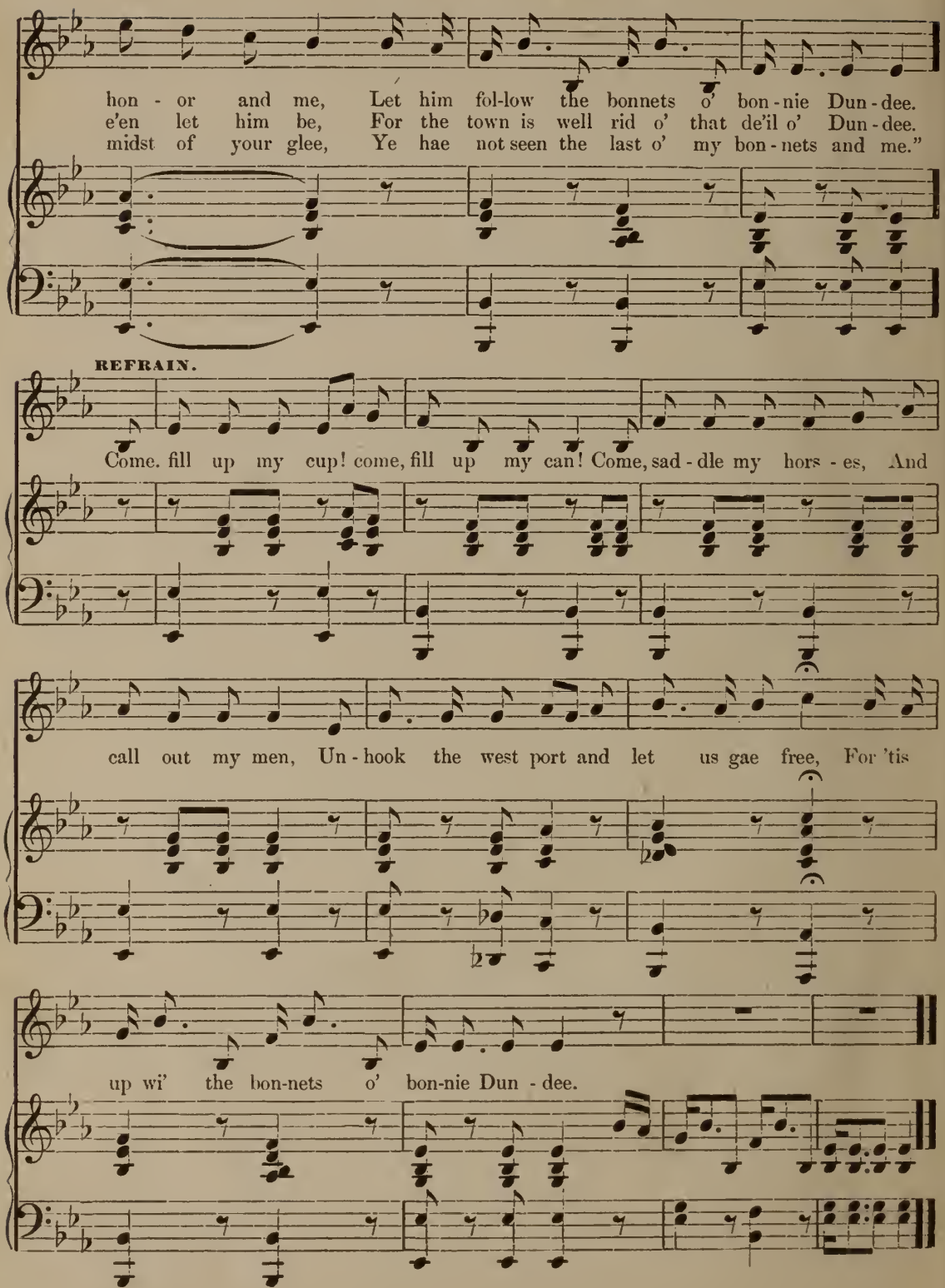
*"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell."


pp
m
Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands; Beau - ty wan - ders
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's
With the charmful tints be - low, Seems the Heav'n a-
f
rall. e dim.
ev - 'ry where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is
na tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's
bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreath
pp a tempo.
sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
frown a - way, An - gels oft - en paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den
in that sky, Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft
cres.
f
of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
light di - vine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

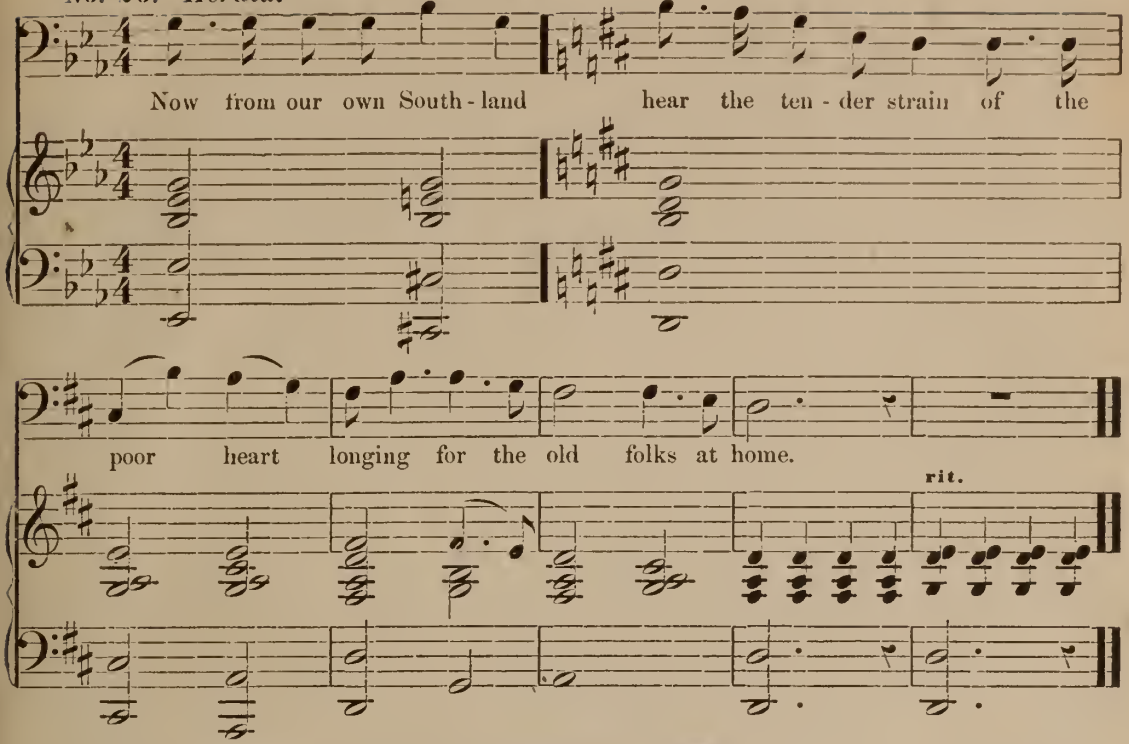


No. 19. Scotch Song—Bonnie Dundee. Words by Sir W. Scott.




hon - or and me, Let him fol-low the bonnets o' bon - nie Dun - dee.
e'en let him be, For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee.
midst of your glee, Ye hae not seen the last o' my bon - nets and me."
REFRAIN.
Come. fill up my cup! come, fill up my can! Come, sad - dle my hors - es, And
call out my men, Un - hook the west port and let us gae free, For 'tis
up wi' the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dun - dee.

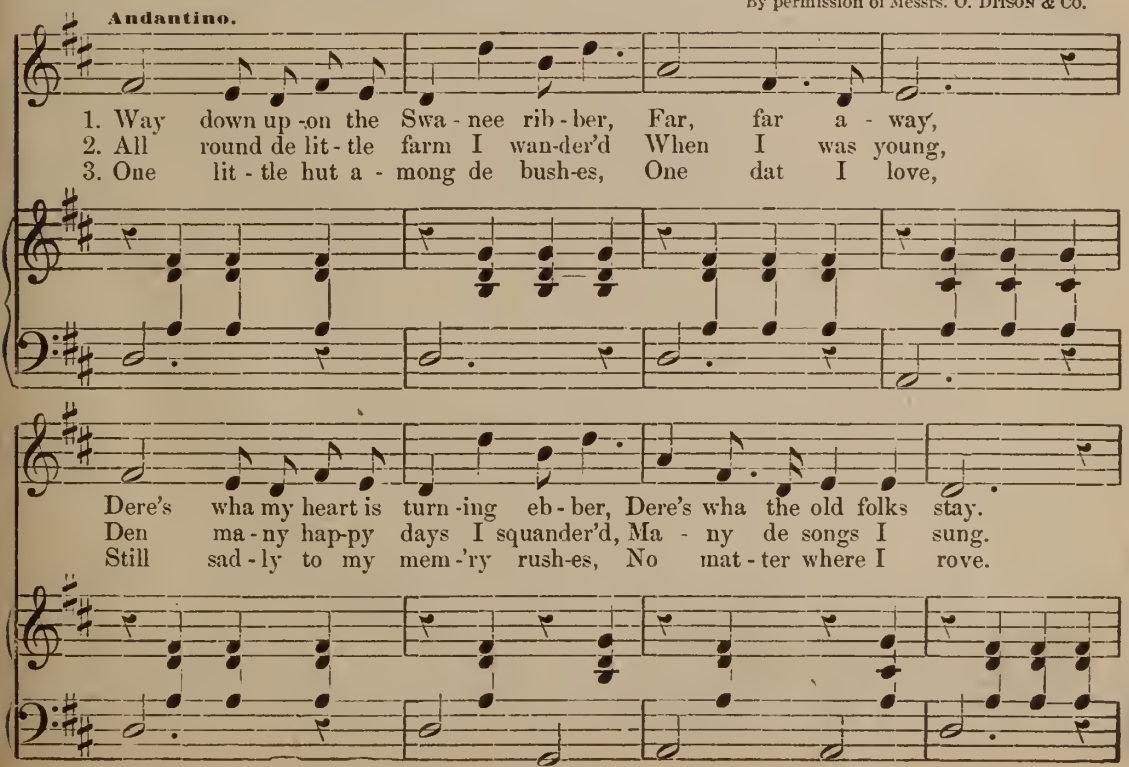
No. 20. Herald.

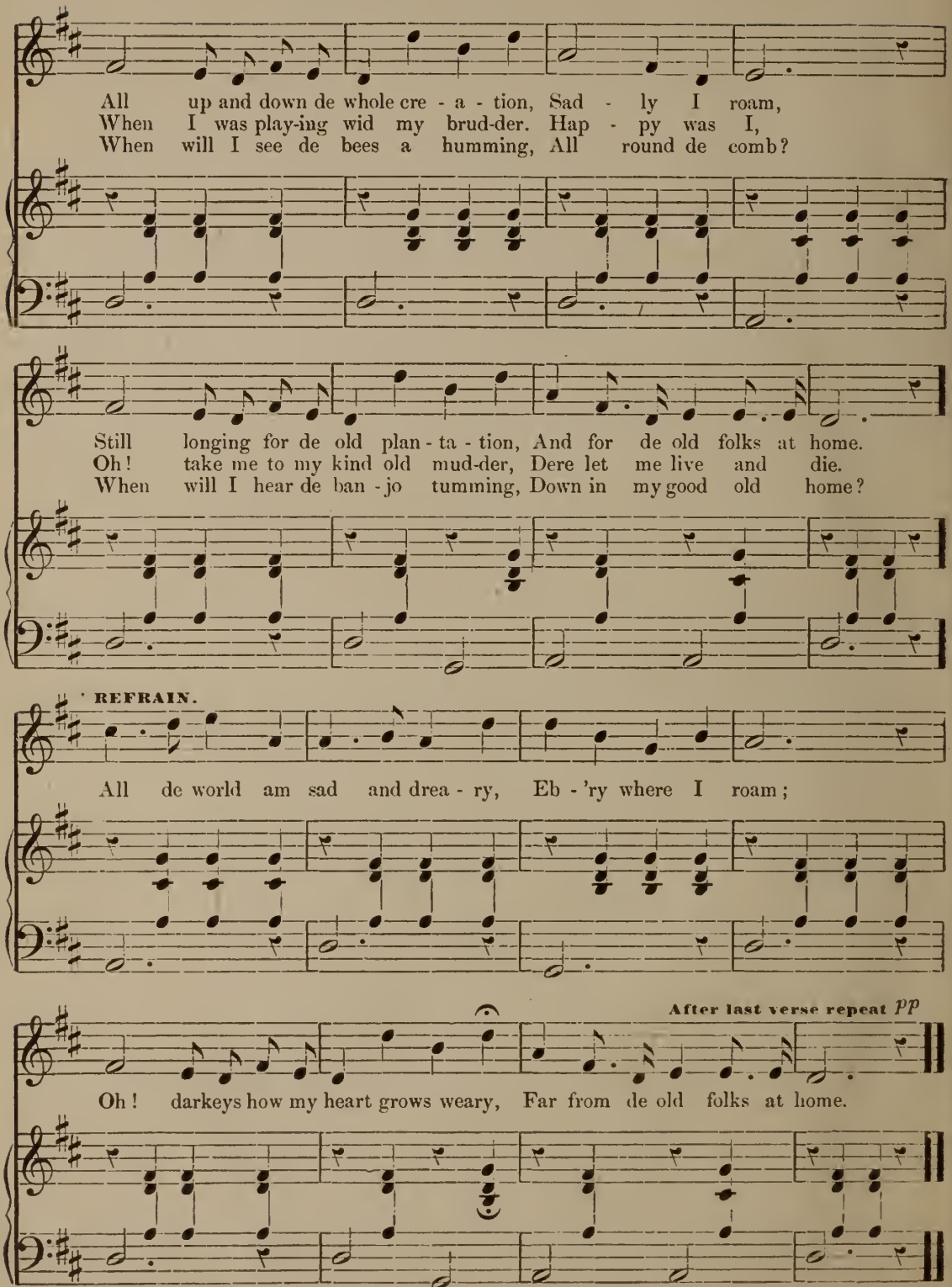


OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

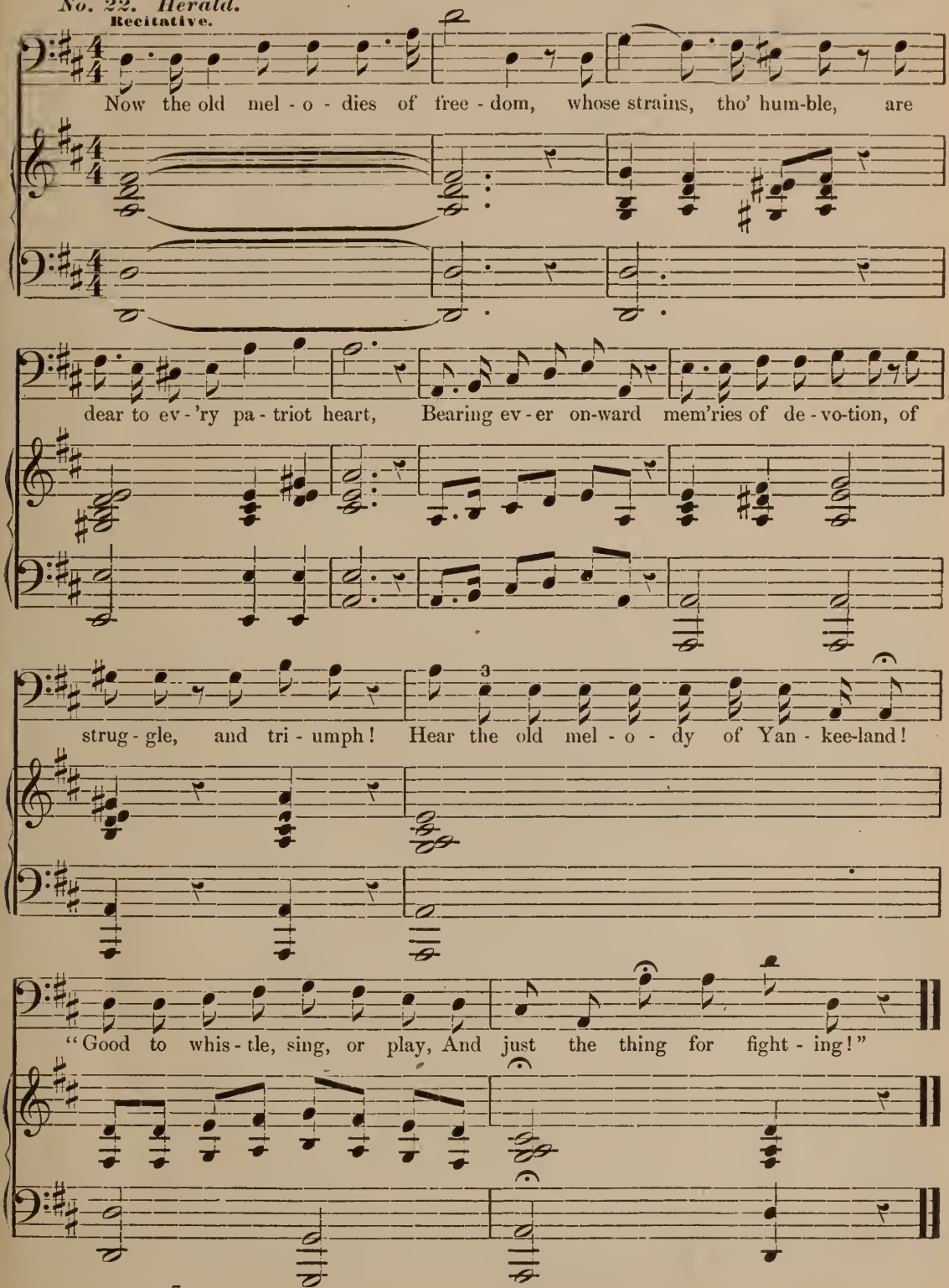
No. 21. American Southern Song.

S. C. Foster.
By permission of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co.

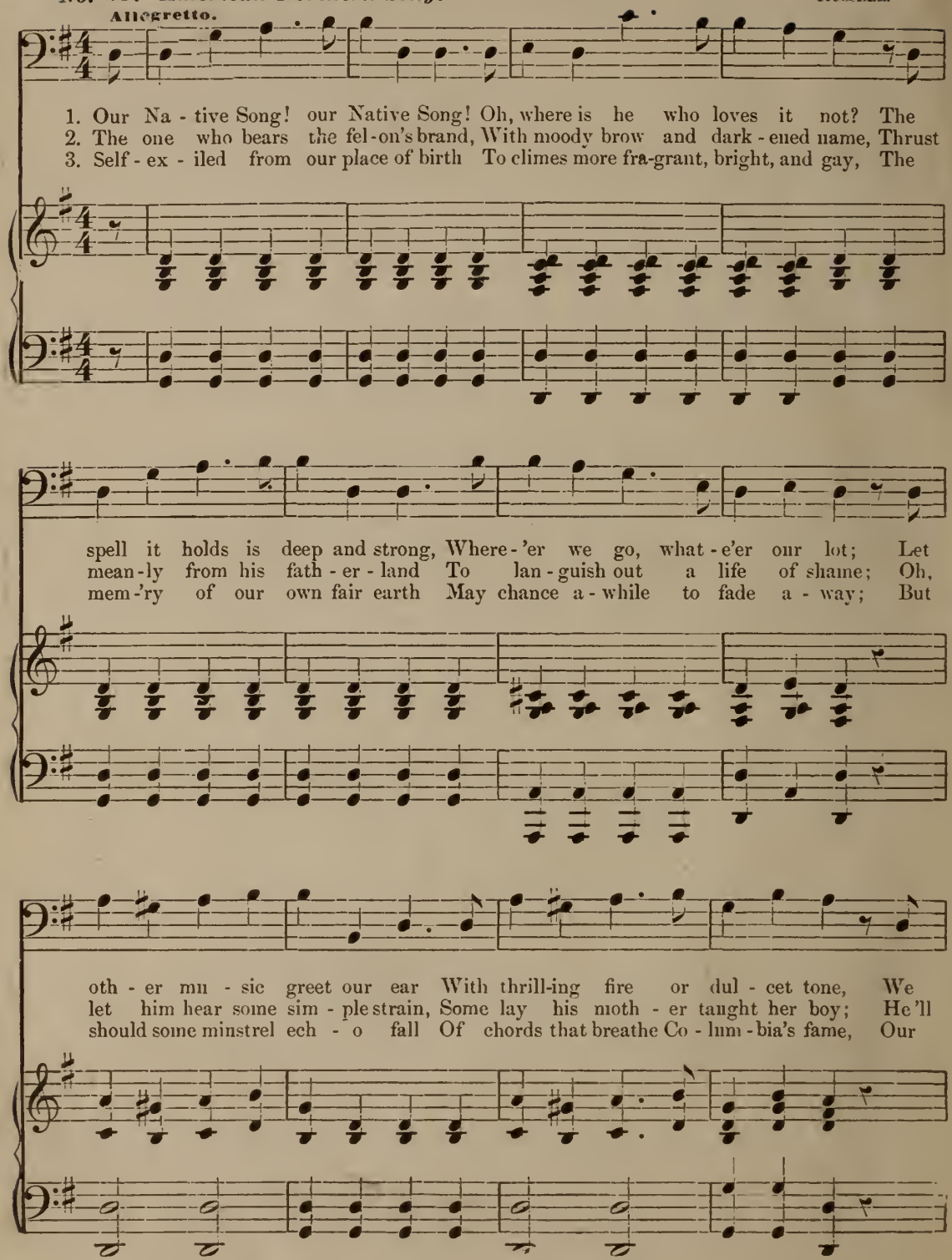


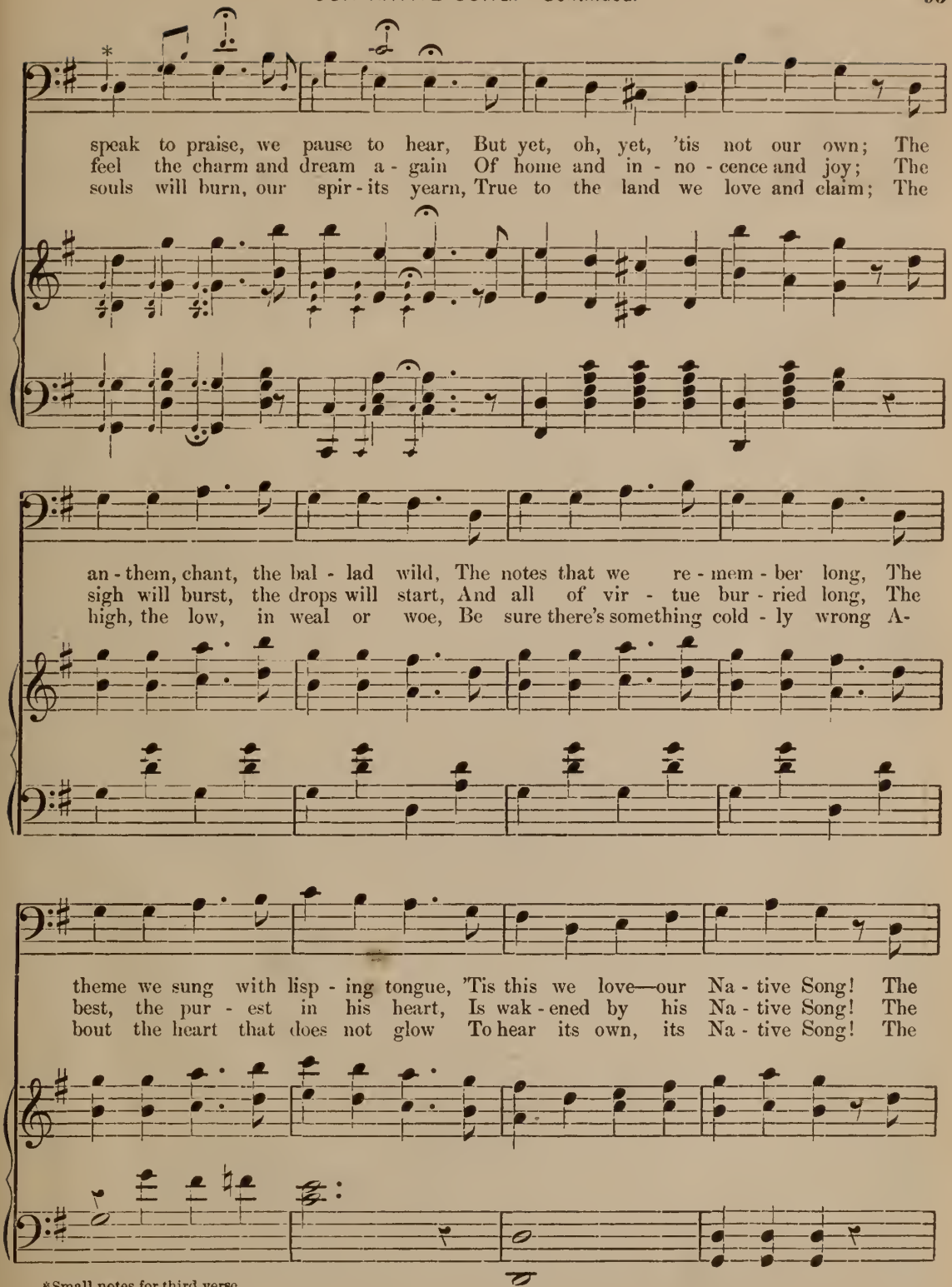

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der. Hap - py was I,
When will I see de bees a humming, All round de comb?
Still longing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?
REFRAIN.
All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - 'ry where I roam;
After last verse repeat pp
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

No. 22. Herald.
Recitative.

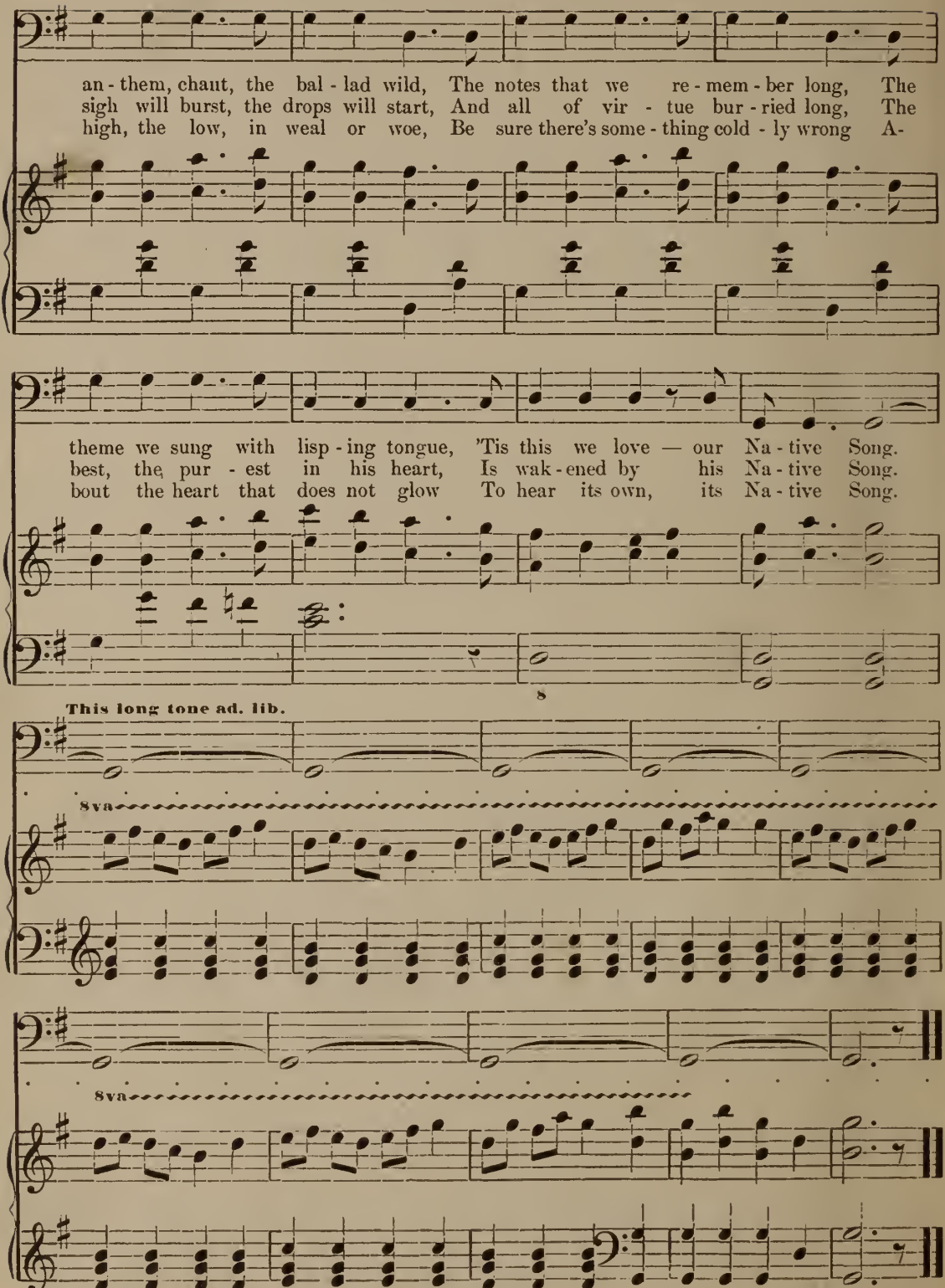


No. 23. American Northern Song. RUSSELL.



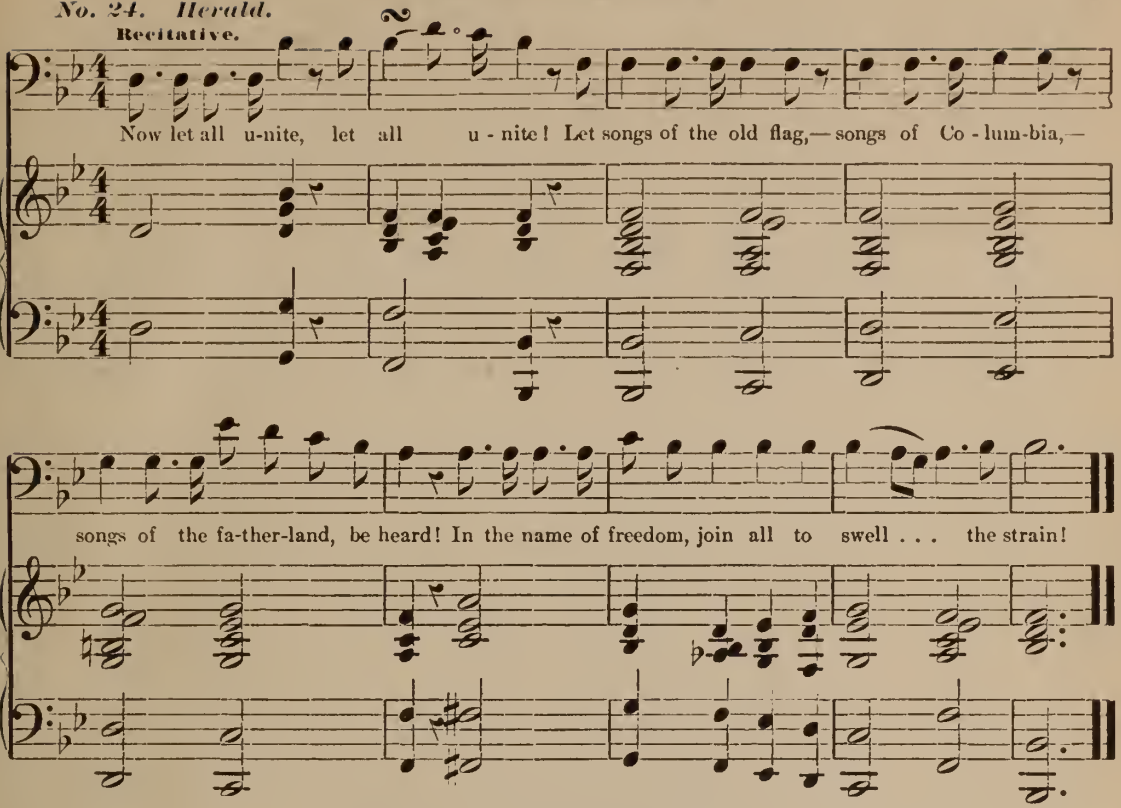


*Small notes for third verse.


an - them, chant, the bal - lad wild, The notes that we re - mem - ber long, The
sigh will burst, the drops will start, And all of vir - tue bur - ried long, The
high, the low, in weal or woe, Be sure there's some - thing cold - ly wrong A-
theme we sung with lisp - ing tongue, 'Tis this we love — our Na - tive Song.
best, the pur - est in his heart, Is wak - ened by his Na - tive Song.
bout the heart that does not glow To hear its own, its Na - tive Song.
8
This long tone ad. lib.
8va
8va

No. 24. Herald.

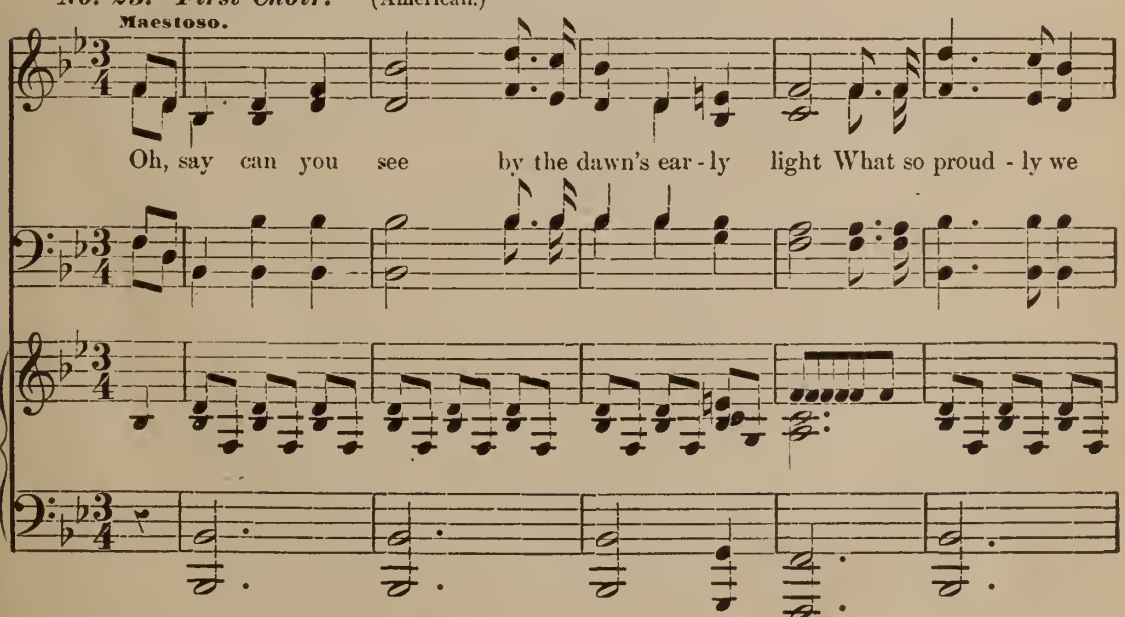
Recitative.

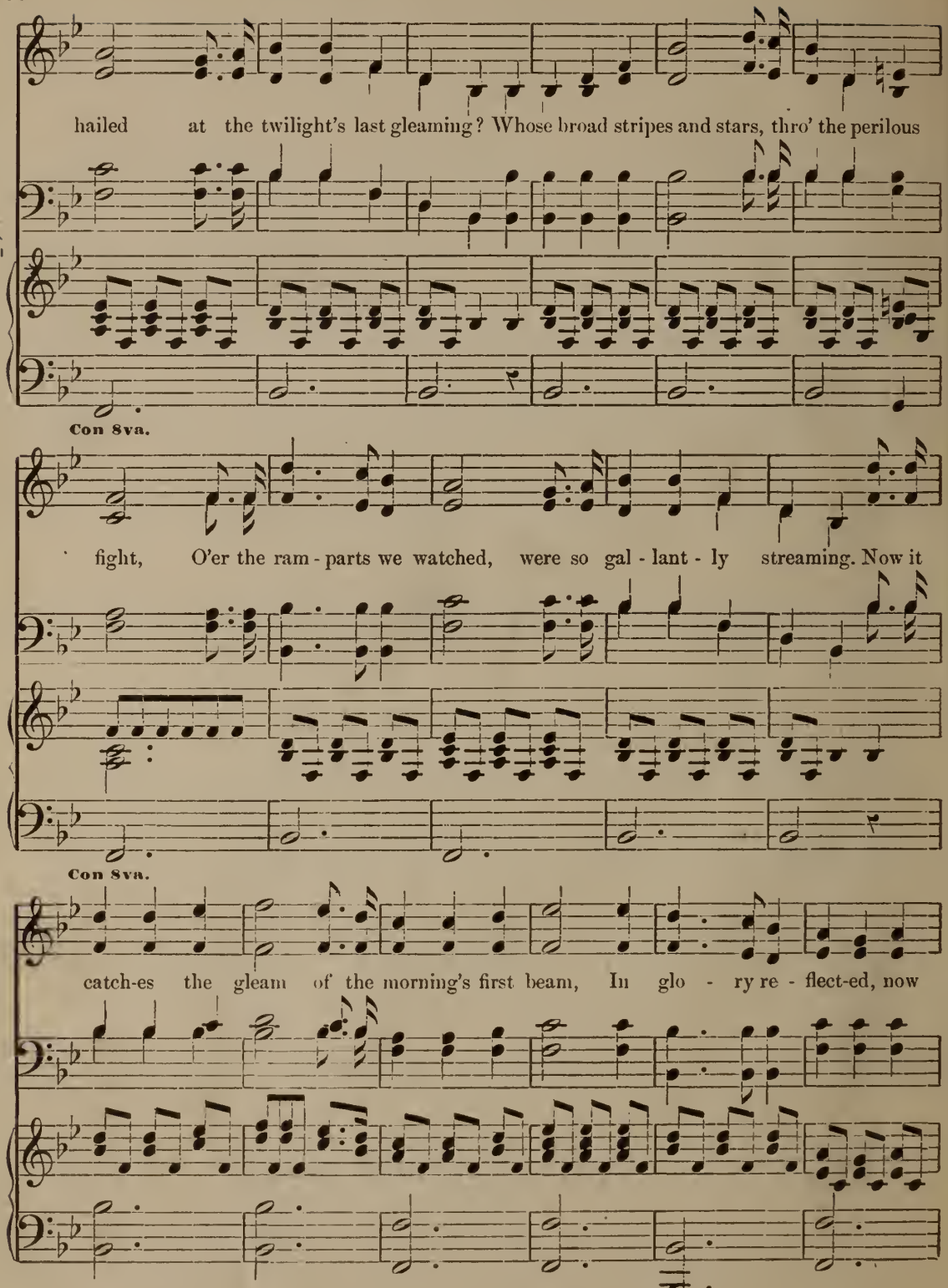


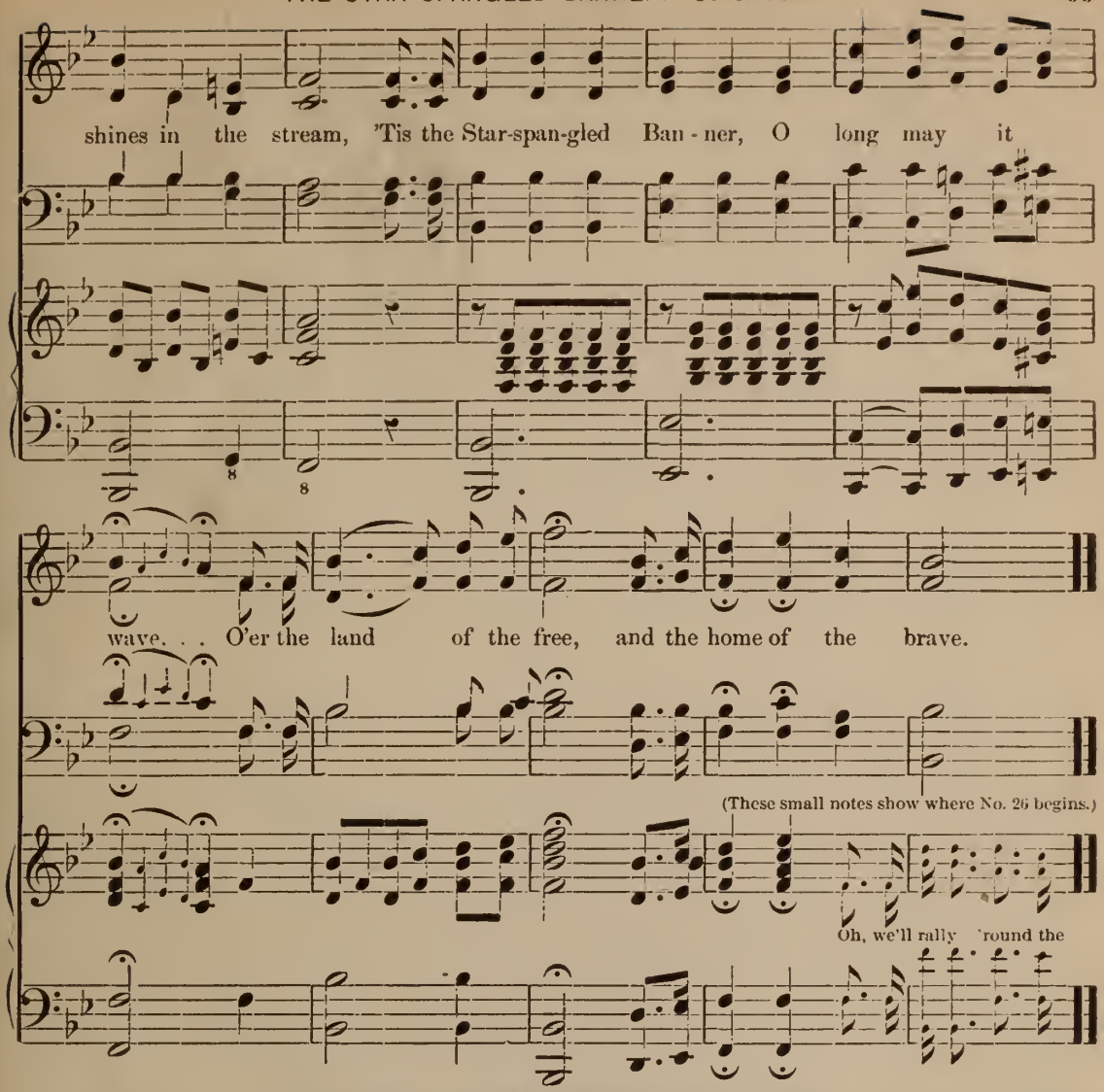
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

No. 25. First Choir. (American.)

Maestoso.



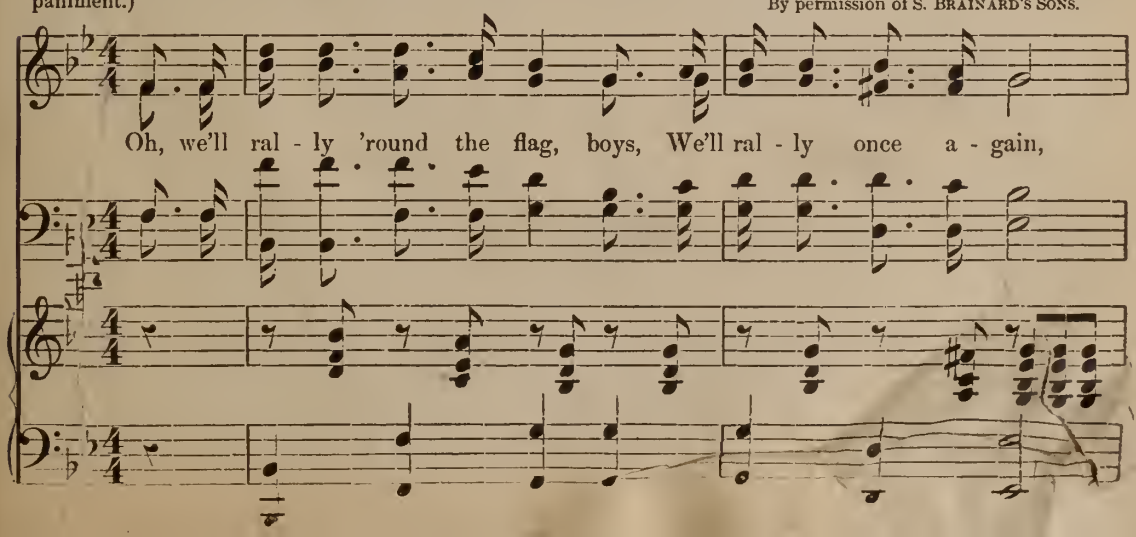

hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and stars, thro' the perilous
Con 8va.
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming. Now it
Con 8va.
catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In glo - ry re - flect-ed, now

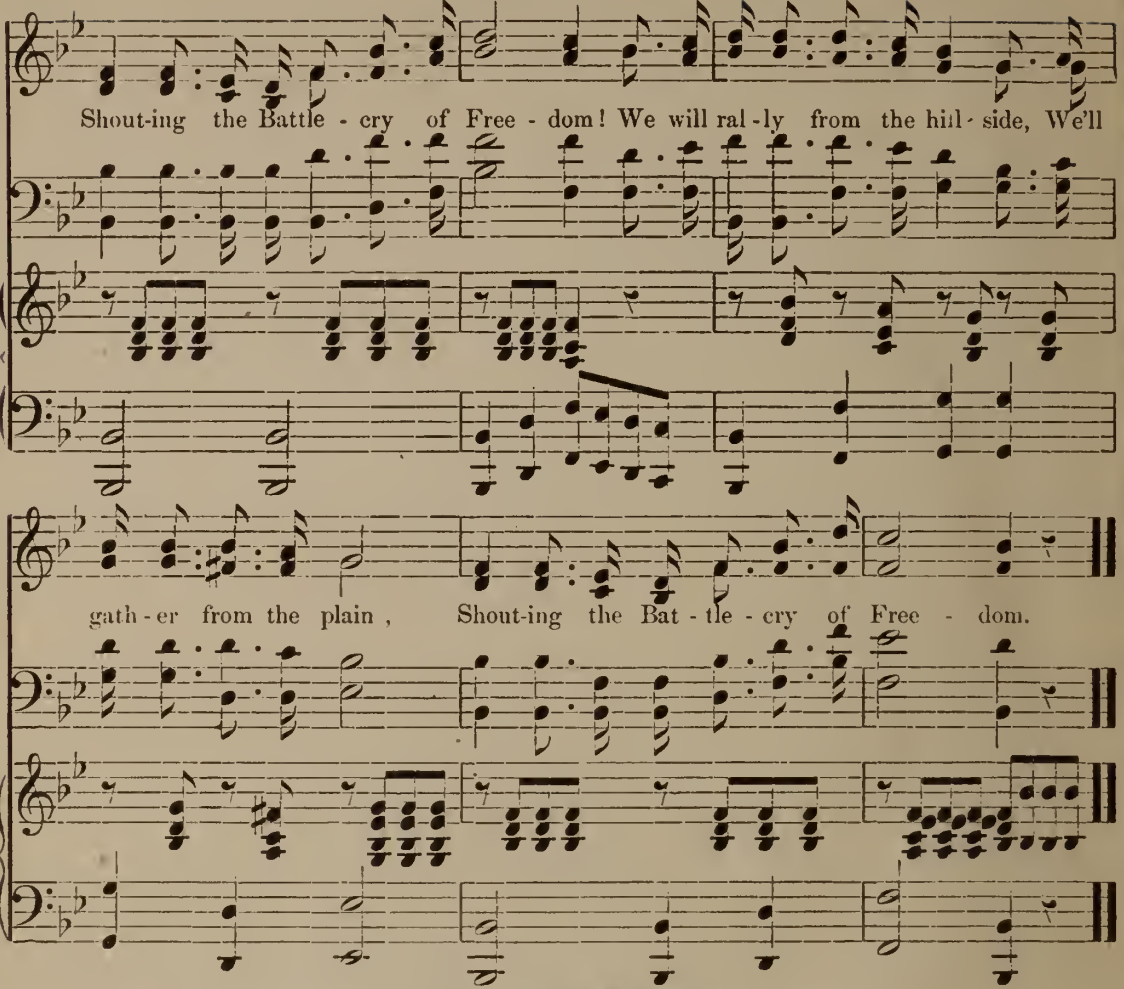


OH, WE'LL RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG.

No. 26. Second Choir. (Begin with last word but one of previous chorus, as indicated in accompaniment.)

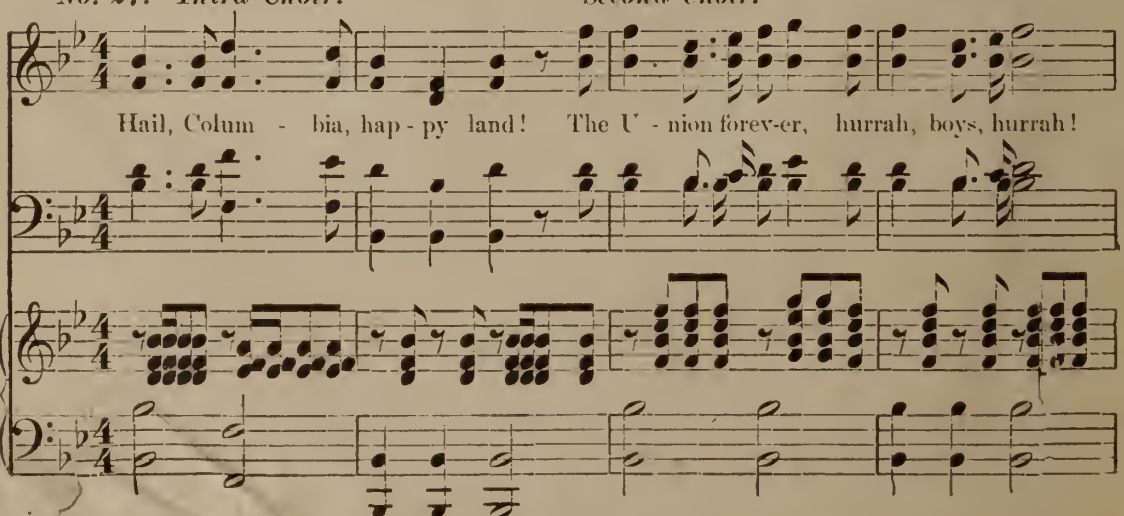
By permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

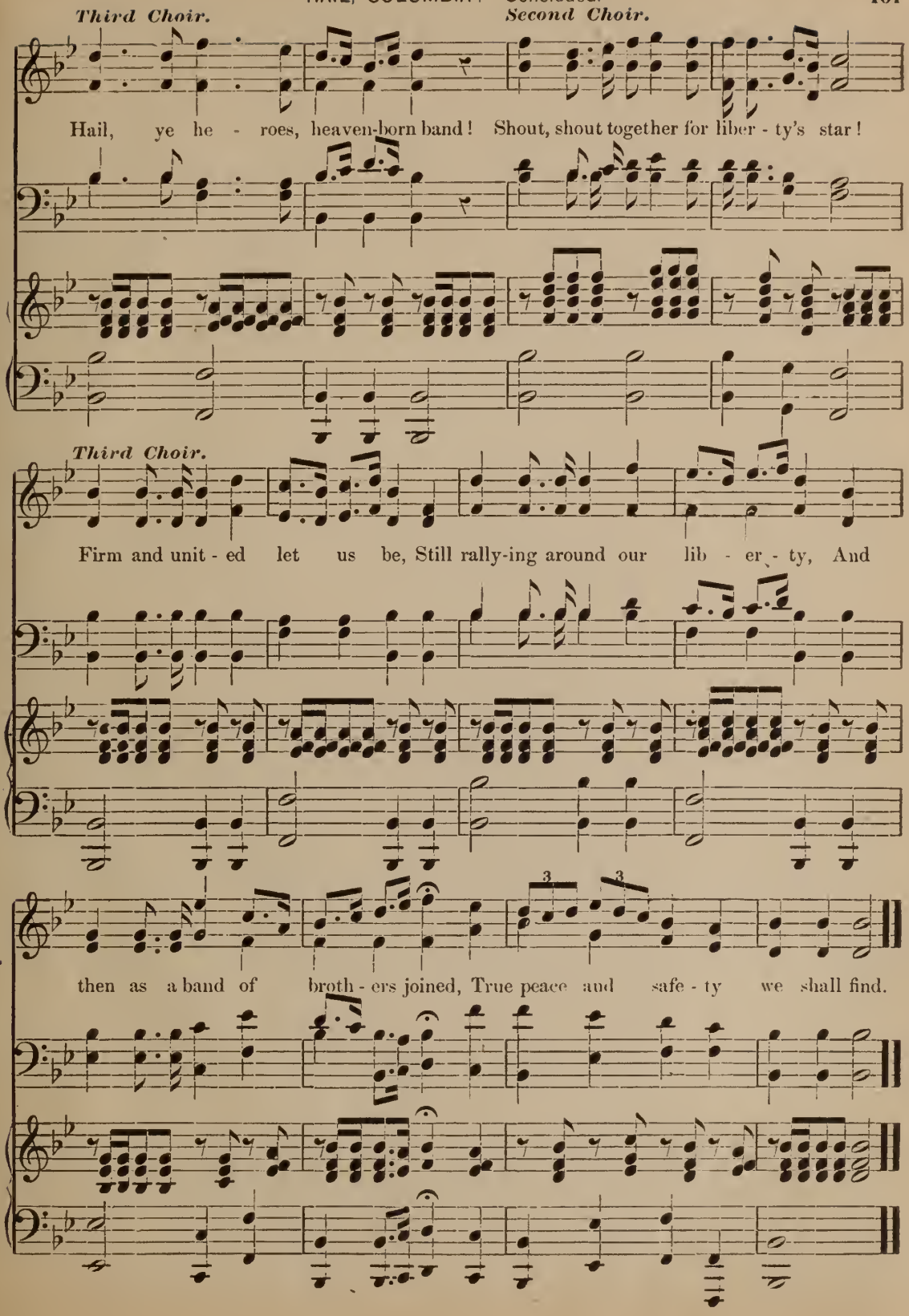




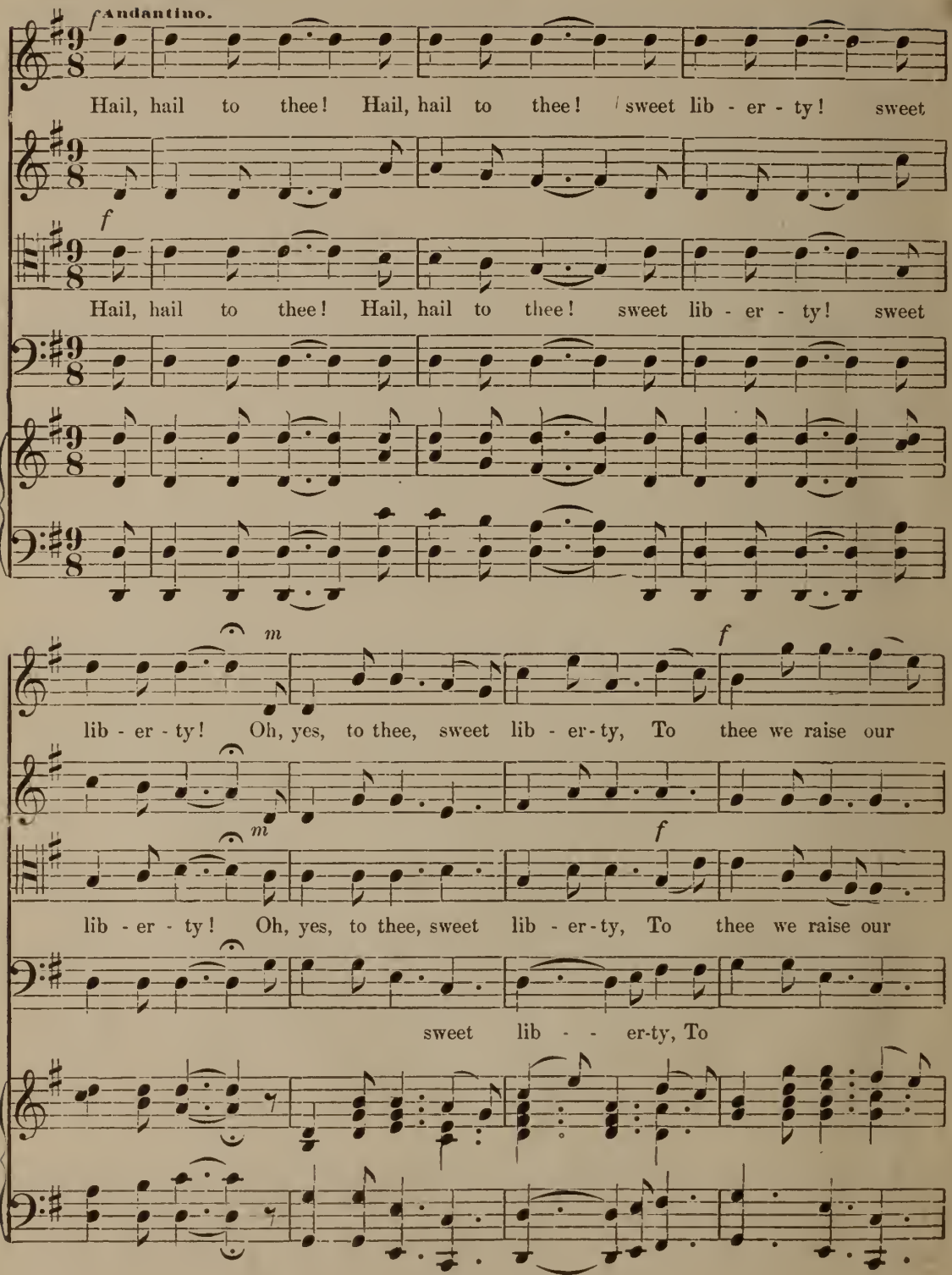
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

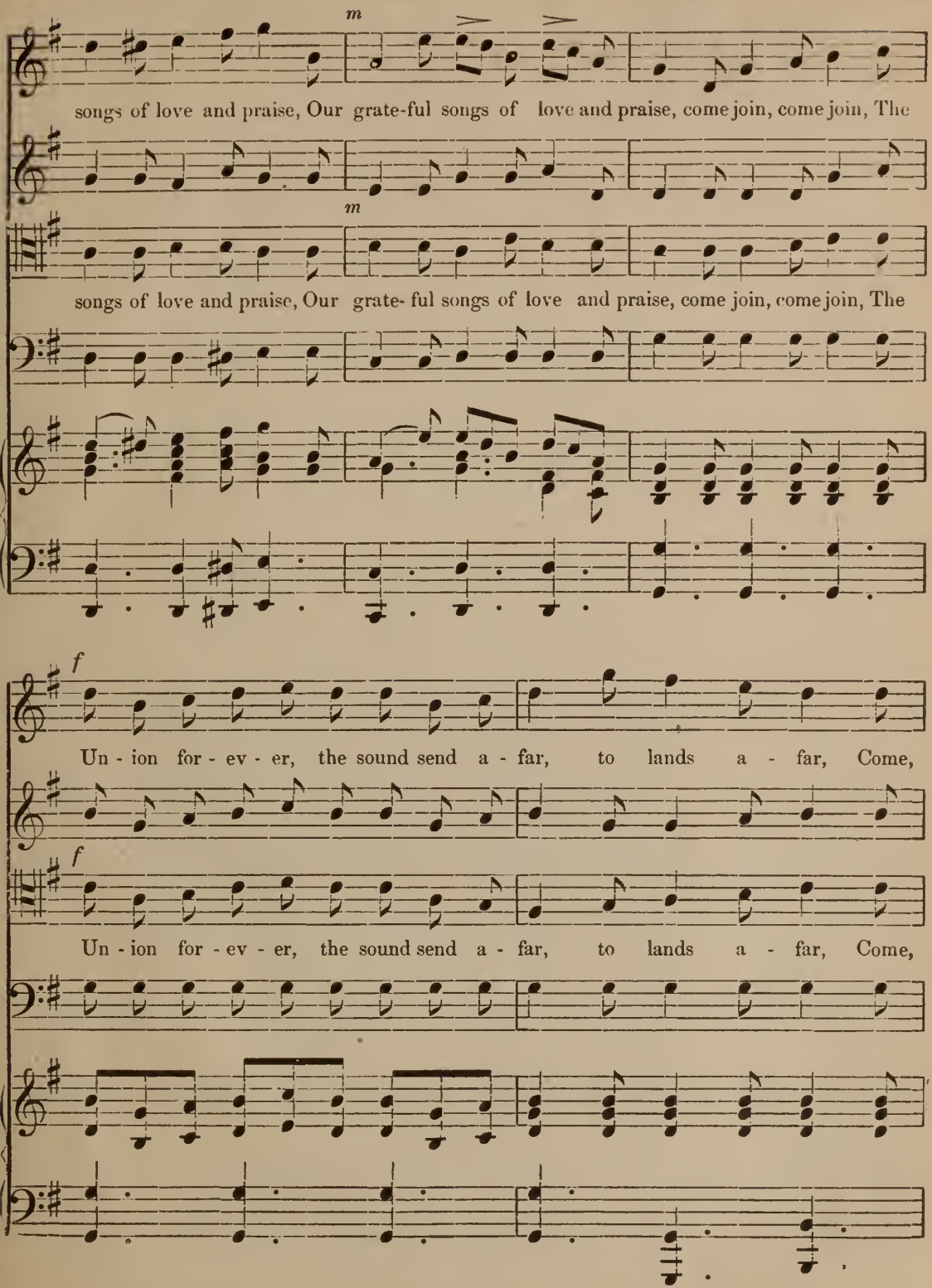
No. 27. Third Choir. *Second Choir.*

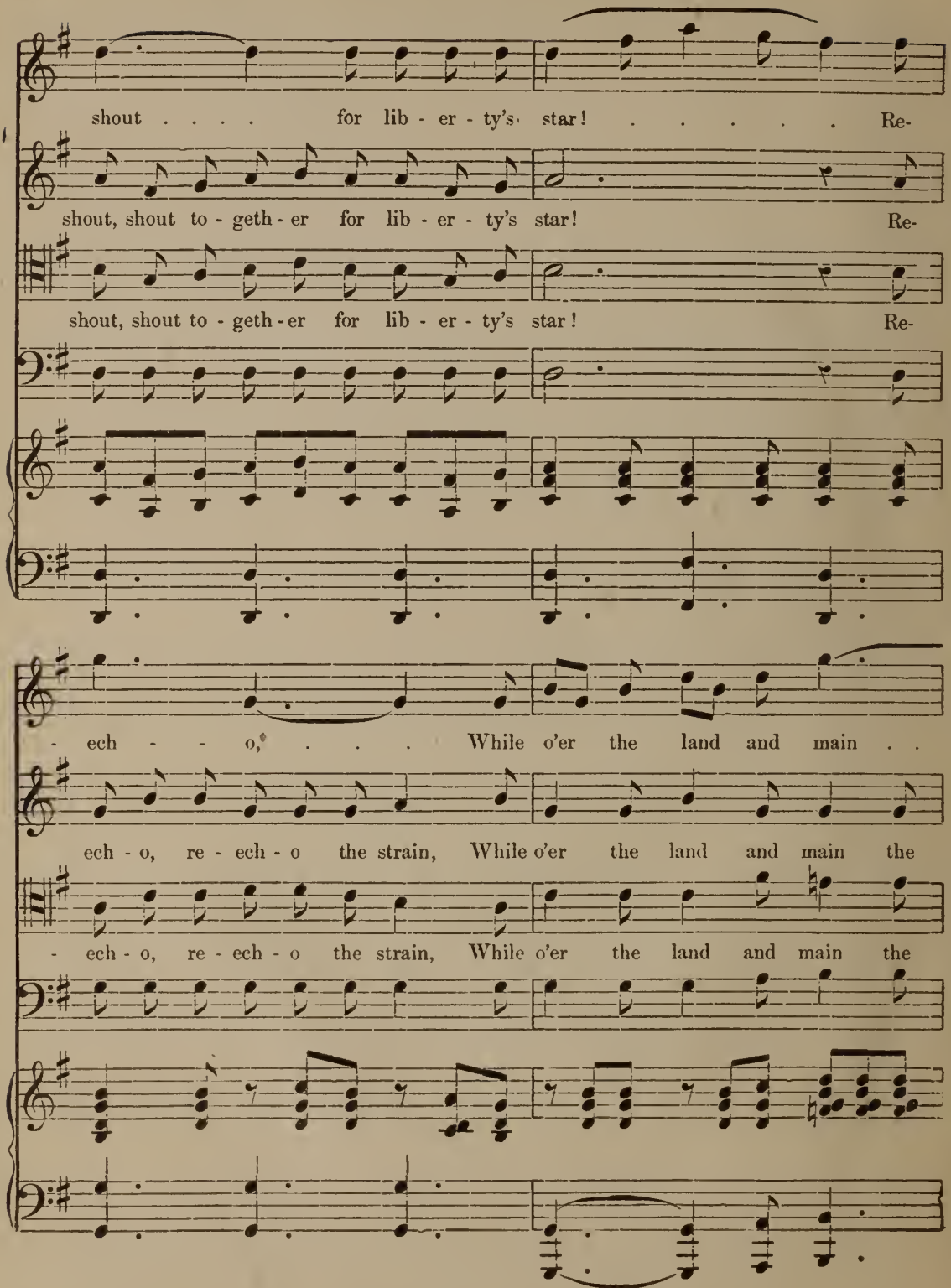


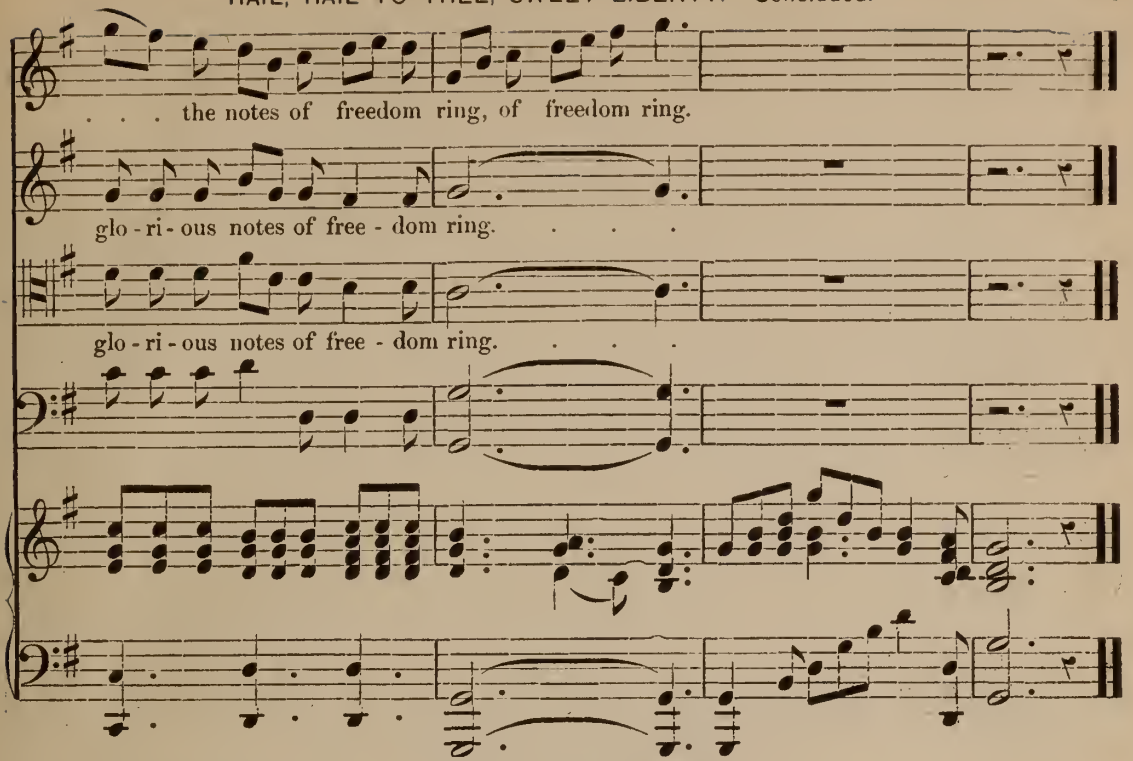

Third Choir.
Second Choir.
Hail, ye he - roes, heaven-born band! Shout, shout together for liber - ty's star!
Third Choir.
Firm and unit - ed let us be, Still rally-ing around our lib - er - ty, And
3
3
then as a band of broth - ers joined, True peace and safe - ty we shall find.

No. 28. Chorus.


f Andantino.
Hail, hail to thee! Hail, hail to thee! sweet lib - er - ty! sweet
f
Hail, hail to thee! Hail, hail to thee! sweet lib - er - ty! sweet
m
f
lib - er - ty! Oh, yes, to thee, sweet lib - er-ty, To thee we raise our
m
f
lib - er - ty! Oh, yes, to thee, sweet lib - er-ty, To thee we raise our
sweet lib - - er-ty, To

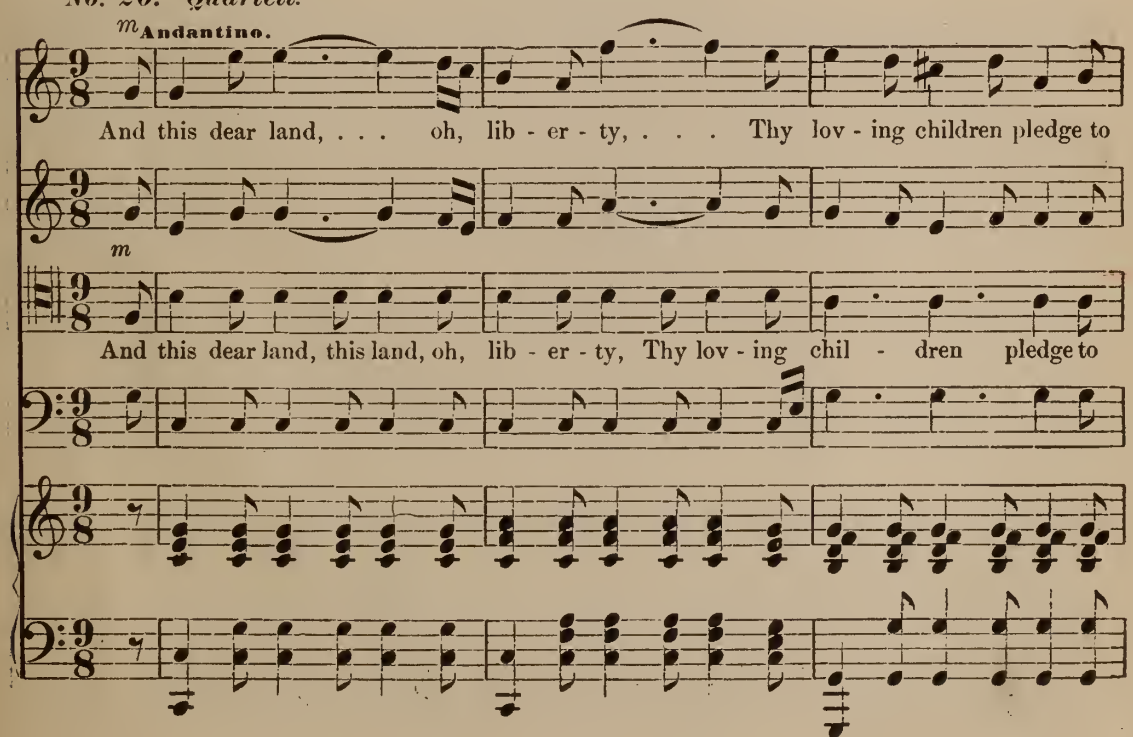

m
songs of love and praise, Our grate-ful songs of love and praise, come join, come join, The
m
songs of love and praise, Our grate- ful songs of love and praise, come join, come join, The
f
Un - ion for - ev - er, the sound send a - far, to lands a - far, Come,
f
Un - ion for - ev - er, the sound send a - far, to lands a - far, Come,

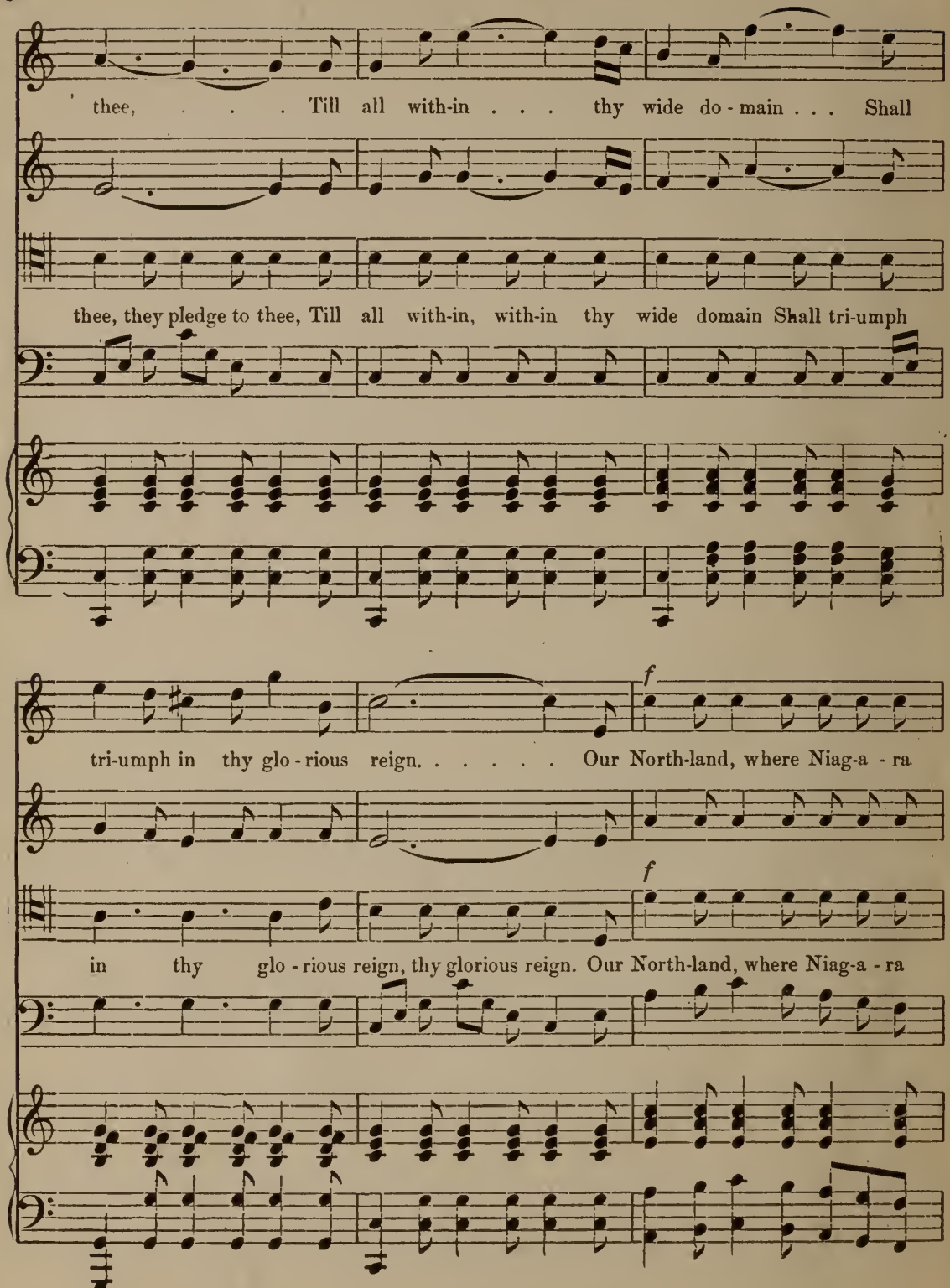

shout . . . . for lib - er - ty's star! . . . . . Re-
shout, shout to - geth - er for lib - er - ty's star! Re-
shout, shout to - geth - er for lib - er - ty's star! Re-
- ech - - o, . . . While o'er the land and main . .
ech - o, re - ech - o the strain, While o'er the land and main the
- ech - o, re - ech - o the strain, While o'er the land and main the

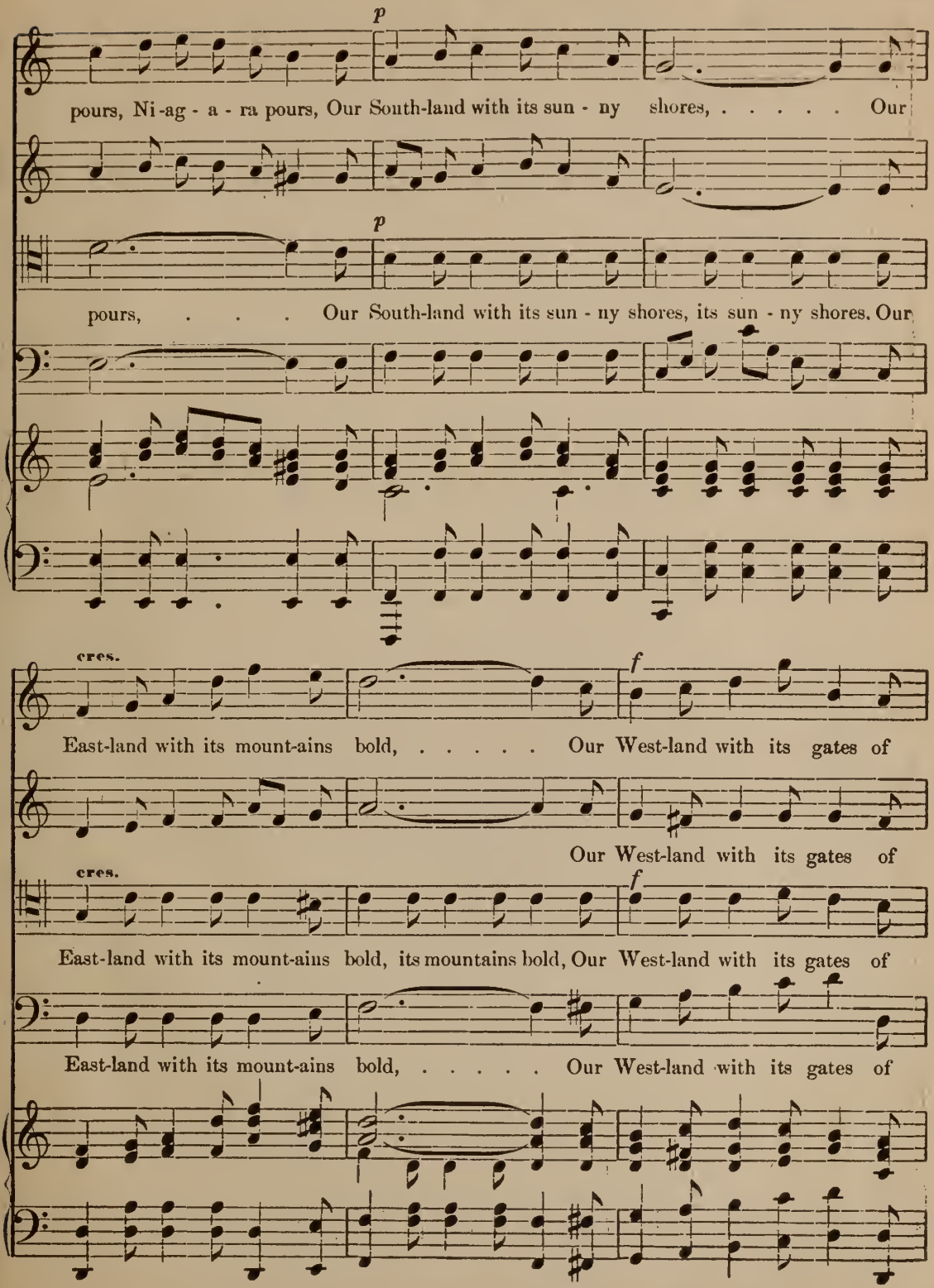


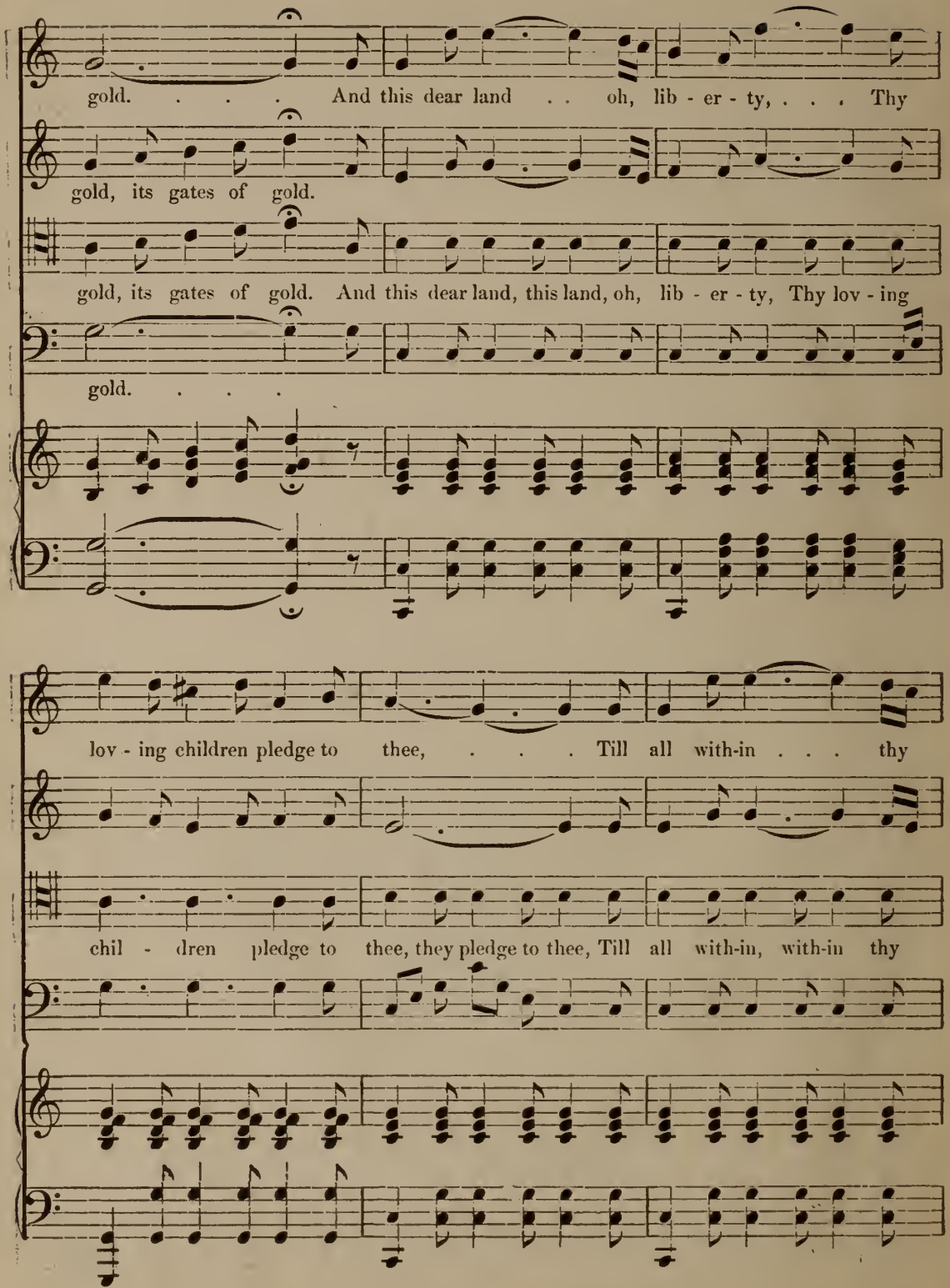
AND THIS DEAR LAND.

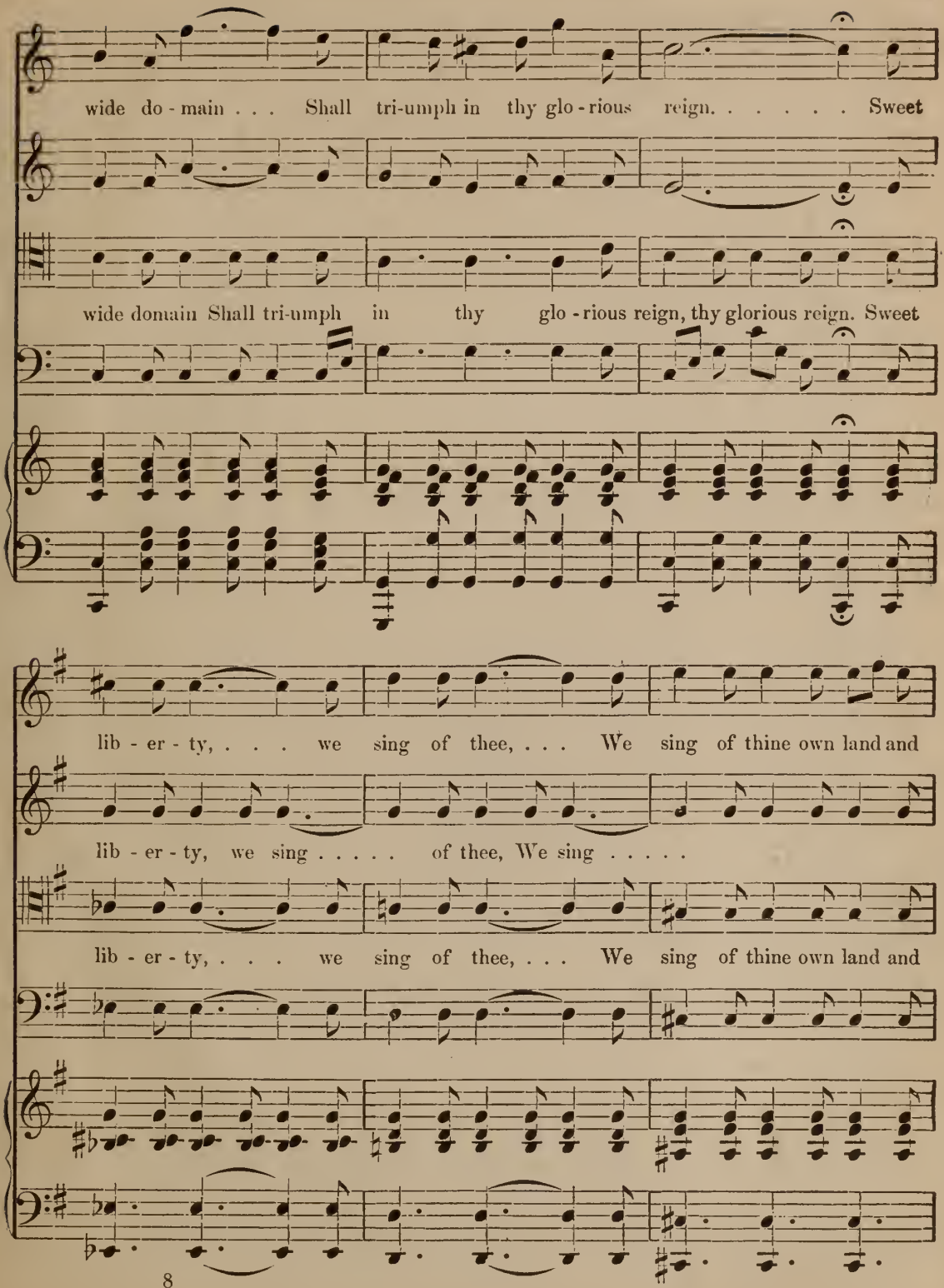
No. 20. Quartett.

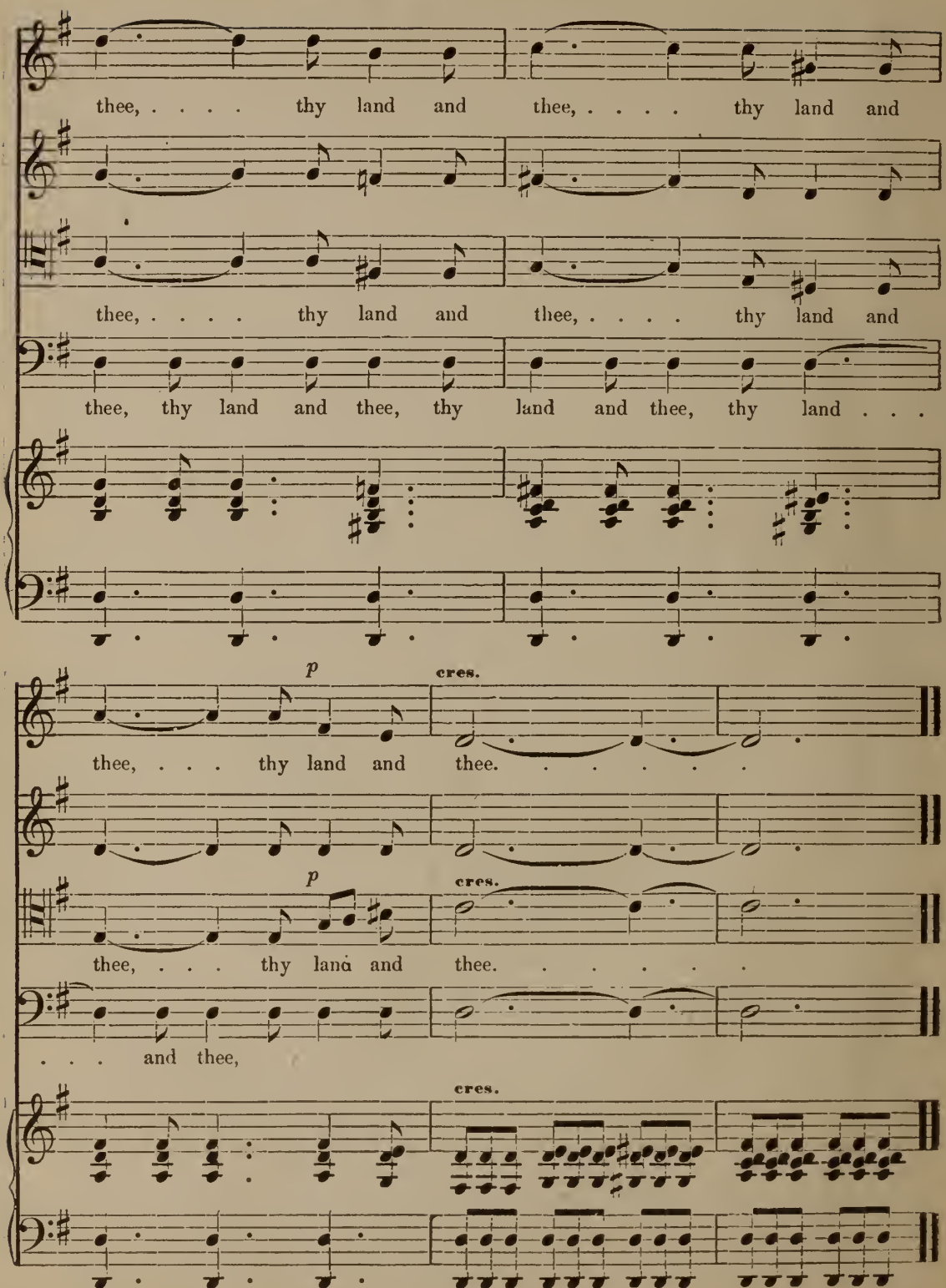



thee, . . . Till all with-in . . . thy wide do - main . . . Shall
thee, they pledge to thee, Till all with-in, with-in thy wide domain Shall tri-umph
tri-umph in thy glo - rious reign. . . . . Our North-land, where Niag-a - ra
f
in thy glo - rious reign, thy glorious reign. Our North-land, where Niag-a - ra
f

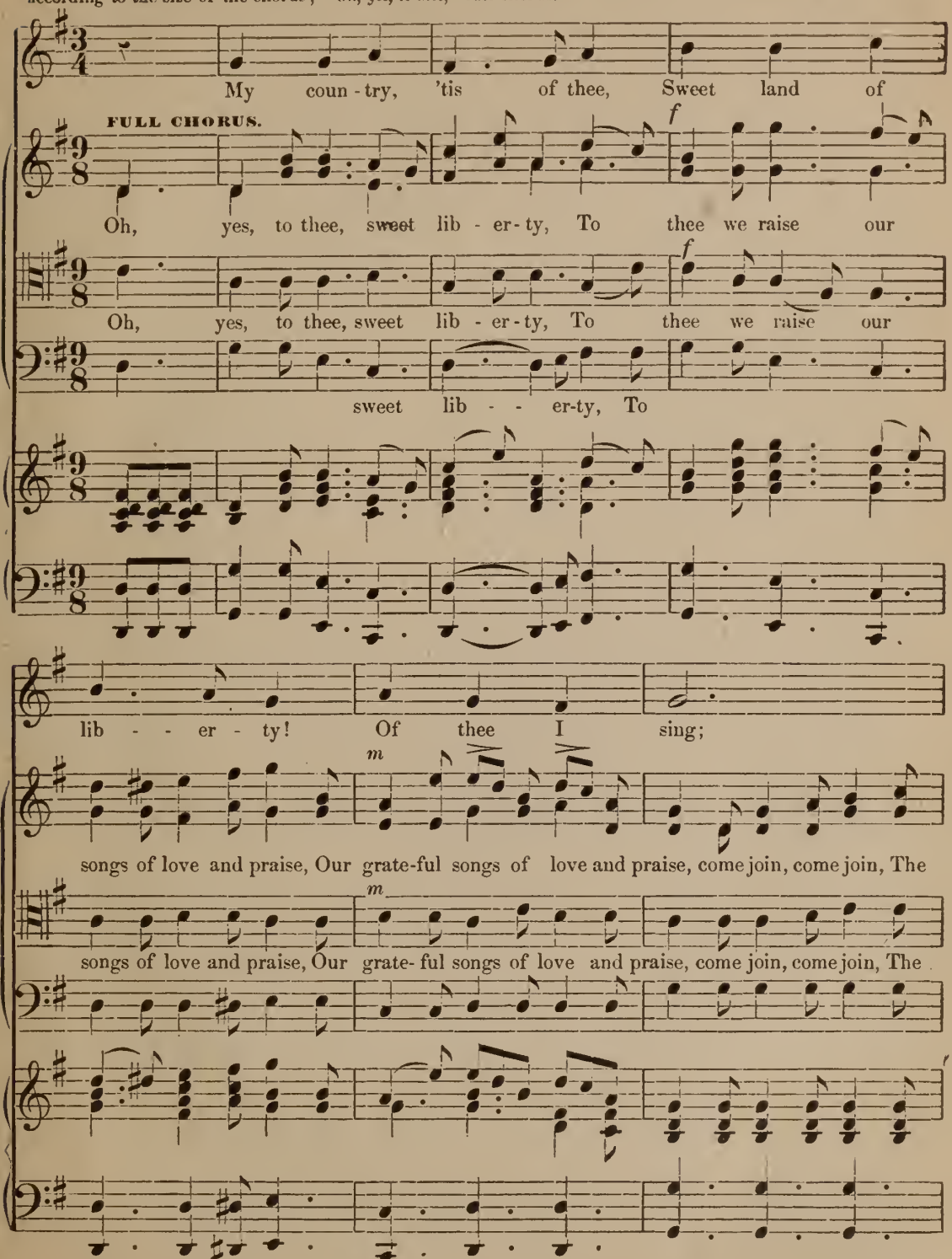

p
pours, Ni-ag - a - ra pours, Our South-land with its sun - ny shores, ... Our
p
pours, ... Our South-land with its sun - ny shores, its sun - ny shores. Our
cres.
f
East-land with its mount-ains bold, ... Our West-land with its gates of
Our West-land with its gates of
cres.
f
East-land with its mount-ains bold, its mountains bold, Our West-land with its gates of
East-land with its mount-ains bold, ... Our West-land with its gates of

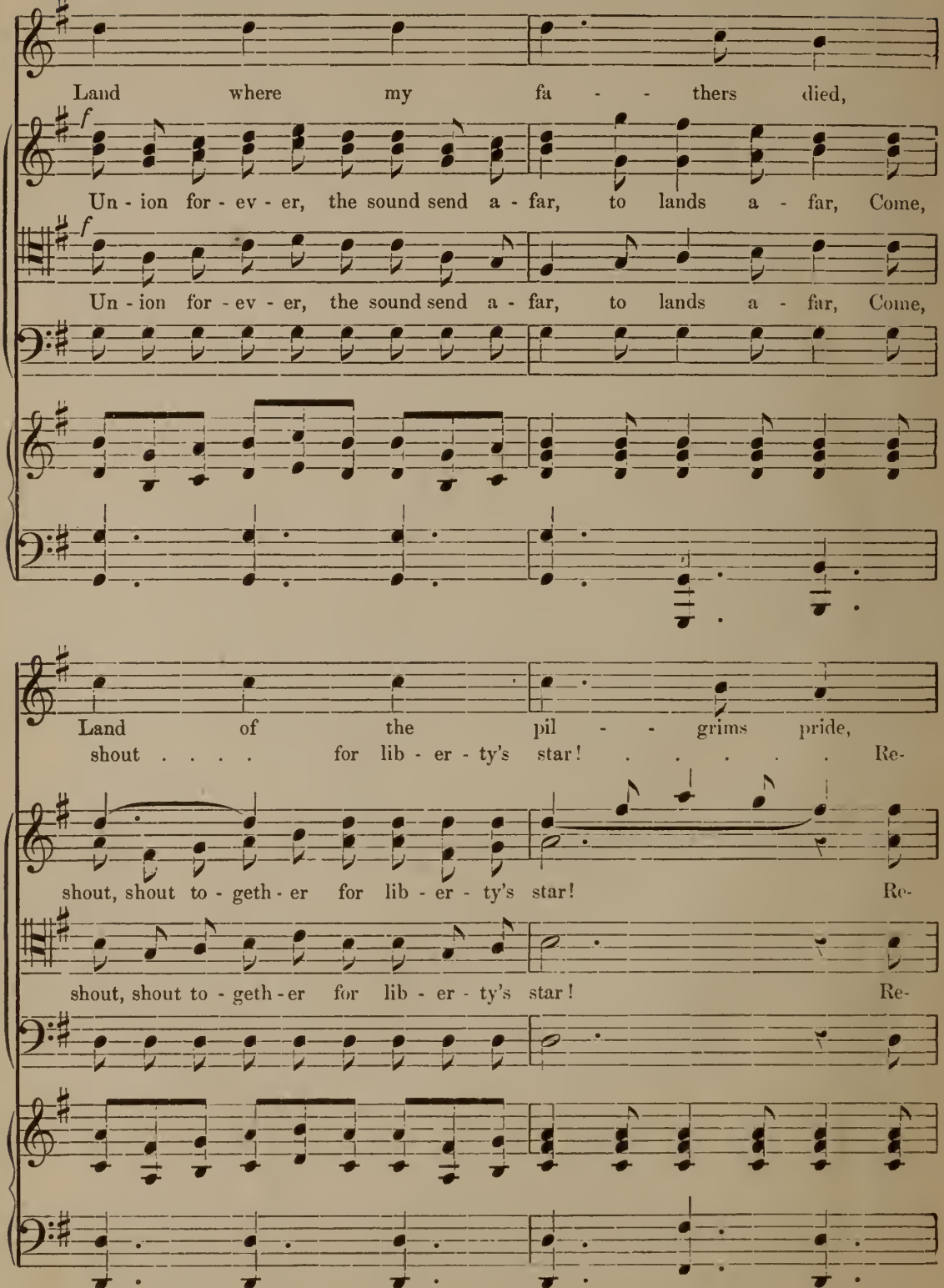

gold. . . . And this dear land . . oh, lib - er - ty, . . . Thy
gold, its gates of gold.
gold, its gates of gold. And this dear land, this land, oh, lib - er - ty, Thy lov - ing
gold. . . .
lov - ing children pledge to thee, . . . Till all with-in . . . thy
chil - dren pledge to thee, they pledge to thee, Till all with-in, with-in thy

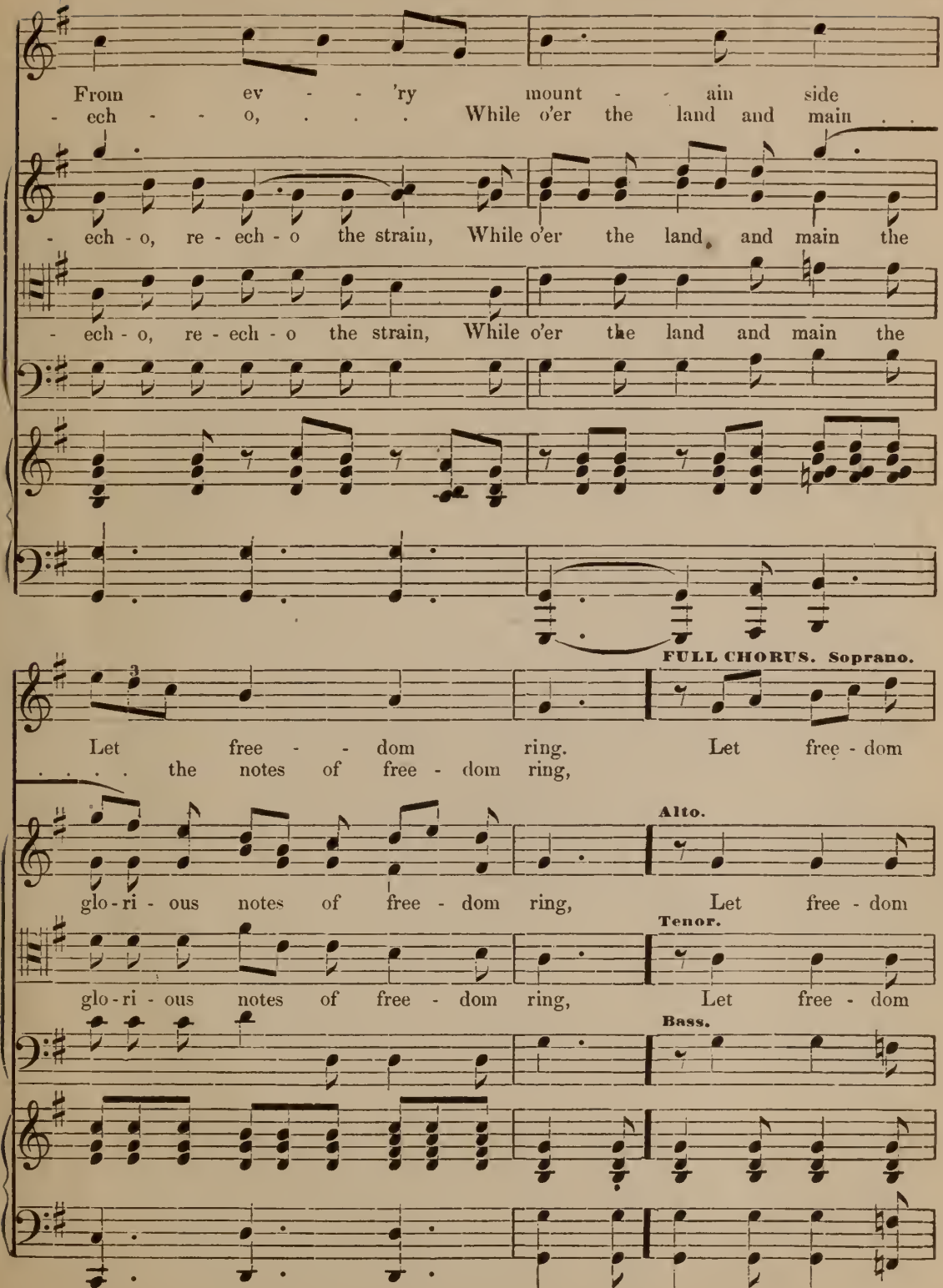

wide do - main . . . Shall tri-umph in thy glo - rious reign. . . . . Sweet
wide domain Shall tri-umph in thy glo - rious reign, thy glorious reign. Sweet
lib - er - ty, . . . we sing of thee, . . . We sing of thine own land and
lib - er - ty, we sing . . . . . of thee, We sing . . . . .
lib - er - ty, . . . we sing of thee, . . . We sing of thine own land and

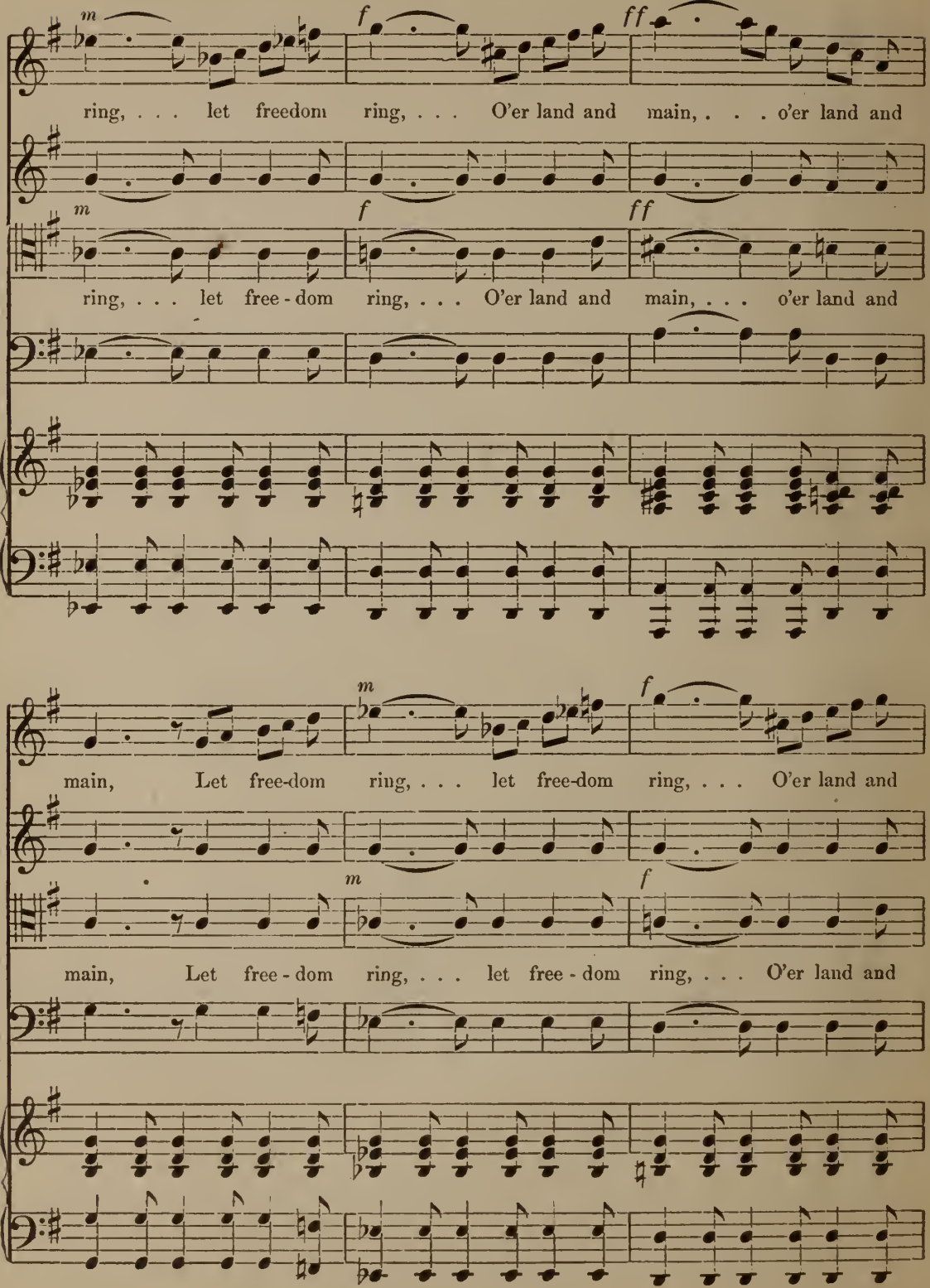

thee, ... thy land and thee, ... thy land and
thee, ... thy land and thee, ... thy land and
thee, thy land and thee, thy land and thee, thy land . . .
p
cres.
thee, . . . thy land and thee. . . . . .
p
cres.
thee, . . . thy land and thee. . . . . .
. . . and thee,
cres.

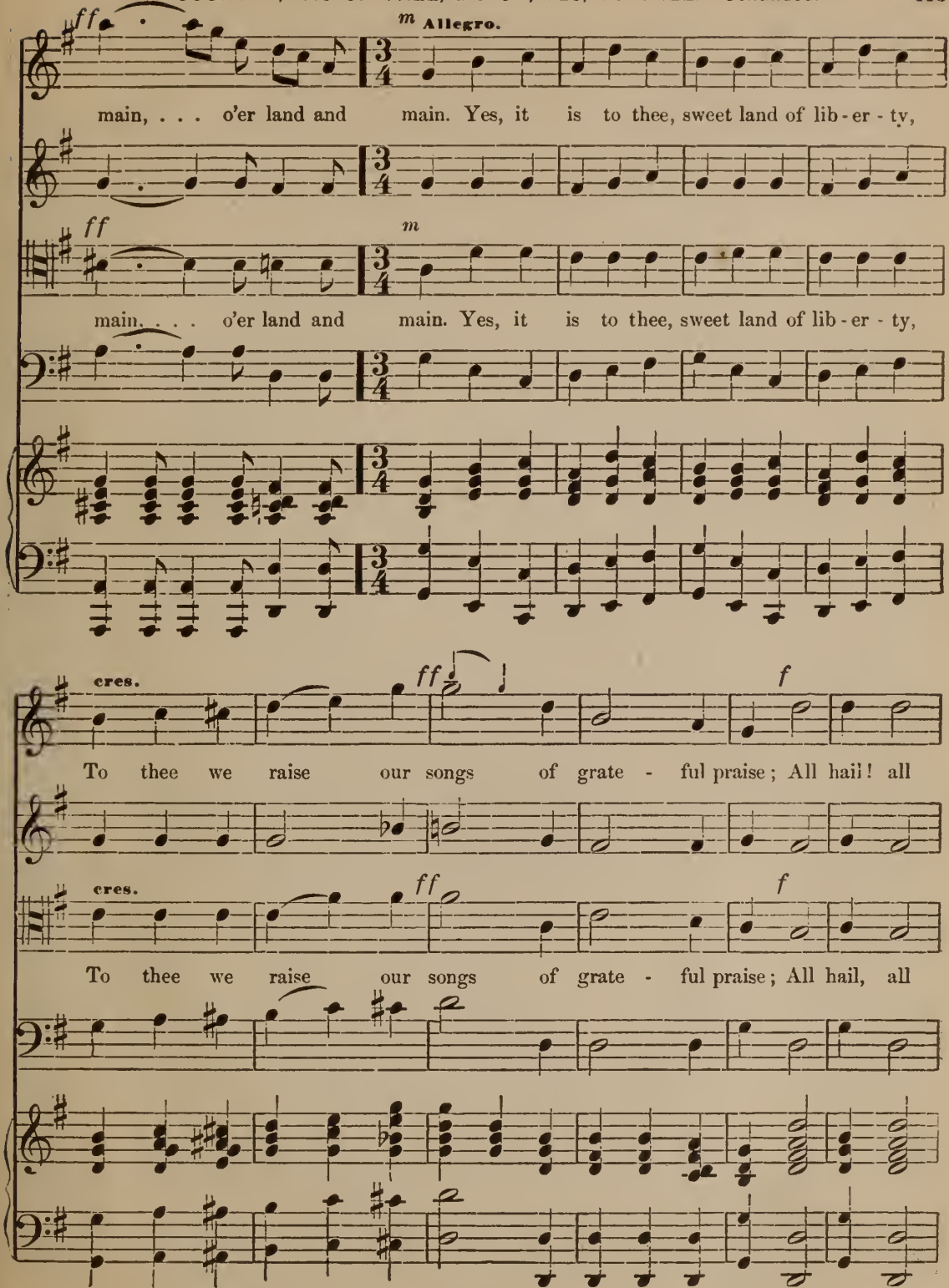
No. 30. Finale. *"My Country," etc.*, Canto fermo, by three, four, five or more strong men's voices, according to the size of the chorus; *"Oh, yes, to thee,"* full chorus.

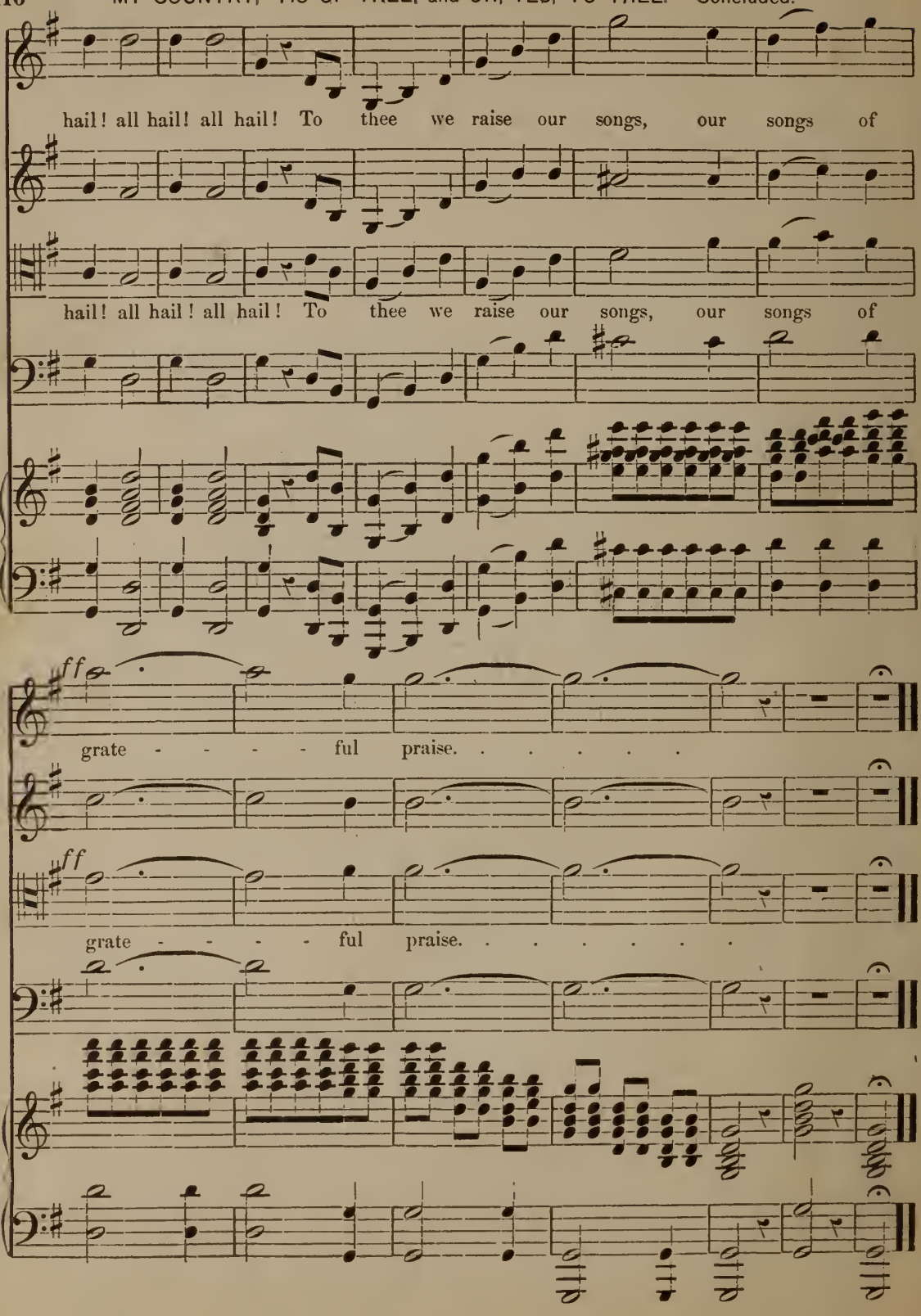



Land where my fa - - thers died,
f
Un - ion for - ev - er, the sound send a - far, to lands a - far, Come,
f
Un - ion for - ev - er, the sound send a - far, to lands a - far, Come,
Land of the pil - - grims pride,
shout . . . . for lib - er - ty's star! . . . . . Re-
shout, shout to - geth - er for lib - er - ty's star! Re-
shout, shout to - geth - er for lib - er - ty's star! Re-


From ev - - 'ry mount - - ain side
- ech - - o, . . . While o'er the land and main . .
- ech - o, re - ech - o the strain, While o'er the land, and main the
- ech - o, re - ech - o the strain, While o'er the land and main the
FULL CHORUS. Soprano.
Let free - - dom ring. Let free - dom
. . . . the notes of free - dom ring,
Alto.
glo - ri - ous notes of free - dom ring, Let free - dom
Tenor.
glo - ri - ous notes of free - dom ring, Let free - dom
Bass.


m
f
ff
ring, . . . let freedom ring, . . . O'er land and main, . . . o'er land and
m
f
ff
ring, . . . let free-dom ring, . . . O'er land and main, . . . o'er land and
m
f
main, Let free-dom ring, . . . let free-dom ring, . . . O'er land and
m
f
main, Let free-dom ring, . . . let free-dom ring, . . . O'er land and


ff
m
Allegro.
main, . . . o'er land and main. Yes, it is to thee, sweet land of lib - er - ty,
ff
m
main, . . . o'er land and main. Yes, it is to thee, sweet land of lib - er - ty,
cres.
ff
f
To thee we raise our songs of grate - ful praise; All hail! all
cres.
ff
f
To thee we raise our songs of grate - ful praise; All hail, all


hail! all hail! all hail! To thee we raise our songs, our songs of
hail! all hail! all hail! To thee we raise our songs, our songs of
ff
grate - - - - ful praise. . . . . .
ff
grate - - - - ful praise. . . . . .

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